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PALESTRINA.

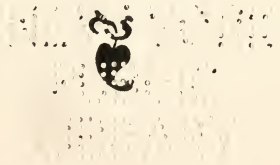
Masters of Music

Their Lives and Works

By

ANNA ALICE CHAPIN

Author of "THE STORY OF THE RHINEGOLD," "WONDER TALES FROM WAGNER," *etc.*



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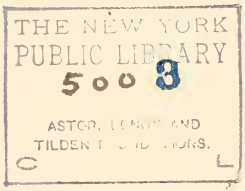
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Masters of Music

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina

Born, 1524. Died (aged 70), February 2nd, 1594

ITALY, whose music had slept while her art had waked and had held the world spellbound, became ready for her great musical epoch in the sixteenth century. Raphael had been dead nine years when he was born who has since been termed "the Raphael of music." Palestrina, called of old Praeneste, is a small town southeast of Rome, and once upon a time, many years ago, a man and his wife lived there with their little boy. Their dwelling was almost hidden by chestnut trees, and it faced the blue western distance where Rome lay.

Some people say that this couple were of noble birth, that the man's family name was Sante, and his wife's Ghismondi (both old and well known Italian names), but we know little of them. It is quite possible that they were of the peasant class, for they lived in the humblest and simplest manner. Their little boy, Giovanni Pierluigi, or Gianetto as he was called, grew up among the chestnut trees on the lower slopes of the Sabine hills, a simple country boy save for his one great inspiration,—love for music.

He often gazed wistfully toward Rome and made pilgrimages there to hear the singing at the church festivals. Being strong and young, a journey from his mountain village to the great city did not seem hard to him, and probably he would cheerfully have travelled a much greater distance for the sake of his beloved music.

The love for and devotion to their art, in all the great composers, is a very wonderful thing to contemplate. In its name they would brave difficulties and dangers, and counted no sorrow too keen when accompanied by the comfort of music.

One day while trudging along in Rome, singing happily to himself, he happened to pass the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. The chapel-master within heard the fresh voice, and noted the sweetness and correctness of tone. He knew that the singer had musical taste, at least, so, going out, he stopped him and told him that he might enter his school as a pupil.

Gianetto was then almost sixteen, and this was his first opportunity of studying to become a musician. He was very happy, and at once came to Rome to live, beginning to work with the perseverance which was always one of his strongest characteristics.

Does it not seem a wonderful thing? I like to think of the boy who was one day to become great, passing merrily on his way, and carolling so sweetly

that a master stopped to listen. Thus did he take the first step toward his future fame.

Gianetto studied in Rome four years, — most of the time at a famous Gallo-Belgian school, established by Claude Goudimel, a Frenchman. Goudimel was a renowned teacher, and under him Gianetto learned the musical rudiments in a very thorough form. We know very little of Gianetto's relations with his master, or of the general character of Claude Goudimel. A vague tragedy seems to surround his name. He was a native of far Franche-Comté, and a firm adherent to the faith of the Huguenots. Afterwards, when he retired to France, he was persecuted with the rest of his friends, and he was finally killed at Lyons, in the great massacre on St. Bartholomew's Eve. Gianetto worked hard in those days. In fact, they formed the only period of his musical education. After he left Rome, all that he learned he taught himself. Gianetto was never so dreamy, never so fanciful as many musicians ; his art was a strong, serious thing to him always. He did not write music out of the mist of vague inspiration. Perhaps he might have seemed too real, too practical, too human to be the ideal musician. But ah! when he grew older he could write music which uplifted the hearts of all who heard it, — grave, beautiful, unemotional music, the expression of quiet thoughts. We are

told that one of the Popes who listened to the composer's music in after years, said: "These are the harmonies heard by the Apostle John in the heavenly Jerusalem."

We must now return to our Gianetto studying in Rome. Among his comrades and schoolfellows was a young man called Giovanni Animuccia, a Florentine of dreamy temperament and musical tastes. He was older than Gianetto, and so different in nature that it would seem strange that they were such good friends, did we not remember that they had one great interest in common. Among his friends was also a young student called Giovanni Maria Nanini, a native of Vallerano, who is said to have studied with Goudimel also. When Gianetto was twenty he went back to Palestrina and was given a position in the cathedral, — a canonry it was called. He was paid a very small salary, and was expected to play the organ, to sing, and to teach music. It is needless to say that he disliked this position heartily. He missed the pleasure of study which had been his in Rome, and he knew that in the town of Palestrina he was merely an ill-paid musical drudge. However, there were consolations, — even in playing the organ and teaching music! — and his chief consolation was a young girl named Lucrezia de Goris, who lived in the town. Her mother owned a small vineyard and a

meadow, and so we suppose that the Goris family was not very poor. They were peasants, however, and Lucrezia was a simple village girl, but Gianetto fell in love with her, and was very anxious to save a little money that they might be married.

In the course of time Lucrezia's mother died, and the maiden inherited the vineyard and the meadow. Meanwhile Gianetto had saved a small sum himself, so he married her, and thankfully gave up his position in the Palestrina Cathedral.

The Bishop Cardinal of the town was Giovanni del Monte, a shrewd but generous man, and he was much interested in our young musician. In fact, it is probable that they were close friends, in spite of the difference in station. After a time the Bishop Cardinal became Pope, and was known as Julius III.

Soon after his instatement as Sovereign Pontiff, he thought of his young friend hidden away in the town of Palestrina, longing for Rome and music.

Jacob Arkadelt, a great teacher and composer of that period, had been Music Director of the Chapel of St. Peter, in the Vatican, for some time. He resigned this post, however, to follow the fortunes of the Cardinal of Lorraine, Duke of Guise, and left Rome. There were many musicians in Rome, each of whom had hoped for the vacant position, as his successor. But, careless of their anger, the new

Pope named, as the man who would take the great Arkadelt's place, a stranger, a young and unknown musician from a small town, — a countryman, probably of peasant birth, — Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, called Palestrina thereafter by all the world because of his birthplace.

So "Palestrina" took possession of the directorship of St. Peter's Chapel, and was happy. He loved his work, and he grew to love his chapel and his position there. His days were busy, yet free from great excitement. He was content.

All through his life his closest friend and adviser was Filippo Neri, — often called Saint Filippo. He was a priest, nine years older than Palestrina, and of such saintly life that he was known as the "Apostle of Rome." In the same year that saw Palestrina installed in St. Peter's Chapel, Neri was ordained priest. Palestrina was then about twenty-seven, and Filippo Neri thirty-six.

The good and intelligent priest was the friend of all talent, and he had a deep affection for our Palestrina and for Animuccia, the dreamy and spiritual Florentine. It was a very close and beautiful tie, that between the great priest and the two composers. Animuccia was almost a priest in his feelings and life; — Palestrina was a much more human character. Yet Saint Filippo loved both men equally, and encouraged both in their work.

I like to picture the three men, — Neri, the "humorous saint," as Goethe calls him, — grave, yet constantly astonishing his hearers by his humour and wit, a man, we are told, of scrupulous courtesy and great charm of manner, — a polished, scholarly gentleman of the sixteenth century; Animuccia, priestly, gentle, a man of dreams who moved apart from life in a world of faint religious mists; and Palestrina, who, his likenesses tell us, was striking in appearance, and full of the vigour and strength of life, every word and glance speaking purpose, self-restraint, and ambition.

We can imagine the three walking together through the Rome of the sixteenth century, moving in an atmosphere of mediæval pomp and of all the gorgeous and elaborate church ceremonies which filled the day.

Three years after Palestrina had become Music Director of the Chapel of St. Peter, he dedicated a beautiful mass to his friend and benefactor, Pope Julius III. No other composer had dared to dedicate a piece of music to a sovereign pontiff, and Julius III. was very much pleased.

Rome had begun to talk of the young Director of the Chapel, and the Pope was glad of an opportunity to connect him more closely to himself, partly because he was anxious to help him, and partly, perhaps, because of his growing fame.

The singers in the Papal Chapel had always been chosen from the priesthood, and there was a Church law at that time, forbidding married men to sing there. But the Pope made an exception in the case of Palestrina, and, to the horror of many people, appointed him a singer in the Papal Chapel. The honour was great, but Palestrina loved the Chapel of St. Peter, and was grieved to leave it. Alas, for the happy days he had spent there! The Directorship was given to Animuccia, and Palestrina did not return to his old beloved work for sixteen years.

His position as singer in the Papal Chapel did not last long. Julius III. died, Marcellus II., the following Pope, soon died also. And then came Paul IV., known as Paul the Terrible. No sooner had he come into power than he attacked the manner in which the Papal Chapel was managed, declared that the law of the Church must be enforced, and ordered all married men to be sent away.

Paul the Terrible was one of those men who are not willing to see any gentleness nor beauty in life. The Rome of his day was not a happy and artistic Italian city, — a home of music and poetry and fair, noble things, — it was filled with darkness and bitterness and struggle.

So, with the somewhat small consolation of six gold *scudi* a month, our poor Palestrina was again taken from his post and cast adrift

Fortunately he soon found a position as chapel-master of the church of St. John Lateran. For six years he stayed there, and then changed this directorship for that of Santa Maria Maggiore,— the same church which he had passed singing when a boy! And there he remained for a long time. During these weary years he composed constantly and untiringly. Indeed it had now become his life. He had one other comfort in the monotony of his work. His tastes were simple, in many respects, and from time to time the purchase of a little property in Palestrina would interest him. Then, too, we may imagine that Lucrezia lived there still, for often, as the sun rose he left Rome and journeyed toward the east and the Sabine hills. In the evening he would reach his little country home, and there rest for a time after the worries and trials of his life in Rome. It was at this time that he wrote that loveliest of his many madrigals (of which he was sternly ashamed in after years), beginning "Donna bella e gentil" ("Beautiful and gentle lady"). It was written for some unknown lady in Rome, who, we are told, had a beautiful voice.

The musician's humiliation at having been dismissed from the Papal Chapel was keen, and I think he often grieved when he remembered his lost chapel in the Vatican which he had loved so dearly,

but his was a very strong and calm nature, and he still had work and ambition to fill his life with its demands.

In time a new excitement came into his uneventful existence. At the close of the famous Council of Trent, the Pope (now Pius IV.) commanded a selected committee of cardinals to investigate and, if possible, reform Church music.

At that time all sorts of ridiculous things were occurring in regard to music. When a composer did not have sufficient inspiration to write a complete mass, he would take some little street-song or folk-song and use it as a theme. The effect of these gay tunes and solemn words was so ludicrous and so undignified that naturally the Church decided it must be stopped.

And Palestrina, waking from eight years' lethargy to life and interest, wrote a mass to serve as a model for Church music. It was accepted at the time,— and ever since his masses have been the world's standard for that kind of composition.

So he became the master of Church music. For he not only wrote original music,— strong beautiful religious music, but he gave meaning to each phrase, and made it possible for the hearers to follow every word. One of the faults of Church music up to that time had been that the voice parts were so confused that the music had neither simplicity nor smoothness

of style. And this was just what made Palestrina's music so beautiful,—its wonderful simplicity and clearness. Every chord led naturally into the following chord, so carefully did he write the different parts.

Thus Palestrina won the title of Composer to the Pontifical Chapel, given him by Pope Pius IV., and a sum of money was paid him annually. He still remained Director of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, but how different did his work there seem, now that it was coupled with the honour and pleasure of his new post! His old friend Giovanni Nanini opened a public music school in Rome, and Palestrina promised to help him, and to do much of the teaching himself. But with the absent-mindedness of genius, he constantly forgot all about it, and let Nanini do all the really hard or monotonous work. When, however, anything went wrong, and there were disputes among the teachers or pupils, Palestrina, all friendly zeal, would appear to assist Nanini. And then he would promptly forget all about it once more.

One day, confessed by Filippo Neri, whose grief was very deep, Animuccia died, and his post in the chapel of St. Peter was empty. So for this sad reason Palestrina went back to his old place, and there remained until his own death.

Filippo Neri, too true and strong to forget others

in his personal sorrow, now thought of Palestrina more than of himself. Animuccia had held the title of Composer to the Oratory of the Chapel of St. Peter, and now Neri appointed Palestrina to fill this position.

So came the good years of Palestrina's life. The Cardinals protected him; the succeeding Popes smiled upon him; he was honoured and praised on all sides. He worked with redoubled perseverance, glorying in the success that greeted him. Wise man though he was, he revelled like a little child in his good fortune; for indeed it was as though, after long rain, the great bright sun had begun to shine. In 1575 came the Christian Jubilee celebrated by Pope Gregory XIII. This was an opportunity for those who loved the great Church composer to pay him homage.

He must surely have been touched by the pilgrimage of the people of Palestrina to Rome in his honour. They came trooping into the city the men and women dressed in their richest and most beautiful garments,— the children all in white and bearing olive branches. Their hearts were full as they marched, and, carried near and far by the winds, floated the echoes of one of our composer's songs, sung by a chorus of exultant voices.

When he was fifty-six, his wife Lucrezia died. He mourned her deeply, and wrote some of his saddest

and most beautiful music under the inspiration of his grief.

We are told that he married again, but the lady's name is unknown.

All Rome loved and honoured him because of his heavenly music. The Popes permitted him a freedom denied others. When he finished his setting of the "Song of Solomon" he carried it, just as it was, with the last note hardly dry, to Pope Gregory. He laid it at the foot of the Pontiff's chair, and Gregory received the gift smiling his thanks.

Until his death Palestrina composed, with unfailing devotion to his work. Indeed, few composers have ever given to their music the years of labour, persevering and tireless, which Palestrina granted freely.

His story seems, at first thought, to be a chronicle of small incidents and changes. We feel that he lacked the fire, the romance of our ideal musician of the sixteenth century. Yet to have worked out the great plan of his life as he did, slowly, patiently, faithfully,— beginning among the chestnut trees on the hills and ending in the shadow of the pontifical throne, surrounded by honour and magnificence and the fervent admiration of all Rome from Pope to peasant,— does it not seem like a romance, after all? It is the old story of the peasant boy who went out into the world to seek his

fortune, who passed through troubles and dangers, and finally won that for which he most wished.

In his last days Palestrina wrote some beautiful "Hymns to the Blessed Virgin," and the thought of these filled his heart with joy and comfort before death. He was a deeply religious man, and, simple and good as his life had been, he was sometimes saddened by the thought of his sins.

One January day he became desperately ill with pleurisy. Filippo Neri, who, twenty-three years before, had seen Animuccia die, now comforted and cheered this other friend who was so near the end.

He reminded Palestrina of his beautiful religious music, which, he declared, proved his true devotion and piety, and would surely obtain forgiveness for such earthly sins as were his. So the venerable priest, then almost eighty years old, spoke wise and tender words to the dying Master.

There was mourning in Rome while the "Musicae Princeps" ("the Prince of Music") was passing away. There was none to take his place, and the people knew it. And moreover he was much beloved.

In death as in life Palestrina manifested the grave strength of spirit which we find in his music. His lot was cast in a day of great changes and of alternate luxury and austerity. Yet as we think of him we see a man who changed little; a very human man, yet one who seemed to realize the

value of tranquillity; above all, the high priest of music, at a time when it was little valued. Dr. Charles Burney speaks of him as "this most venerable and exquisite harmonist," and says that "genius glows in his productions in spite of the trammels of canon, fermo canto, fugue — or whatever would chill or petrify any other but himself." It is also Burney who has called him, most aptly and beautifully, "the Homer of the most ancient music."

The great Master was ill but one week. On February the second, in the morning, Filippo Neri, broken-hearted, received in his capacity of priest the last confession of his friend.

So, in his seventieth year, died Palestrina. He was, and is, the Master of Church Music. If, in his sweet and solemn music, he does not stoop down to comfort the sad hearts of men, he does raise them to high strange places out of reach of sin or disquietude. And there the angels are ranged whitely in the bright light of God's heaven.

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF PALESTRINA

93 Masses. Most celebrated among these is "*Missa Papae Marcelli*," which he wrote as a model for Church Music, and which the Pope declared to be the music of the New Jerusalem. "*Missa Brevis*" is one of the best known to-day.

63 Motets. "*Viri Galilaei*," "*Dum complerentur*," "*Peccantem me*," "*Supra flumina Babylonis*," "*Opem nobis, O Thoma, porrige*," and a series of motets on words from the "Song of Solomon" are generally considered the best of these.

"**Lamentations**" **and** "**Improperia.**" These are the musical setting of the Roman Catholic Lessons for Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in Holy Week. The "*Lamentations*," the "*Improperia*," with the composer's beautiful "*Tenebrae factae sunt*," form a high standard of Passion Music, though not in traditional lines.

Later, Sebastian Bach created new ideals in this form of composition, but the "*Lamentations*" and "*Improperia*" of Palestrina have not lost by comparison. If you have heard the great "*Tenebrae factae sunt*" ("And there was darkness"), you have felt its tragic beauty, which, while describing grief never indicated pain. In this does Palestrina's immortalization of the Divine Death differ from Bach's. The German's Passion Music expresses suffering and darkness. The Italian's induces an attitude of mind bearing on the sadness and solemnity of the Redemption. Palestrina's Passion is theoretical, Bach's is actual.

Hymns to the Blessed Virgin. These were the compositions, written just before his death, which so comforted his spirit in the hour of departure.

"*Stabat Mater*,"
"*Magnificat*,"
"*Miserere*."
} Still sung in Rome.

Alessandro Scarlatti

Born, 1649. Died (aged 76), October 24th, 1725.

OF this great master, one of the noblest of the early musicians, little is known. He was one of the founders of symphonic and of operatic music; he revolutionized orchestration and gave new life to the ancient dramatic and musical forms; he founded the Neapolitan school of music; he was a celebrated composer both of sacred and secular music; and musicians know that he was the forerunner of Gluck and of Mozart. Yet we have very little information concerning him, — few facts in his life upon which to ponder, and few incidents to relate.

Even his birthplace is uncertain, for some good authorities say Naples, and others equally good say Trapani, of the kingdom of Sicily. This much we do know, — that he lived in Naples, was closely associated with the city, and that he died there.

When he was a boy of sixteen a company of Florentine players came to the city and gave very good dramatic performances at their theatre. The Florentines introduced music incidentally into their plays, and as young Alessandro listened he gradu-

ally realized the possibilities of music and drama in connection with each other. Such was the beginning of his love for and championship of dramatic music.

He went to Rome and studied with Carissimi, the eminent *maestro*, until he was thirty-one. This shows us the perseverance of the young musician. Many of the great composers have been content with a very short musical education, trusting, perhaps, to their own genius rather than to any technical knowledge. But to Scarlatti it seemed necessary to learn all that could be learned.

For his mind was full of possible revolutions, and improvements and changes. And a man who would alter existing conditions must first understand those conditions from beginning to end.

So Scarlatti made himself a master of Italian music; and when he left Carissimi at thirty-one years old, he went to Germany to learn what was possible there. And doubtless he learned a great deal. He certainly found friends and admirers in the enthusiastic and art-loving Vaterland. But he cared very little for travel, preferring uninterrupted opportunity for work. So he soon returned to Naples and began the duties of Court Chapel-Master.

He composed unceasingly. Indeed, it is almost impossible to count his compositions, one estimate being: — two hundred masses; one hundred operas; four hundred cantatas; innumerable oratorios, con-

certos, madrigals, psalms, motets, serenades, and, indeed, pieces of music in every form then in use.

He held several appointments of great honour, and in time became especially well known as a teacher and a conductor.

Corelli, the famous Italian musician, describes a concert given by the Neapolitan choir under Scarlatti's direction, speaking with the greatest admiration of the excellence of the conducting.

In the fullest and best sense of the word, Alessandro Scarlatti was a *maestro*, — a master. His music was his life-study. He never tired of solving problems tending toward the improvement of this, his beloved art. He helped other musicians with hearty generosity, caring much more for the advancement of music than for the growth of his personal reputation.

Several times did composers come to him, with unfinished scores, begging Scarlatti to write something for them. And he would comply quite willingly, often giving them his most beautiful melodies and finest harmonization.

He had one son, Domenico, who became a harpsichord-player of great fame and popularity. His father was very proud of him, and rejoiced that after he himself was dead the name of Scarlatti would still be known in the world of music.

Quanz, the German musician, — best known as

a flautist (flute-player), — heard both the Scarlattis play, and said that "Alessandro played in a masterly manner, but lacked the executive facility of his son."

One of Domenico's teachers was Francesco Gasparini, both a harpsichord player and a composer. The elder Scarlatti had, and justly, a great respect for this master. Many illustrious musicians studied under Gasparini, among others Benedetto Marcello, the Venetian nobleman, of whom we shall hear more later.

Scarlatti and Gasparini carried on a most eccentric correspondence for a time, — a correspondence in music! Gasparini would compose a cantata and send it to Scarlatti. Scarlatti having read the text and music of the cantata, would answer it by composing and dispatching another. Gasparini would reply, — and so this whimsical but highly intellectual amusement would go on.

Domenico Scarlatti, under the teaching of such men as Gasparini and his father, became a composer, as well as a performer upon the harpsichord. He wrote many really fine compositions, the best known of which is probably the "Cat Fugue."

There is a story, sometimes told about the composition of this fugue, to this effect. A cat, one day, sprang upon the harpsichord, and ran over the key-board. As her feet touched the keys, in

her wild scramble, the loud tones rang out. To Domenico, who heard it, a new sequence of notes was suggested, and he made from it a quaint and original theme for a fugue.

Such was the composition of the famous "Cat Fugue"!

Though Domenico wrote good music, he never really fulfilled his father's high ambitions for him. The great Scarlatti was too unique a figure in his times to be copied even by his son. He was not without due honour until late in life, but was almost appreciated at his true worth. And what honour could be greater than that? He held many high positions, and was a member of the Order of the Golden Spur, — a complimentary order, personally conferred by the Pope. These distinctions did not affect his simple and dignified nature. He gave his services gladly as music master in that charitable conservatory known as the "Poveri di Gesù Christo," where, afterward, young Pergolese was educated. In this way did he become "the arbiter," says Count Orloff, "of the School of Naples." The city for which he did so much still delights to do him honour, and his cantatas are often sung in Naples to this day.

Once, in Rome, before a particularly brilliant gathering, Scarlatti and Franceschelli, the violoncellist, rendered one of the master's own composi-

tions. Scarlatti accompanied the rich tones of the violoncello on the harpsichord, and the music was the best and most expressive which the audience had ever heard.

In those days Italy was easily convinced of miracles, and the earthly incarnations of divine spirits. The Roman Catholic Church, with its richly coloured and picturesque forms, aided and encouraged the half-religious, half-superstitious, not wholly poetical beliefs, and that night every one in Scarlatti's audience were Roman Catholics.

As the lovely harmonies sounded from the violoncello, and Franceschelli himself played with a rapt and inspired look upon his face, marvelling at the beauty of the music, a sudden hushed panic spread among the listeners. Some one whispered that some angel had come down from heaven and, though invisible, was playing the 'cello. And every one agreed that such divine music could not have been played by a human being.

Such was the unconscious tribute paid to Scarlatti who had composed the harmonies which awed them. As he grew older, however, the Italian public became tired of him. They had revered him once, but now that old age had overtaken him he was no longer honoured even by the majority of his own Neapolitans. They had found newer, if less noble composers to idolize.

Only the pupils who had learned the grandest and truest forms of music from the old master still clung fast to him in devoted friendship. And Scarlatti was not unhappy. Gently and proudly, indifferent now as ever to the fluctuations of his personal renown, he worked on, day by day. Quietly, steadily, perseveringly, he wrote scholarly compositions to leave to the world which had forgotten him.

Ah! his people soon remembered the great Scarlatti, when he had left them. All Italy rose up and honoured him, and men then realized the work which he had done for the cause of music.

A year or two before he died, he met Händel the young German composer who was travelling through Italy. Händel and Domenico had friendly contests in playing the organ and the harpsichord, and indeed whenever Händel's name was mentioned in after years, Domenico, who was entirely ready to appreciate a superior rival, used to cross himself half humorously, half seriously. Händel visited the Scarlattis in Naples and a warm friendship sprang up between the musicians. The young German admired the old composer profoundly, and never forgot the nobility and courtesy of the great Italian.

Quanz also visited Scarlatti during the last years of the old man's life. He also was greatly im-

pressed by his strong and vigorous individuality, his personal courtliness, and the rapidity and energy with which he worked.

Age had no effect upon his magnificent mind, and he composed as fine and inspired music then as in early manhood.

One of the pieces of music which he wrote not long before his death was "San Filippo Neri," a four-voice composition in honour of the great Italian priest beloved by Palestrina.

Among other titles and positions which he held, Alessandro Scarlatti is said to have been a Member of the Order of the Golden Spur; a Knight of the Order of Malta; Maestro di Capella (Chapel-Master and Music Director) to Queen Christina of Sweden; Maestro di Capella to the Viceroy of Naples; Assistant Maestro di Capella at Santa Maggiore, in Rome; Private Maestro di Capella to Cardinal Ottoboni; and Maestro at I Poveri di Gesù Christo, at San Onofrio, and at Loreto, the three Neapolitan conservatories.

When he was seventy-six he died, in Naples.

It was late in the autumn, and it seemed fitting that his industrious and patient spirit should find rest at the time that the whole land sank in repose. Autumn, with the harvest-tide and the golden sheaves shining under the warm quiet sunlight,—autumn, with the violet mists upon the slopes,

and the tranquillity of works accomplished; such was the time of Scalatti's death.

And, as was also most fitting, his tomb was in the Carmelite Chapel of Saint Cæcilia, — the Saint of Music.

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF SCARLATTI.

115 Operas. Only 41 of these are extant, among others: "*Telemacco*," "*Laodicea e Berenice*," "*Pirrho e Demetrio*," "*Il Medo*," "*Cyrus*," "*Mitridate*," "*Turnus*," "*Attilio Regolo*," "*Principessa Fedele*," "*Diana e Endimione*," and "*Martirio di Santa Cæcilia.*"

To Scarlatti is due the idea of introducing into the overture elements related to the action of the opera, a not uncommon practice at that time being to fasten a light overture to a serious opera or *vice versa!*

200 Masses. Hauptmann, in reference to Scarlatti's masses and other religious music, compares him to Palestrina, as Virgil to Homer.

Oratorios. Among these are "*Dolori di Maria*," "*Sacrifizio d' Abramo*," "*Martirio di Santa Teodosia*," "*San Filippo di Neri*," and "*Stabat Mater.*"

Madrigals, Concertos, Psalms, Serenades.

400 Cantatas. These are very popular in Italy, particularly in the Master's own city, Naples.

Georg Friedrich Händel

Born, February 23rd, 1685. Died (aged 74), 1759.

At the close of the seventeenth century music was held in low esteem in Germany, and it remained for Händel and Bach to raise St. Cæcilia's glorious art to its proper pinnacle. Of these two great men Bach was perhaps the mightier genius, but in one thing at least they were equal, — the high ideal which they held for music and the devotion with which they laboured for its attainment. Strangely enough, these composers were born in the same year, and but one month apart, and there was but the difference of a year in their dates of death.

Later we shall meet Bach, — that "modest cantor" and noble master, — for the present let us follow the great, if less mighty, Händel upon his way.

The difficulties surmounted by the world's great composers have been many and hard; but there have been none, I suppose, more seemingly hopeless than lack of musical feeling in the people about them. Georg Friedrich Händel was born in Halle, Germany, of unmusical parents, in unmusical surroundings, and, being dedicated by

his father to the study of law, his future looked very far from congenial or happy.

The elder Georg Händel, the good father of our composer, was a most estimable, respectable surgeon and barber, — the combination was usual in those days. He was very ambitious for his son; Georg Friedrich was to be a lawyer, and attend to the serious business of life. The good man frowned on the child's musical tastes, feeling that there were plenty of strolling players to further the art of music by singing love-songs to the accompaniment of tinkling strings. The family of Händel, he argued, was respectable, if poor and unpretentious, and must not be degraded by anything so shockingly trivial as music!

He once made the following characteristic statement: —

"Music is an elegant art and fine amusement, but as an occupation it hath little dignity, having for its object nothing better than mere entertainment and pleasure."

Yet in the face of every discouragement which his father could give him, Händel persevered and became famous.

When he was a small boy he was as convinced of his musical ability as when he grew older, and it was very bitter to be told that music was not for him, but that he was especially reserved for the

pursuit of law. However, after he had tried his best to win the old surgeon to his side, he quietly and with a sort of desperate and patient courage, went to work by himself. An aunt of his, a woman with more soul and more perception, evidently, than the rest of the family, gave him a little dumb spinet. It was like a miniature piano without legs, and could be carried about under the arm. The strings were bound with cloth, and the sound was so faint as to be only a musical whisper. This instrument, with fear and trembling on little Georg's part, was carried secretly into the house and upstairs to an attic, where it remained for a long time undiscovered.

And there among the cobwebs, on nights both cold and warm, moonlit and dark, Georg sat by the little spinet and played. In the dim light the infinitesimal tones floated out in ghosts of melodies. All manner of musical spirits were evoked, to dance about the old, dusty garret while the boy played, and to depart silently when he left his treasure, to creep away to bed.

But though he could learn facility in playing, and feed his starved heart on these shadowy musical dreams, he still longed for regular study. The genius of Händel was not of the order to be satisfied with such meagre gifts from fate. There have been composers, — notably Pergolese and Schubert,

who might have been, — and indeed we may say were contented to dream away the years of life living in an elfin phantasy, and spinning pure and lovely music like moon-touched cobwebs. But Händel was not of these. Wonderful inspirations came to him — vast ideas, heroic and grand; the whole world was not too large a setting for them. And the homage of all men was to him the one acceptable honour.

One day the good barber-surgeon set out upon a journey to Saxe-Weissenfels, where one of his sons (Georg's half-brother) held a position in the ducal court. Ah! how eagerly Georg begged to be allowed to go too! The Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels was a renowned patron of music, as the little boy knew, and he prayed his father to take him. But the older Händel was afraid of the pernicious influence upon his small son then eight years old, — and refused. So the carriage rolled away on the road to Saxe-Weissenfels, leaving Georg at home.

But as he watched it go, a fierce resolution formed itself in his brain. He *would go* to Saxe-Weissenfels! And with that thought he dashed off down the road. Faster and faster he ran, the dust blew into his eyes, the stones all seemed to conspire together to trip him up, — but he did not stop. He was going to Saxe-Weissenfels.

On and still on. He gasped for breath, and he was very tired, but he could see the carriage ahead, and he still had hope that if he caught up with it he might persuade his father to take him. And a sort of fire was in his brain and heart, and he felt in a strange way that nothing mattered any more, — neither fatigue nor dust nor heat nor choking breath, — if only, in the far-away, ultimate future he could reach Saxe-Weissenfels !

Driving quietly along the road that led from Halle, the good father Händel looked back carelessly enough. And in the road, running, stumbling, shuffling, was his son Georg Friedrich, following the carriage like a very worn-out little dog !

The carriage was stopped, and Georg was helped in. His father did not know what to do. He was sorry for the child, but disobedience was a serious thing. He reproved Georg for his wrong-doing, and Georg replied : he was very sorry, and he knew it was very wrong, but — might he go to Saxe-Weissenfels ?

The elder Händel looked back, and Halle seemed a long way behind. So, indignant but vanquished, he gave the order to drive on. And Georg, hot, tired, and triumphant, knew that after all he was going to Saxe-Weissenfels.

And I think that if the road had been lit with fire, like the magic circle of Brünnhilde, he would have

followed it just the same, with the hope in his heart that he was going to find the great angel, Music.

Saxe-Weissenfels was all that Georg's fancy had pictured it. Few young people could have failed to enjoy the atmosphere of a ducal court in the seventeenth century. Georg was unusually observant, and the court dazzled and fascinated him, while to find music reverenced instead of ridiculed was a bewilderment to him.

He made friends with the members of the ducal choir and was allowed to sit with them during the services. He worshipped the great organ, and when he was allowed to play it, felt that he was touching some splendid and sacred thing. And under his small hands the organ seemed to speak more marvellously than usual.

One day, when the afternoon service was over, the people, including the Duke, were leaving the ducal chapel, some one lifted Georg up to the organ and told him to play. He obeyed; he played and played, astonishing every one and attracting the attention of the music-loving Duke. His Highness asked his chamberlain who it was, and later commanded the two Händels to come before him.

He then told the surgeon how fortunate he was in having a genius for a son; he exhorted him to further the boy's aims in every way; he spoke of

the glory of music, and of the years of devotion which Georg must give to this great cause.

Old Händel listened in blank astonishment. Was it possible that the despised music, which he had tried to drive out of his son's mind, was to be honoured by the approval of a reigning prince? Finally the Duke exacted a promise that Georg should be taught music thoroughly, gave the boy a generous sum of money in gold pieces, and bade him God-speed in his work.

So they were dismissed; and the angry but acquiescent father took Georg back to Halle to study with Friedrich Wilhelm Zachau, the organist and composer.

Georg was nothing if not industrious. He worked eagerly, almost feverishly, feeling a keen joy in the difficulties of the fugues and motets which he was obliged to compose. He was never happy save when he was writing. "I used to write like the devil in those days!" he declared afterward.

When he was twelve, it is said, he knew more than his master Zachau. At all events, at that age he went to Berlin and began to mix with musicians of note. And these were the first triumphs of Händel.

At that time Berlin worshipped two Italian musicians, Padre Attilio Ariosti and Bononcini. Padre Attilio was amazed to find that the young new-

comer from Halle was so well-equipped a musician, and he promptly gave him the assistance of his patronage. Bononcini, on the other hand, was angry when he heard of the "infant prodigy," as our young Händel was called, and refused to have anything to do with him. But in Berlin he heard everywhere the growing wave of applause that greeted the efforts of the boy Händel. His performances were wonderful — superb! So said the musical public.

At last Bononcini, who was conceited, jealous, and narrow-minded, though a clever musician, could endure it no longer. He appointed a time for a trial of the prodigy's powers, and for this occasion he composed an almost unplayable piece of music.

When the time arrived the Italian was much excited. Scarcely a living musician could play that composition, he told himself. Surely this twelve-year-old boy would be afraid even to attempt it! Händel seated himself, looked at the music a moment, and began to play. And Bononcini, choking with rage, had the pleasure of hearing his composition performed admirably by the hated prodigy!

Thereafter he could neither ignore nor scorn the boy musician, but he could still hate him, which he did profoundly. His painful politeness to his rival, however, was, we are told, a delightful thing to see!

A year later Händel's father, the good old surgeon, died; and the boy was left with the support of his mother and himself upon his hands. He held a position as organist, at one time, in Halle; but though in this and other ways he earned money, he also studied at a University, according to the wishes of his mother and his dead father. These classical studies were an excellent thing for him, though they somewhat hampered his musical work.

When he was eighteen our young hero made his way to Hamburg, the home of popular but worthless German opera at that time, to seek his fortune. He was young, eager, full of ambition. He felt confident that there must be some place waiting to be filled by him. He soon obtained a position as second violin in the opera orchestra, where, as he pretended to know nothing about music, the other musicians made fun of him! The harmless deception amused him, and he was independent, and earning a little money. The future seemed very bright.

One July day he was in St. Mary Magdalene's Church, in the organ-loft; it is possible that he was playing. Suddenly he turned, and saw a young man only a few years older than himself, standing close to him.

Their presence in the organ-loft proved a simi-

larity of interests, and they quickly grew to know each other. They felt at once that they were congenial, and needed no preliminaries before becoming good comrades.

The young man was Johann Mattheson, a brilliant enthusiast, who was already well known in the musical world of Hamburg. He was very popular, and justly so; in fact his name was a musical pass-word.

He was much pleased to find a fellow musician in young Händel, and promptly took him under his wing, introducing him to all the interesting people of Hamburg, and helping him in many ways. Their friendship was genuine, too genuine fortunately to be injured by an occasional quarrel, otherwise these two gifted young musicians would soon have drifted apart like so many other great men.

Mattheson was the most brilliant type of dilettante, and left few branches of music untouched. When he was twenty-three and Händel nineteen, he composed an opera called "Cleopatra," and when it was performed at the Hamburg opera-house, he himself sang the principal part, — that of Antony, — while Händel conducted the orchestra. Not satisfied with the distinction of coming before the public as composer and singer, Mattheson desired to be applauded as a conductor also! Having acted

Antony's death on the stage, he suddenly appeared at Händel's side, announcing his intention of conducting the last act.

Händel was hot-tempered, and, looking upon this as ridiculous, said so. Mattheson, equally fiery by nature, became angry, and the two young men, realizing that the time and place were not suitable for a quarrel, appointed a meeting after the opera.

The time was one in which the slightest disagreements were settled by the so-called "honourable means" of a duel. Insults or jokes carried too far, trifles or matters of life and death, all had the common means of satisfaction — the rapier. Gentlemen wore rapiers at their sides in those days as universally as they wore embroidered and ornamented coats, lace ruffles, and elaborately curled powdered wigs. So when Händel and Mattheson met later on that night, the friends who were with them constituted themselves seconds, and the duel was fought with a concentration of fire and fury worthy a bigger and a better cause.

Suddenly Mattheson, still smarting from Händel's contemptuous defiance, made a quick and deadly lunge at his heart. Every one expected to see the younger duellist fall, — but instead, the point of Mattheson's rapier fell broken to the ground. The seconds hastily declared the duel to be at an end,

while Mattheson surveyed the hilt of his broken sword, which he still held, in a bewildered fashion.

The blade had broken on one of the large, shining buttons which, according to the fashion, ornamented Händel's coat. Had it not been for that gay button the "Messiah" would never have been written, for our composer must have been killed. The button was directly over his heart.

We perceive that there are good points even in the vagaries of fashion!

Mattheson was grateful beyond words to that button, for, being impulsive and generous, he would never have forgiven his own hand if the blade had not been stopped. The two young men were soon better friends than before.

At this time, says Mattheson, in a book written many years afterward, "Händel composed long, very long airs and well-nigh interminable cantatas."

A little later he began work on "Almira," his first opera. But before it was finished his first important composition was performed. It was Passion music, "The Passion according to St. John," and it was produced on Good Friday. There is something tragic in this, for when the great master died, years later, it was on Good Friday. Thus did that day mark the beginning and the ending of his career.

"Almira" was produced when Händel was twenty,

and met with marked success. It lives now in other words by Händel, for perceiving it to be crude in itself, he quoted from it liberally in after years. "Nero" followed, but failed, and then, leaving "Florindo" behind him, but not waiting to see it performed, Händel went to Italy. He was grieved to leave Hamburg, where he had first begun to struggle upward on the hard road of music; grieved above all to leave Mattheson, his good comrade. Evidently they enjoyed many merry times together, as we learn from that book in which Mattheson speaks so often of his friend.

"Ah!" he says, "he may perhaps remember the poulterer who travelled with us to Lübeck; and the pastry-cook's son who blew the bellows for us at St. Mary's; and our parties on the water together, and a hundred other circumstances still fresh in my mind!"

I wonder who they were, — the poulterer who met these gay comrades on one of their many little journeys, — probably to see Reinken the organist, in that instance; and the pastry-cook's son who assisted at their musical feasts in the old organ-loft where they had first met? And what were they like, those "parties on the river"?

The little paragraph makes us want to know more of those long-ago days when Händel and Mattheson were young.

When the young composer went to Italy his boyhood was past. Those old hours in Hamburg seeking adventures with Mattheson, were over and done with. He was one of the world's workers now, seeking knowledge in far lands.

He found inspiration and help in the Italian forms, and wrote three Psalms which were evidently the outcome of the Italian ecclesiastical atmosphere. He also composed Italian operas which were received with enthusiasm, and won for him the name of "Il caro Sassone" ("The dear Saxon"). And he soon became as famous for his harpsichord playing as for his composition.

One night in Venice, while the Carnival was at its height, a certain Venetian palace was filled with dancers, their gay costumes topped by the black masks that go with a masquerade. All kinds and conditions of people were there, losing their identity, so one would have said, and becoming so many fantastic and inscrutable masques. But one masque, with erect figure and assured bearing, crossed the crowded rooms and, seating himself at the harpsichord, began to play.

Almost at the same moment Domenico Scarlatti entered the palace. He had intended to join the masques, but he suddenly heard music, the sound of the harpsichord, played as well as even he could play.

He rushed forward, pushing the people out of his way that he might reach the harpsichord.

"It is either the devil or the Saxon!" he cried.

When Händel unmasked, Domenico saw that he was right; it was indeed the Saxon. And this was the beginning of the friendship between the young German and the two Scarlattis.

The Saxon went, in the course of time, to Rome, where he had a valuable friend in Cardinal Ottoboni. This man was rich and luxurious, and the friend of art. While he patronized Händel, the composer seemed inspired to write particularly melodious and charming compositions, which he dedicated to the Cardinal.

Then accompanied by his friends the Scarlattis and the composer Corelli, he went to Naples, where he composed melodies Italian in form and truly Arcadian in character.

We are told that the young musician practically held a court in Naples, and was adored and fêted by all the nobles and great ladies in that vicinity.

There was in Italy at that time a dilettante æsthetic society called "Arcadia,"—in which persons of high rank dropped their titles and became "shepherds and shepherdesses," with simple names. There were a number of these members of "Arcadia" in Naples, and they soon received Händel as one of themselves. They gave entertainments for

him, they admired his music, and decided that he was a true Arcadian shepherd.

There were two "shepherdesses," in particular, who encouraged him in his work and suggested ideas for his music.

One was a Spanish Princess,— Cecilia Enrichiez, Princess of Squinzano. Her Arcadian name was simply "Egeria," but her title was well known, and her wealth and position were not to be disguised under any pastoral simplicity.

The other lady is wrapped in greater mystery. For her Händel composed at least one very lovely cantata, and, some people say, others besides. She inspired him with ambition, and first suggested to him the subject of the cantata. This is all that we know definitely about her, and she is never mentioned save by a very vague and untraceable name,— "Donna Laura."

So indistinct is this, our only knowledge, that we may make fancy pictures of her, safely. Perhaps it is because we know so little of her that she seems particularly charming. The facts are so few! She lived in Naples, and she was an Arcadian shepherdess. She knew and influenced the young master, and he wrote beautiful music for her. And she was called Laura.

Was it her Arcadian name, or her own? Was she a simple peasant, perhaps, who slyly slipped

into Arcadia among rich and famous people? Or was she, like the Princess "Egeria," a great lady who put her rank and its responsibilities behind her, and became a shepherdess?

And I wonder if she was beautiful and young, this Donna Laura and if Händel loved her!—Perhaps, — who knows?

Before long Händel began to long for better things than Italy could give him. He could never be satisfied with mellifluous Italian music. He was German; and his creations must be heavy, if not stern, in fibre,— strong, uncompromising, and grand. In England there seemed a field for a forcible musical intelligence. And, — important fact! — the English wanted him to come! Various noblemen had asked him to make his home in London and write his fine music for production there. Händel was very willing; but the Elector of Hanover gave him an official position in his employ, — a position impossible to refuse. So Händel obtained a short leave of absence from his Highness, and when he left Germany, it was merely to visit England. Having reached the Anglo-Saxon shores, however, he was so pleased and fascinated by his kindly reception and the success of his work, that he regretted his promise to return to the Elector, and tried his best to forget it.

His conscience pricked him in the course of time,

and he did have the grace to go back to Hanover. But after a few months, he once more abandoned his duties, and went to England, where his successes followed each other so quickly that it would be difficult to enumerate them.

Troubles were in store for Händel, however. Queen Anne — to whom he had more than once dedicated music, and who had pensioned him most generously — died in 1714. And who should come to the throne but that good Hanoverian monarch, George I. of England, — once Elector of Hanover and Händel's much-neglected patron.

Finding Händel the adored of all England the King, naturally, was angry, and quietly refused to permit the young composer to come to court.

A story is told that, after a period of much embarrassment, Händel wrote some festal music, known as the "Water Musick," for the King's benefit, and had it played near the royal barge during a river festival. The King was pleased and asked for the composer. And Händel, very humble, made his appearance and was graciously forgiven for his past misdeeds!

Those were brilliant years in the history of English wit and English art. The period of Händel's triumphs in London reads like a picturesque story, brightened by the famous names of the time.

Dean Swift, John Byrom, Pope, Addison, Gay,

Wollaston, Steele, Arbuthnot, Colley Cibber, — these men were Händel's contemporaries, and many of them his friends. There were very few well-known persons who did not meet at Lord Burlington's house, where Händel stayed. And they met also at the dwelling of that strange person known as "Thomas Britton, the musical small-coal man of Clerkenwell."

Thomas Britton earned his living by peddling small-coal, or charcoal, in the streets, but he was a musician, a master of chemistry, and a collector of musical instruments and rare old books.

He formed a musical club, and great musicians played and sang in the dingy little rooms above his shop. This was the foundation of chamber-music in England, for these musical gatherings drew all intellectual and artistic London to listen. Clever men, and, we are told, beautiful society women, the Duchess of Queensberry and others, sought out the unattractive house of the "musical small-coal man," climbed the shaky little staircase on the outside of the house, and assembled in those tiny dark rooms, so low that one could lay one's hand upon the ceiling. There he who wished might have "a dish of coffee" as it was called, served to him at a penny a dish. There he might hear the singing of celebrated artists, and the performances of the musician who was

chosen to officiate on the harpsichord, the Orpheus of the hour, — Händel.

Wonderful days were those days of the young eighteenth century! Wonderful days, when the men whose names live forever in English annals met in those dingy rooms to indulge in "a dish of coffee" and good music! Wonderful days, when the cause of art could draw men and women of fashion to the residence of a coal-seller! Wonderful days, when Händel, with his German accent and his droll speeches, told stories with the other great men of his time, or, growing serious and inspired, played his own music on the quaint harpsichord!

Those were the good years when wit and wisdom and genius dwelt with men, and were respected, and considered matters of moment.

In the glow of Händel's prosperity, James, Duke of Chandos, offered him the position of music director in his private chapel at Cannons, Edgware. This was a piece of great good fortune for the musician. The Duke was enormously rich and very popular, and his patronage was much to be desired. He always appeared escorted by a Swiss bodyguard of a hundred or more, and lived in such magnificence that he was known in England as the "Grand Duke."

The chapel at Cannons soon became society's

pet church, and we are told that all the fashionable carriages in town made their way there every Sunday. Indeed many of them could be seen on any day in the week rolling along Edgware Road. But ladies and gentlemen of fashion hesitated to visit Cannons save with a crowd, for Edgware Road was long and lonely, and sometimes people were called upon to "stand and deliver!" by highwaymen.

Even the "Grand Duke" himself did not escape, so there might well have been some little timidity on the part of his friends.

But Pope and Arbuthnot, and such illustrious wits were willing to brave the highwaymen, to be seen at Cannons. Pope ridiculed the gorgeousness of the Duke's establishment, but nevertheless wrote of him: "Thus gracious Chandos is beloved at sight."

Pope — strange, bitter, brilliant little man! — cared nothing for music, but he was on friendly terms with the composer. He asked the witty Dr. Arbuthnot, once, his real opinion of Händel as a musician.

"Conceive the highest that you can of his abilities," said Arbuthnot, in reply, "and they are much beyond anything you *can* conceive!"

Händel lived at Cannons until he was thirty-six. During that time he composed, among other works,

his "Chandos Anthems," as beautiful as they are well-known, — and "Esther."

The chapel, under the name of Whitchurch, announces to strangers on a fine metal plate that —

> "Handel was organist of this church from
> MDCCXVIII to MDCCXXI,
> and composed the oratorio of 'Esther'
> on this organ."

Just before leaving his chapel, he joined a number of other enthusiastic souls in an endeavour to establish the best Italian opera in London on an improved scale.

Händel worked laboriously, engaged singers, wrote operas, — did his best, in every way, to promote the success of the undertaking. But he met with trials.

His money gave out, for the opera scheme, while carried on in accordance with high artistic principles, was not financially successful. Then his old enemy Bononcini appeared.

Half of the public promptly transferred their admiration from Händel to him. The Prince of Wales supported Händel, but the Duke of Marlborough and his daughter, Lady Godolphin, supported Bononcini. Lady Godolphin, afterwards better known as the Duchess of Marlborough, was a valuable ally, and assisted the Italian in innumerable ways. Indeed she used every means in the pow-

er of a brilliant society woman and the Duke of Marlborough's daughter, to crush the German, — from concerts conducted by Bononcini and held at her house, to large and fashionable card-parties given on the evenings when Händel conducted elsewhere.

John Byrom, amused at the fierce feeling between the Händel faction and the Bononcini faction wrote an epigram, one day, which has been quoted for years:

> "Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
> That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
> Others aver that he to Handel
> Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
> Strange all this difference should be
> 'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!"

Händel was very autocratic, and he would endure no defiance or lack of respect. When Giovanni Carestini, a great Italian singer who was cast for a leading rôle in one of Händel's operas, was pleased to return his principal air, the composer was furious. He went, in angry haste, to the singer's house, his wig awry, his German accent more pronounced than usual.

"You tog!" he roared, in a noble rage. "Do I not know petter as yourseluf vat ees pest for you to sing?" And Carestini agreed with alacrity.

Madame Cuzzoni, the prima donna, once refused to sing a song in one of Händel's operas. He

caught her up bodily, and, rushing to the window, held her at arm's length suspended over the street, telling her that he would drop her unless she consented to sing.

It seems hardly necessary to state that she thankfully sang everything that he wished.

He would not permit any one to speak while he was conducting. If a whisper was heard in the house, Händel would be displeased. And his displeasure was usually most markedly evident in his wig.

Of this wig Dr. Charles Burney says: "When things went well at the oratorio, it had a certain nod or vibration which manifested his pleasure and satisfaction. Without it, nice observers were certain that he was out of humour."

It was watched nervously by his royal friends, during his concerts at St. James's Palace. When her too frivolous court-ladies whispered together, the Princess of Wales, much disturbed and distressed, always begged them to be quiet.

"Hush, — hush!" she murmured, her eyes on the master's wig. "Can't you see? Händel is very angry!"

The years went by, and George II. now ruled England. His little son, the Prince of Wales, was Händel's pet. He played to the boy and declared that he, when a man and a King, should be the guardian of his old musical friend's fame.

Händel became more and more abandoned by the aristocratic portion of the English public, always excepting the Royal Family, and a thinking and feeling few. Such men as Hughes, Smollett and Hogarth, as well as his old friends, Pope and Arbuthnot and the rest, were on his side, and remained loyal to him. And the masses, the generous English public, grew to love his music as it deserved. At Vauxhall and Marylebone the music of Händel could always be heard, and when he brought out his great "Messiah," the vast majority were more than glad to welcome it.

It was first performed in Dublin, while Händel was visiting Ireland in compliance with a special request.

This is the announcement which appeared in "Faulkner's Journal," on April 13, 1742:—

"This day will be performed Mr. Handell's new Grand Sacred Oratorio, called the *Messiah*. The doors will be open at eleven, and the performance begin at twelve.

"The Stewards of the Charitable Musical Society request the Favours of the Ladies not to come with hoops this day to the Musick Hall in Fishamble Street. The Gentlemen are desired to come without their Swords."

Signora Avolio and Mr. Dubourg both sang in the "Messiah" and sang very beautifully; but it was Mrs. Cibber, who rendered the contralto part,

who won the tears of the audience. Her voice was not strong, but she sang so beautifully, seeming to plead in her tender tones for all who had suffered or sinned, that the audience was deeply moved. Dr. Delaney, a great divine and Dean Swift's friend, was touched beyond expression and declared, as though giving a benediction:

"Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven."

The great Susanna Cibber died, more than twenty years later, and it was of her that Garrick spoke when he said "Tragedy expired with her!"

"Faulkner's Journal" which had announced the oratorio, and pathetically requested the ladies to come without hoops, printed the following appreciative remarks about the performance. It is particularly interesting because of the quaint, old-fashioned forms of expression:

"The best Judges allowed it to be the most finished piece of Musick. Words are wanting to express the exquisite Delight it afforded to the admiring, crowded audience. The Sublime, the Grand, and the Tender, adapted to the most elevated, Majestick, and moving Words, conspired to transport and charm the ravished Heart and Ear."

"Samson" followed "the Messiah," and then came "Judas Maccabæus." All these were given in London after Händel's return from Ireland.

London was a little kinder to him after these

great proofs of his genius; but his enemies still worked assiduously against him.

My Lady Godolphin, ably seconded by my Lady Brown, strove bravely to turn the tide of favour away from him. My Lady Brown's "tea-drinkings," were charming affairs, and were always given on the nights that his oratorios were performed! Then Christopher Gluck appeared, with his trivial Italian music, further to divert the taste of London.

Horace Walpole added his important voice to the general chorus of scorn. It was he who said of Händel's artists (the best, by the way, that were on the stage) that he had ". . . A man with one note in his voice, and a girl with never a one, and so they sang, and made brave Hallelujahs!"

But the fiercest of the struggles were past for our master, Händel. He cared very little, beyond a vague resentment, for the vituperations and the plots against him. Well-nigh all came from that fashionable world in which he no longer had a part. Besides, had he not able supporters? Able, indeed — among others, Pope himself, who wrote, in his peculiar, ironical style:

> "Soon, ah, soon! rebellion will commence,
> If music meanly borrows aid from sense;
> Strong in new arms, lo! giant Händel stands,
> Like bold Briareus with a hundred hands;
> To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
> And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums."

Händel was growing old, and blessed by the comfort of his music and a few good friends, spent his life quietly, with his pipe and his beer, and an occasional row on the river Thames.

When he was sixty-seven he wrote "Jephtha." And then came the bitterest and most terrible trial of his vigorous life. He became blind, — absolutely blind.

He was brave and resigned when this trouble came to him, but the loneliness of his existence was very bitter to him. His success was more assured than ever before, but it was less brilliant. The bright, ever changing fashionable wave, which had borne him on its crest for a time, had receded, leaving him on a grand but rather desolate coast. Not that this was in itself a grief to him, but I suppose all things hurt him more keenly now, in the darkness.

A report comes down to us that he used to sit at the organ, and play and conduct his oratorios, just as in days gone by; and that once, during a performance of "Samson," almost every one in the audience wept in uncontrollable pity and grief.

Strangely and sadly appropriate was the bent of that oratorio, taken with few alterations from Milton's great "Samson Agonistes!"

The old master seated at the organ, the solemn music, the pathetic words, it is small wonder that the tears fell.

The chords from the great instrument always seemed to sweep out more passionately and more tragically at the passage in which Samson laments his blindness:

> "Oh, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
> Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
> Without all hope of day!"

Händel said that he should like to die on Good Friday, "in the hope of meeting his Lord and Saviour on the day of His resurrection."

On Good Friday, as though in response to his desire, he died, tranquilly going to rest, after a lifetime of struggle.

And the stream of life rolled on just the same, the crowds of gallants and ladies, of wits and sages, the merry and the grave, the rich and the poor, all the picturesque figures of England in the eighteenth century. They went by, perforce, in time and drifted out of the world. A great name now and then brings the scene before us, but it quickly fades.

As for Händel, he lived with them for a time, and he is part of the picture. But he is somewhat big and incongruous, and somewhat weighted with purpose, taking life almost too seriously for the brilliant folk about him.

I often think of a little speech of his to George II., showing his high intentions in his work. "You have pleased us very much," the King, who had

been hearing his music, said courteously. And Händel answered, "Your Majesty, I did not wish to please but to make you better."

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF HÄNDEL

English Oratorios: "*Esther*," composed at Cannons, in 1720, was the first of these. Between this and "*The Messiah*," he wrote "*Deborah*," "*Athalia*," "*Saul*," and "*Israel*." His most celebrated oratorio, "*The Messiah*," was composed when he was fifty-six. After that he composed "*Samson*," "*Judas Maccabæus*," "*The Triumph of Time and Truth*," "*Hercules*," and "*Jephthah*."

Te Deums and Anthems: Of these the most popular have usually been the "*Te Deums*," written in honour of Queen Caroline and the Duke of Chandos, the twelve "*Chandos Anthems*," and the "*Wedding*," "*Funeral*," and "*Coronation*" Anthems.

Operas: The most celebrated of these were "*Rinaldo*," "*Alessandro*," "*Roderigo*," "*Agrippina*," "*Arminio*," "*Alcestes*," and others. The airs from "*Rinaldo*" are still popular.

"**Water Musick**": This "Water-Musick" is the composition which softened the King's heart.

Psalms, Songs, Serenatas, Chamber Trios and Duets, Sonatas, Concertos, and instrumental compositions of various kinds.

Odes: *Odes* written on Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are particularly fine. But Händel was greatest in his oratorios.

Johann Sebastian Bach

Born March 21st, 1685. Died (aged 65), July 28th, 1750

THIS is the story of Johann Sebastian Bach, one of the greatest of all masters; one of the musical heroes before whom we bow our heads in homage. We could not have the music of Beethoven, nor Wagner, nor, indeed, any of our mighty composers without the grand foundation laid by Sebastian Bach. So it is fitting that we do him honour, not only in reverence for his own noble works, but in gratitude for what he has taught the world of music.

The Bach family had always been a remarkable one. Beginning with a certain miller, many years ago, who played his old-fashioned musical instrument to himself, while the mill was whirling loudly enough to have totally distracted any one with less enthusiasm, all the Bachs devoted themselves to music with a perseverance worthy of Palestrina; and our Sebastian was a true son of the house.

He was born in Eisenach, Germany, not far from the great Thuringian Castle known as the Wartburg, where in the olden days the minstrels held their contests of song. During his early childhood he

BACH.

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lived with his father and mother, and his surroundings were full of musical inspiration. His father, Ambrosius Bach, gave him lessons on the violin, being himself a violinist of ability, for Sebastian soon showed his family that he was unusually musical, — even for a Bach!

Two hundred years before, Luther had passed through Eisenach, singing the grave, sombre chorales peculiar to Germany in the middle ages. The Wartburg, indeed, is associated with him and his legendary conflict with Satan as well as with the gentle Minnesinger. And in Eisenach the spirit of Luther seemed always present. The chorales that he and his followers had sung might be fancied to echo still through the streets, — chorales essentially German in spirit, with the stern melodies and ungracious though strong harmonies that go to make up typical Lutheran music. This was the atmosphere which little Sebastian breathed in his daily life, and this uncompromising German spirit was the groundwork of his music, though his own genius softened the grave forms to beauty.

The Bach family was a happy one, and his mother's influence had a deep effect upon the little boy. But when he was nine years old, both his parents died, and the home was broken up.

Sebastian found himself living with his older brother Johann Christoph, in Ohrdruf. Christoph

was a musician, like all the Bachs, and while he achieved less eminence than many of his renowned family, he was a pupil of the famous master Pachelbel, and was an organist in one of the most important churches in Ohrdruf.

He was a man of cultivation and knowledge, and had a rigid conception of his duty, but he lacked the tenderness and insight so important in caring for a child.

He began Sebastian's education conscientiously. He taught him music, — for the traditions of the Bachs necessitated that, and thus little Sebastian was grounded in the fundamental harmonic principles. But the child was a genius, and his brother was not, and it was not long before all Christoph's knowledge had been transferred to Sebastian's mind; and still he thirsted for more.

Music at that time seemed much less interesting in its rudiments than it does to-day. And the great wealth of beautiful compositions which have sprung up since the days of Bach add much to the charm of musical study now. Yet Sebastian loved his lessons with his whole heart, and longed to know more and more of what was infinitely more fascinating to him than anything else.

Christoph owned a valuable manuscript volume of elaborate compositions for the harpsichord and the organ, by famous musicians. This volume was

the object of Sebastian's profound worship and longing. In it, he knew, was to be found satisfaction, in a measure, for his musical yearnings. But Christoph, excellent man that he was, declared that such valuable books were only for older people, — not for little music students like Sebastian. Sebastian must continue to work out his exercises, and to study as small boys were intended to study. Some day, doubtless, he would be permitted to enjoy the treasures in the manuscript volume!

Sebastian was not a disobedient child. We must not think that it was usual for him to disregard his brother's commands. But in this instance, the temptation was too great — and he fell!

The volume stood on the shelf of a book-case behind a wire lattice, like a wicket gate. Sebastian could see it plainly, and every day as he passed the book-case, the volume seemed to say: "I am here! You have only to take me down from the shelf, and I will tell you my secrets!"

And one day a dreadful but delicious thought came to him. Why should he not see it? And having seen, why should he not copy from it such music as charmed him most?

The night after that idea had crept into his brain, he waited until every one was asleep. Then, when the house was quiet, he went downstairs softly to

the room where the book-case stood. The moon was shining brightly, and he could see the volume behind the wicket gate. It did not take long to bend back the wires and to take the treasure from its shelf. And now for work!

He did not dare even to light a candle, so he sat down with paper and pen and began to copy the manuscript by the white moonlight. As he copied, he grew more and more fascinated by the music. The moon sank and he was obliged to stop. His eyes felt tired and strained, but it was with a happy heart that he slipped the volume back on the shelf, and crept away to bed.

And every moonlit night he tiptoed downstairs as before, abstracted the book and laboriously copied the beautiful music by the faint, white light.

He lost sleep, but he did not care. He was in constant terror of being discovered; that too was a small matter. Poor little boy, he thought only of the music, his love for which had become already his chief guiding impulse. He could not look ahead. He could not know that his last days in the world would be saddened by total blindness, brought on, — or at least partly caused, — by the months of work by moonlight!

For the task which Sebastian had undertaken occupied six months, and his eyes never recovered from the intense strain.

At last the work was accomplished. He owned a complete copy of the precious manuscript volume treasured by his brother. Now he could pore over the wonderful and delicious harmonies to his heart's content. And at this point Christoph discovered his wrong-doing.

He was very angry. Not only was he angered by his small brother's disobedience; he was not at all pleased by the idea that the child had succeeded in copying the music which he had so carefully withheld from him.

Sebastian was clinging to his precious copy when he looked up and saw his brother. The piteous love of the little fellow for his work should have moved his brother's heart to sympathy, but it did not. The worthy Christoph thought only of his righteous indignation, and he promptly took the copy away, — the dearly loved copy over which Sebastian had spent those sleepless, moonlit, weary, joyful nights during the previous six months.

It is always sad to see a wild bird in the guardianship of a well-meaning person who does not know when to give it water. Christoph was just such a guardian, and poor little Sebastian just such a bird, — caged and thirsty, and longing for things which had no meaning for his brother.

But though for a time Sebastian was disconsolate, and felt that in losing his beloved manuscript he

had lost everything, he never forgot the music, which, in those long hours of laborious copying had seemed to become part of himself. The harmonic styles made use of by Pachelbel, Buxtehude, Kerl, Frohberger and his other great masters whose compositions were to be found in the precious volume, had been impressed upon his mind as they could have been in no other way. In this manner had he gained a fundamental knowledge of the composers who were to him what he and his successors are to us.

He went to school at the town Academy in Ohrdruf, receiving an education rather meagre in some respects, not including Greek and Latin. Sebastian was particularly well grounded in the latter. He sang in the school chorus, and continued his musical work at home, so in every way possible to him he developed and educated himself. But as time went on and his childhood slipped behind him, he longed continually for a broader field.

His brother had many children of his own, very little money on which to support them, and was far from well; so Sebastian made up his mind to leave Ohrdruf, and begin an independent existence.

The cantor or director of the Academy choir was a young man named Elias Herda. He became interested in Sebastian Bach, then fifteen years old,

and suggested that he should try to obtain a position in St. Michael's, the church of the Benedictine monks at Lüneburg. They were always glad to have good voices, in fact vocal skill was a requisite for admission. Sebastian sang exceptionally well, so he had no difficulty in obtaining entrance; indeed, his well known name was, in itself, a guarantee of musical training.

So he said good-bye to his brother and the rest of the family, and made ready to depart.

Sebastian had a friend of about his own age named Georg Erdmann, whose voice was sufficiently good to recommend him to the monks, and the two boys started together for Lüneburg. As they were both very poor, they walked all the way.

They were happy young pilgrims, caring little for hardships or weariness; and the future seemed full of possibilities, the brighter because seen in the glamour of mystery.

The monks received them kindly at Lüneburg, and gave them seats at the refectory table. The boys commenced work at once; and all their lives both looked back with pleasure to those days and to their boyish friendship.

During the three years that Sebastian spent in Lüneburg he had ample opportunity to develop the versatility of his musical genius. He could

play very well upon the organ, the clavichord and the violin, and while he was in Lüneburg he improved in these and other directions. The church organs upon which he played were very imperfect, and this was a source of discontent to him, but he persevered.

The constant practice and musical discipline was excellent for him, and he had opportunities to hear much good music. This was the best possible education for his eager and erratic genius. By the classic harmonies which he heard his own ideas were guided, and by the force of example he learned wisdom in composition.

Reinken, the great organist, played in Hamburg at that time, and our young Bach, always energetic and tireless where music was concerned, often journeyed to Hamburg, — on foot, of course, — to hear the organ at St. Katherine's church speak under the great master's touch.

He took little food with him, and he never had much money, so he must often have returned to Lüneburg somewhat exhausted. This, however, never dampened his enthusiasm for the next trip!

After one of his visits to Hamburg, he started homeward, with empty pockets, but many delightful memories of Reinken and the organ. At first the latter consideration outweighed the first, and he cared little for his growing hunger. But after a

while he began to long for something to eat. He paused to rest at the door of an inn by the roadside, feeling much depressed, he was wont to say afterward, by the clatter of dishes and the smell of cooking inside the house.

Suddenly a window just above him opened quickly, and some one threw two small objects at his feet. This seemed interesting, but it must be admitted that he felt somewhat disappointed when, on investigation, he discovered two herrings' heads! He looked at them for a moment, then gave a start of delight, for in each was a Danish ducat! So he promptly took dinner at the inn, and was soon tramping on his way again, the delightful prospect in his mind of using the balance of the two ducats to return shortly to Hamburg to hear Reinken play once more!

Though he never knew the name of his benefactor, he always felt grateful to him in his heart.

He neglected all the ordinary branches of education while he was at Lüneburg, and as he was too poor to go to a University when he left there, it is surprising that he amassed any knowledge at all. He had, however, a singularly retentive and accurate memory, and anything which he had once learned he probably never forgot.

He went several times to the ducal Court at Celle, to hear the light French music which was

often played there. The gayest as well as the most serious music interested the young student, for he knew this fact: — that a musical idea benefits no one save oneself until it is put into its most natural and expressive form. Then it speaks to the world. So thus early did Sebastian Bach learn to reverence all musical forms.

When he was eighteen he left St. Michael's and Lüneburg behind him, and became a violinist in one of the Court orchestras at Weimar. But he only held this position for a few months. It was during the same summer that he visited Arnstadt, an old haunt of the Bachs and the dwelling of several members of the family at that time.

While he was there he played the organ at the newly built Gothic church (known as the New Church), and his performance on the great instrument was so masterly that he was promptly engaged as organist and the unfortunate man who had held the position was dismissed.

On August 14th, 1703, he was solemnly installed as organist, joining his hands according to the ceremonies of the time and vowing to be "an honourable servant and organist before God, the worshipped authorities, and his superiors."

Arnstadt was a charming town, the organ was an unusually fine one, and Sebastian was content. He had written fugues and pieces of music of all kinds

from time to time ever since he began to study music, and now he composed more frequently than ever before, and therefore sometimes neglected his obligations as organist.

He was in Arnstadt four years, and in that time improved greatly in his work, and annoyed and disturbed the authorities in countless ways.

It is necessary to admit that Sebastian with his many virtues had several faults. One of these was obstinacy. He could be the kindest and most obliging of mortals, but he could also be the most stubborn, the most unreasonable, and the most exasperating. Besides this, he was so passionately devoted to his music that nothing else could claim any consideration from him.

The good people of Arnstadt wished an organist. Bach wished to be allowed to pursue his studies and composition without being annoyed by such trivial and objectionable things as duties.

Finally he asked and received permission to go to Lübeck for four weeks. Lübeck was the home of the master, Dietrich Buxtehude, and there were wonderful musical performances given there between Martinmas and Christmas.

So to Lübeck went Sebastian, late in the autumn, delighted to be again a rover and a pilgrim.

He heard the music for which he had been longing, — he grew to know and to love the old master, —

in short he was happy. And suddenly, early in the new year, he remembered that his leave of absence had been for four weeks. He had been away four months!

He bade farewell to the aged Buxtehude, and turned homeward. He reached Arnstadt wondering what would be the result of his misdeed. He did not have to wait long to discover.

On February 21st he was taken to task by the authorities. All the grievances which they had cherished for so long they now expressed in righteous rage. The report of the examination of "the organist of the New Church, Bach" by the Consistory, is both amusing and interesting. They ask explanations of his sixteen weeks' absence, of his refusal to have adequate rehearsals of the scholars' singing, of the numberless things of which they justly disapproved.

For one thing he had made his preludes to the chorales too long. The Superintendent had remonstrated and Bach had been furious. He promptly shortened his preludes to a ludicrous extent, and refused to maintain any medium course. They should be short or long; — so insisted the organist Bach.

This report also contains the following paragraph:

"Charge him with having hitherto been in the habit of making surprising variations in the chorales

and intermixing diverse strange sounds, so that thereby the congregation were confounded."

In other words, Bach could not resist weaving unusual and beautiful harmonies into the dry tunes he was expected to play, a great proof of the organist's genius, but, nevertheless, a great trial, it is to be imagined, to the worthy church-people.

He was also charged, we see by the report, of having left the church, during the sermon, to get a glass of wine. To this he replied, in the examination, that he "was very sorry, and would never do so again, and their reverences had already treated him very severely about it."

They demanded an explanation of all those misdeeds within eight days. Bach paid no attention. He was, as I have said, extraordinarily obstinate; in regard to most of the charges he was unwilling to make excuses for himself, or any concessions whatever.

He was at this time on the verge of his betrothal to his cousin Maria Barbara Bach, who had been staying in Arnstadt with her aunt. She was musical, like all her family, and Bach was very deeply in love with her.

So eight months went by, and still he had sent in no explanation of his misconduct. Another document arrived, in which, after repeating the reproofs of the first, he was accused of "having

latterly allowed the stranger maiden to show herself and to make music in the choir."

This "stranger maiden," almost certainly, was Maria Barbara Bach. At that time the church law "Let your women keep silence in the churches" was followed strictly, and to have "allowed a stranger maiden to make music" in the sacred building,— this was a terrible thing indeed!

We do not know whether or not he gave satisfactory answers to all these accusations. At any rate he left Arnstadt the following year and became the organist of the Church of St. Blasias, in Mühlhausen.

He was now more independent and prosperous, and almost immediately he and Maria Barbara Bach were married, to the great delight of the Bach family.

This position in Mühlhausen led to others. The following year Bach was made organist of the Court Chapel of Weimar, and this post he held for nine years.

During that time he composed many wonderful pieces of music, among others his cantata "Actus Tragicus," known as "Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit" ("God's time is the best time"). The cantatas of Bach are each one perfect; all of them are noble, — many of them are sublime. Note by note, they speak a full and beautiful language; sometimes

voiced with the thunderings of complex genius, sometimes with the simplicity of a little child. But whether complex or simple, the language of Bach is always intelligible. He never addressed the few, he always spoke to the many. He did not ask for a little group of sympathetic souls to appreciate his compositions. I think he prayed in his heart that his music might be clear to all, the lowest as well as the highest.

He carefully studied the Italian masters while he was in Weimar, for, as we have seen, all music was important to him and had a place in his work.

Johann Gottfried Walther, the organist of the town church in Weimar, became Bach's close friend. They were both musicians, and both clever men, and they greatly enjoyed being together. Later, sad to relate, their friendship was dissolved, but for years they were very intimate.

There is a story told of one of the jokes played upon the self-willed master by Walther.

Bach declared one day that he could play anything at sight. As we have seen, he did not lack self-confidence. Soon afterwards he breakfasted with his friend. While his host was in the next room our musician strolled to the clavichord and began to look over the music. Discovering a piece of music which he did not know, he at once sat down to play it. Walther paused in his breakfast

preparations to listen; for that music had been carefully arranged for Bach's benefit. Walther was anxious to prove to the master that some things were beyond even his skill.

Bach played a bar or two, — then stopped. His friend began to laugh very softly and secretly to himself. The master repeatedly began, and each time was obliged to pause. He frowned, examined the music, struggled through a troublesome passage, and then rose in despair, while his friend heard him say with the utmost irritation — "No! no! no one can play everything at sight; — it is not possible!" Implying, of course, that if any one could, he could!

Towards the end of his stay in Weimar he resumed his old habits of travelling. He loved excitement of all kinds, and therefore was delighted by an event which took place a short time before he gave up his position in the Court Chapel.

A certain French musician, Jean Louis Marchand, — the private organist of Louis XIV, the King of France,—was in Germany at that time. He was temporarily in disfavor with the King, and had come to Dresden intending to amaze every one by his wonderful performance.

While Bach, on one of his journeys, was in Dresden, the question was broached among the various musicians there, as to which of the two masters were

the greater. It began in a very casual manner, but before long it had grown into a pitched battle on the comparative merit of German and French music.

At last it was decided that the two musicians should have a great contest, which must decide the question of their powers.

Count Flemming, the Prime Minister at the Dresden court, and a lover of music, agreed to give his salon as the scene of the contest, and the best musicians in Dresden were chosen as judges.

Dresden went wild with excitement over the affair. At the appointed time people began to assemble. Bach arrived and looked around for his adversary. He had not yet come. Every one waited, not a little surprised that he should be late. After a time Count Flemming sent a messenger to his hotel, courteously reminding him of the appointment. While they were waiting for the answer the assembled company discussed the situation, and hazarded possible reasons for his tardiness.

At last the messenger returned with the news that the French musician was not at the hotel! He had left Dresden by post-chaise that morning, in a singularly hasty manner.

So much for Jean Louis Marchand, Court organist to the King of France, — and for the French music which he was to champion!

Soon after this Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen asked Bach to come to Cöthen to fill the recently vacated post of Capellmeister in his service. Prince Leopold was a connection of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and therefore had met Bach when he was organist of the Court chapel.

So our wanderer, Bach, then thirty-two, accepted the Prince's offer with the utmost joy and went to Cöthen. The young Prince of Anhalt-Cöthen was all that could be desired as a patron. He was cultivated and intelligent, and he loved music, so Bach was indeed happy. He soon became Leopold's intimate friend and adviser, as he was nearly ten years older than the young Prince. Bach said himself that his master understood good music as well as loved it; which was high praise from the exacting musician. Bach travelled with the Prince whenever Leopold wished to leave Cöthen, and in this way was often obliged to be away from Maria Barbara and his children. One of them, Philipp Emanuel, became very famous later on.

In those days it was difficult to communicate quickly with any one at a distance. So sometimes Bach could not hear from his family for long periods. Eventually this fact was the cause of the keenest grief to him.

One May, Prince Leopold, with his beloved friend and Capellmeister, went to Carlsbad, and

there remained until July. It was, indeed, late in the month when they returned. Bach, who had not been able to hear from his wife for a long time, hurried to his home, full of eagerness and joy.

Few great men have ever felt the same deep happiness in their home-life that was Bach's. He always returned with pleasure, after the most successful and delightful journeys, to Maria Barbara and the children.

That July day the master hurried to his house. As he entered, it seemed quiet and hushed. No one came to meet him. The atmosphere was one of gloom.

Bad news, alas! — is quickly discovered, and poor Bach soon knew the truth. Maria Barbara was dead. Her funeral had been some days before, and Bach had not even known of her illness, for she had been quite well when he left home.

Maria Barbara had been a most helpful and loving companion as well as wife, and Bach's sorrow was profound.

After her death he devoted himself even more closely to his work. He composed some of his most inspired music at this time. It was only a year or two later that the first part of the "Well-Tempered Clavichord" was written.

Bach was very anxious to meet personally the splendid old master Johann Reinken, whose playing

had brought him on so many pilgrimages from Lüneburg to Hamburg when he was a boy. So finally he went to Hamburg to worship at the aged musician's shrine. Reinken was almost a hundred years old, but still held his position as organist in St. Katherine's church! Bach was permitted by the townspeople of Hamburg to try their organ, which was a superb one. They all assembled to hear him play, having, of course, heard of the gifted Capellmeister of the Prince of Anhalt-Cöthen.

He seated himself at the great instrument and began to play. For two hours did the spellbound audience listen to the wonderful chords which now roared stormlike through the church, — now softened exquisitely, — changing as only chords awakened by Bach could change.

Then the old master, Reinken, went slowly up to the young stranger.

"I thought this art was dead," he said. "But I perceive it still lives in you."

He asked Bach to visit him, and treated him with the gracious deference of one master to another.

Bach left Hamburg with a very warm and beautiful memory of the noble old musician. Two years later, a few months before his hundredth birthday, Reinken's long and busy life came peacefully to an end.

Bach at this period wrote his six famous "Brandenburg" concertos, — known as the "Brandenburg Concerti Grossi," — which he dedicated to the Margraf of Brandenburg, an enthusiastic music lover whom Bach had met at Carlsbad.

These concertos are among Bach's best known compositions. They are very beautiful and very varied in form, and they charm us now as they charmed the world in the days of their composition.

Bach had several children to care for, and his artistic duties made his responsibilities almost too heavy. When he was thirty-six he married a young singer named Anna Magdalena Wülken.

She was only twenty-one years old, and we are told that she was all that was charming. She had also a most lovely and powerful soprano voice. Her father had been a Court musician, and she had sung in public for some time, so she was able to justly appreciate her wonderful husband.

She made Bach very happy, cared tenderly for her step-children as well as her own, and in copying manuscripts and other matters, proved herself a great help to the master. He gave her lessons on the clavier, and she was a very clever pupil. Countless charming compositions were dedicated to her, and Bach once wrote to his old friend, Georg Erdmann: "I can assure you I am quite able to give a vocal or

instrumental concert at any time, solely with the aid of the members of my family!"

In the same month of Bach's marriage, his patron, Prince Leopold, married the young Princess Frederike Henriette of Anhalt-Bernburg. She was only nineteen, and somewhat gay and frivolous. Bach was disgusted to find that his adored young Prince soon preferred worldly amusements to the more intellectual delights of art, and, — worst of all! — his wife's society to that of his skilful Capellmeister. Bach wrote of the Princess to Erdmann: ". . . She delighted in gaieties and worldly pleasures and gradually weaned my master from the loving interest he has ever shown toward our glorious art."

So when an opportunity came to become cantor of St. Thomas's school, in Leipzig, he accepted the post, and left Cöthen for ever. In some ways it was hard, as he admitted, to become "a modest cantor from having been a Capellmeister," but his acceptance was decided by the question of his oldest son's education.

He had a great many children, and received, as cantor, a salary of barely a hundred dollars a year! He gave lessons, he had public performances, — in every way possible he increased this tiny sum, but the work was almost too much, even for the mighty energy of Sebastian Bach.

He was very far from happy in Leipzig. The

authorities were unsympathetic, the duties arduous, the responsibilities heavy. But he worked harder and harder, with the advancing years, and never once lost interest in his music.

"If ever a man served his art for the love of God," says Gumprecht, "truly it was Johann Sebastian Bach."

The years passed and the great master was still the "modest cantor" of St. Thomas's School. The position was necessarily a humiliation to him, for he was always treated as an inferior, and no weight was given to his opinion. Moreover, there were fluctuations in his salary!

It was customary at that time to give musicians Court titles when they had accomplished good work in their art. At last Bach humbly petitioned the Elector of Saxony for a title which, he explained, would do away with the trials he had suffered: "Much mortification, and occasional decreases of emolument." At the same time he dedicated and sent a piece of music to the Elector.

His Highness did not deign to notice the musician's request for three years. At last he made him "Electoral Court Composer," which title somewhat lessened poor Bach's humiliations at Leipzig.

His son Philipp Emanuel after a time obtained a position as Court Musician to Frederick the Great,

and this was a source of pride and happiness to the old master. The younger Bach often spoke to the King of his father, and indeed, Frederick was much interested in this cantor who was so much greater than all other cantors. Several times Philipp Emanuel hinted to his father that the King would be glad to see him, but Bach was as stubborn as he had been in his youth, and he would not make the faintest effort to come to the King's notice unless Frederick expressly asked him to present himself. Finally the King invited Bach to come to his palace at Potsdam, and Bach accepted at once. He was soon on his way with his son Friedemann.

Frederick the Great was in the middle of a performance with his Court orchestra. He was an amateur musician himself, and at the time was beginning a flute solo.

A paper was brought in and handed to him containing the names of various travellers who wished to present themselves at Court. Frederick glanced over it carelessly enough. Suddenly he started, with an exclamation of delight.

"Gentlemen!" he cried, turning to his orchestra, — "old Bach has arrived!"

He sent for the traveller at once, saying that he must not wait to put on Court dress. So it was in his travelling suit that the old cantor was presented to the King.

He entered with a simple pride and dignity, and quietly apologized to His Majesty for appearing in ordinary. The King quickly stopped him, and began to talk to him with great courtesy and friendliness, — thereby proving himself both a music lover and a king in truth. Frederick himself entertained the old musician, taking him through the palace, and showing him his beautiful collection of pianos. Bach was delighted. When Frederick asked him to play, he begged the King to give him a theme of his own composition.

Frederick played a melody, and Bach, seating himself, began to elaborate and improvise upon it, until the King was in ecstasy and exclaimed:

"There is but one Bach!"

Later the master made an arrangement of the King's theme, much more elaborate than his improvisation, and sent it to him.

Bach's last years were saddened by his ill-health. His eyes became weaker and more troublesome, and his constant work now tired him very much. As his strength grew less, however, he worked with increasing fervour, unwilling to give up his career even to save his life. After a time he consented to consult physicians, but he would not cease work.

During the years that he spent in Leipzig, he composed, among other wonderful pieces of music,

his great "Magnificat," his world-famous "Passion Music," his "Christmas Oratorio," the last part of the "Well-Tempered Clavichord," and his "Musical Offering," — dedicated to Frederick the Great. This last he wrote soon after his return from Potsdam.

So we see that hard work, and ill-health, and humiliation, and poverty, and all the trials which are usually considered excuses for discouragement, need really have no effect upon a persevering spirit.

When one hears Bach's "Passion Music," — probably the most divinely inspired work of his life, it is wonderful to realize that it was composed during those years of drudgery and labour, while he was the "modest cantor" of St. Thomas's school.

An English oculist in Leipzig found Bach's eyes in a very dangerous condition, and he was obliged to endure two operations in the hope of saving them. But alas! every effort was unsuccessful, and the great master became entirely blind.

And did this end his musical career? No, for to Altnikol, his daughter's husband, he dictated the notes of one of the most glorious and beautiful chorales of his life: — "When we in sorest trouble are."

There was no power in all the world strong enough to discourage him, — no mental grief, no

bodily suffering, no lowliness of estate, — which could disturb the calm of his great strength. When a boy, life surged before him like a vast sea to be crossed, and we know how he breasted it, caring nothing for wind and waves. The rough tempests of the world blew in his face, but he resisted them. Now, almost at the end, black night surrounded him, yet he looked beyond it, and looking could see the light not of this world.

And a little while before he died his sight came back to him, so that he could see the faces of his children about him, and smile at the old world where he had lived and worked for sixty-five years.

Then the light of this earth faded once more; and so Bach the master fell asleep.

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF BACH

"The Passion according to St. Matthew" and "The Passion according to St. John." The *Passion Music* of Bach is known to almost all the world to-day and is becoming more and more popular. It forms a model in Church music of all kinds, particularly in pure four-voice chorals. Probably no music has been written in which description takes such simplicity of form.

"The Well-Tempered Clavichord,"
"Preludes and Fugues,"
Sonatas,
Toccatas,
Inventions and Symphonies.
} For clavier and organ.

Though written for the organ and the old-fashioned clavier, almost all of the last named works are equally suited to our modern piano. The practice of these compositions form valuable lessons not only in technical execution but in a becoming humility!

93 Church Cantatas. These are all perfect examples in the most accurate and beautiful choral music. They are probably as well known as any of Bach's compositions.

Christmas Oratorio, Magnificat, French and English Suites, Chamber Music, Concertos, Sanctus, and other compositions.

Benedetto Marcello

Born July {24th / 31st (?)} 1686. Died (aged 53) July 24th, 1739

FOR hundreds of years Venice has dreamed out her changing history, floating, arrayed in golden robes of state, on the blue waters. For hundreds of years the hot Italian sunshine has gilded the old-world grandeur of her palaces and slept upon her myriad canals. For hundreds of years the ghosts of departed glories have moved through the silent streets treading in hushed spirit wise upon the water that moves so secretly. Now the golden robes of state are a little worn, and there is in their dignity less pomp and consciousness of power, but they are still beautiful. The magnificence of olden Venice has blown away upon the warm west-seeking wind. Yet she is a queen still. And to think of her is to think of her glowing and in her prime, in the days of her mystic sea-marriages, the days of the Doges and of the stately splendours of the past.

Benedetto Marcello has been called the Titian and the Veronese of music, for what they have done with visible colours in representing the vast

Venetian spirit, he has done with subtle and expressive shades of sound. He was born with the whole life of Venice engraved on his heart. Why should it not be so? For, through many preceding centuries, the noble house of Marcello had been representative of the best and highest and finest in Venice. Many of the race had been Doges, and under their rule Venice had turned toward art and cultivation and progress.

Benedetto Marcello's father was a typical son of the race. He was the finest type of a Venetian gentleman, graceful in mind and manner and possessed of marked talent. But though he played the violin and wrote verses, he never became renowned in these or any special lines. His wife was a daughter of the famous old Catello family and a poetess of note.

The Marcello palace, which stands to-day on the Grand Canal in Venice, was the scene of the early childhood of the three boys, — Benedetto, Alessandro and Girolamo. They were all gifted; Alessandro, indeed, was very musical and at first was more persevering in that line than Benedetto. Benedetto from the beginning of his life to the end was both passionate and ambitious. He was too impulsive to be quite patient, but too energetic to be lazy. The fire of his erratic but abundant vitality was sufficient to burn down all things before

it when his ambition was aroused. But if his interest remained unwaked, no smallest effort would he make to accomplish anything.

For example, he went to Tartini, the great master and Alessandro's teacher, to study the violin. It was his father's wish, and, indeed he was quite willing to begin. But soon he found that it required too accurate an execution and far too much practice. He said that it was extremely difficult and that he could not learn, but in reality the drudgery bored him.

On the other hand, when he was seventeen he plunged into the sea of musical theory, and was so fascinated by the science of notes that he studied, we are told, ten hours a day for almost three years!

It was a matter of course that he should soon turn his attention to the state affairs which had been held the duty of his house for hundreds of years. So when he was twenty he presented himself as a candidate for the Grand Council. It was the custom of men of noted houses, who wished to enter the Council to meet on St. Barbara's day and decide the question of entry by lot. They all would draw little balls from an urn and the golden ball, the *barbarella* it was called, ensured its holder the position.

Benedetto was the youngest of the candidates that year; indeed he was considered too young by

the authorities, but because of his family he was admitted to the lot-drawing. Benedetto drew out a ball, and behold! it was golden. Thus, at twenty years old, he became a member of the Grand Council of Venice.

His was a very full and busy life thenceforward. His time was divided between his duties to his state and his duties to music, which he now considered his profession. All the illustrious people of Venice admired the brilliant young master whose compositions soon became well known, and were played often at Venetian entertainments.

These early productions were in various forms, — sacred and secular, — church quartets and madrigals. He also wrote poetry and satires. His mind was never at rest, and from religious sonnets correct in form and beautiful in spirit, he would turn to something less pious if more brilliant. Among other compositions is his "Arianna," an opera which has been compared by some writers to "La Belle Hélène," the modern French operetta. And when one remembers his many oratorios and his "Psalms," one cannot wonder at the honour which they paid him, so many years ago, in Venice.

Isabella Renier-Lombria, a Venetian lady of that day, was always the close friend and perhaps the adviser of Marcello. She was one of those brilliantly intellectual Italian women at whose salon all

the genius of Venice centred. Her friendship was a very valuable and beautiful thing in Marcello's life, but Donna Isabella Renier-Lombria was not the figure of his romance.

He was young, rich, distinguished, famous. He was a master of great repute, a noble of high duties. It was fitting that the lady of his love should be, in her very simplicity, above all these things. Such men as Marcello invariably look high and higher, following the far stars in their orbits. Since he could not find in the wealth and nobility of Venice one richer or nobler than himself, he must look for some being with other and finer possessions.

And now I will tell you the romance of Marcello.

It was a hushed, throbbing summer night in Venice. The waters stirred under the faint motion of the passing gondolas. The stars burned in points of yellow flame in the dense, dim blue of the heavens. The wind rose, now and then, far out on the waters of the Adriatic, and stole inward softly. It whispered, the fleeting sea-wind, to Marcello, sitting on the balcony of his great palace, dreaming alone.

And down below the gondolas passed and passed. Great ladies, dignitaries, musing poets, idling, carolling serenaders, — one and all they were borne by. So the magical, ceaseless Venetian life passed and still passed in those secret dark gondolas down below on the Grand Canal.

Suddenly, there among the shadows, arose a young voice, pure and sweet and rich as the passionate note of the nightingale. As young Marcello listened, his heart stirred in response. And thenceforward he loved the young girl who sang there, down among the shadows, on the canal.

He called her, and her gondola came close under the balcony, and the light fell upon her upturned face. It was beautiful, and simple, and sweet; the face of a very young girl. He offered to teach her singing and she was very grateful and very glad. And Marcello, too, was happy.

The name of the young girl was Rosanna Scalfi, and she was the daughter of a gondolier. She was poor and of humble birth, but in her Marcello found what he had unconsciously been seeking, — the something which was higher and more desirable than the familiar splendour of Venice.

He made her his pupil, and taught her to sing his music, and her voice became more and more beautiful and "as brilliant as a pearl," said one who heard her sing.

And at last he married her. But the law of Venice was that when a great noble married a woman of humble origin she might not bear his name until after his death. Then all the world recognized her as his widow. So it was not until after the great master died that Rosanna became

known in Venice, though she had been his faithful and loving wife for many years.

We have seen that Marcello was a writer as well as a musician. Indeed, he was a very great writer. His mind was one of the most remarkable ever given to the world, and he seems to demonstrate the idea that it is possible for one person to be equally rounded and finished in many different ways. His attacks upon the shams of his period, which are the shams of this and of all periods, are monuments of satire and will be preserved and read through the ages. We are told by one of Marcello's contemporaries that his sacred poetry was "truly sublime," and many of his thoughts and ideas have come down to us, — notably his famous epigram: "I have sought for tears and not for the honour of weeping."

The theatre of his time was the object of his brilliant sarcasm. He justly considered its ideals to be low, and the singers and actors of the day, with their ignorance and their arrogance, simply infuriated him. He has written some counsels for various classes of persons which are delightfully sarcastic.

Here is advice for "the modern poet:"

"In the first place, the modern poet should never have read and must never read the old Greek and Latin authors, for the simple reason that the Greeks and Latins have never read the moderns!"

Here is advice for the singer:

"The modern *virtuoso* (artist) should never study his sol-fa, in order that he may escape the danger of placing his voice well and of singing truly, and *in tempo*, etc., all of which are contrary to modern usage!" And also:

"He must pronounce in such a way that, in the ensemble parts, it will be impossible to distinguish a syllable!"

One of his cleverest productions was a letter supposed to be written from an operatic manager to one of his leading singers, telling of his many trials with the various musicians of the city. This letter he set to music, and, in the accompaniment, parodied most successfully, the musical styles of the persons indicated in the text.

Nobody could be safe from the wit and mockery of Marcello. One day a number of singers were summoned to render one of his compositions. He knew that they were very ill-equipped musicians and as a form of practical joke he wrote a note in some of the voice parts D♯, and in others E♭. The singers succumbed to the test, and a dire and terrible discord arose, to the great glee of Marcello.

Yet this same satirist and mocker was the composer of the immortal "Psalms of David," and also of the many simple and lovely songs which are as

charming from a modern standpoint as they could have been in the century in which they were written. Had Marcello wished he could, undoubtedly, have been a great dramatic composer. Not only his "Arianna" proves this. We find the dramatic germ evident in the beautiful and expressive recitatives which precede his songs, and in the intensely descriptive character of his music. But he never devoted himself to this line of music, and nine years before his death gave up all forms of composition save Church music.

One day, when he was forty-four, the brilliant master was attending mass at the church of the Holy Apostles. Suddenly the stone of a sunken tomb upon which he stood, slipped, and he sank into the tomb. He was not hurt, but much startled, and that night he could not sleep.

The horror of the moment of falling, the sense of being in the long-sealed tomb, most of all the idea which grew in his mind of death and the hereafter, — these things presented themselves to him in the form of a supernatural warning, and remained with him through the night hours.

He had always loved the brightness and the beauties of life, but he now felt that much of his existence had been useless, and when the day came and the light grew brighter in his room, he rose to begin a new and more purposeful life. One who had

seen him in past years wrote to a friend soon afterward:

"I have had the honour of meeting His Excellency Benedetto Marcello. He paid me every civility, and desired me to dine with him, but he is entirely different from his old self, leading the life of a saint."

Marcello now devoted himself to his State obligations, and in the discharge of these went to Pola, in Istria, as Overseer under the Venetian Government. But the climate disagreed with him, and he never recovered from the three years which he spent there.

He then went to Brescia, as Treasurer, and this probably prolonged his life, for it was at the foot of the Alps, and the strong winds renewed his strength. But alas! he was mortally ill and it was only a question of a few years in spite of the life-giving air.

He made a pilgrimage to Caravaggio hoping to be cured, but the journey only hastened the end. One July day, just after his return from his quest, he died in Brescia, bearing himself, say those who knew, with great courage and tranquillity.

And to Rosanna was given the pathetic consolation of being allowed, as his wife, to erect a tomb in his memory. And there in Brescia is his tomb, under the high Alps with their shining crowns,—far away

from the dreaming Venice which claimed him and which he loved.

To most great men we can accord pity, — pity for poverty, misfortunes or perhaps personal faults! But Benedetto Marcello seems in some strange way to refuse our tears. His memory is stately and dignified. He stands apart from lesser men, a figure in sumptuous dress, with keen speech and wonderful inspirations.

As a boy he was blessed with every joy, every help, every opportunity which others have struggled through bitter years to obtain.

As a man he received honours from his State, admiration from his contemporaries, love and devotion from his wife. And when he died it was with complete confidence in the Church and his own faith.

If some inner struggles marred his clear happiness, if life touched him at times with ungentle fingers, if he suffered sorrow and pain, — and what man has not? — still he will not have our sympathy.

Such proud and self-restrained demeanour was the birthright and prerogative of those great nobles of Venice two hundred years ago.

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF MARCELLO

"The Psalms of David": The Psalms are the best known of the Venetian master's works. Mattheson, of Hamburg, wrote to Marcello: "Your Excellency, uniting firmness to sweetness and pleasure with edification, has found new and untrodden paths in lieu of the disjointed and fatiguing counterpoint, which up to to-day has constituted our church-singing, and whereas heretofore men have said 'Hail Palestrina!' 'Hail Marcello!' now will be their cry!" And Camille Bellaigue who quotes the foregoing in his book, says himself: "It has been said that Raphael's virgins, could they sing, would attune their thoughts to the melodies of Mozart! If the Apostles of Titian should burst into song, they would chant the 'Psalms of Marcello!'"

Cantatas: Of these, the finest, "*Arianna*" is practically an opera. It is the story of Ariadne, and most dramatically set.

Concertos, Madrigals, Oratorios.

As a poet and satirist he is well known. "*Il Teatro alla Moda*" is his most celebrated literary production.

Giovanni Battista Pergolese

Born Jan. 3rd, 1710. Died (aged 26) March 16th, 1736

THERE is no sky bluer than that of Italy, there is no air sweeter. All the poetry and charm and loveliness of life may be found there, all the laughter, all the tears. And once upon a time a boy was born who had eyes to see and ears to hear, and he found the soft wonderful colours that shone in the sky and on earth, and he heard the infinitesimal tones and undertones of nature, and he put them all into his music.

He was born in a tiny village called Jesi, near Naples, and until he was almost sixteen he lived with his grandfather, who was an old shoemaker. His life was one of great poverty and suffering, and he died while he was still very young, yet while people love fair thoughts and sweet melodies they will love his memory, and say his name gently, — Pergolese.

In those days there was in Naples an institution called the "Poveri di Gesù Christo" (the "Poor of Jesus Christ"). It was a combination of monastery, asylum, and conservatory, where many boys were cared for by charity, were sheltered by the

church, and received an excellent education under the best masters in Naples.

The shoemaker's grandson, showing even thus early indications of genius, attracted the notice of the noble who ruled the province where he was born. This noble sent him with a recommendation to Naples, where he became one of the "Poveri di Gesù Christo."

Great masters like Greco, Feo, and Durante taught him music, and, to their astonishment, wonderful things blossomed under their teaching. Matteis gave him violin lessons, and soon was amazed by the brilliancy and feeling of the boy's playing. He was allowed to play the chapel organ in the services during carnival days, and this was one of his chief delights.

Boys of all ages and kinds lived in the institution of the "Poveri di Gesù Christo." Dressed in the red and blue garments which were the sign of their order, they went about together in bands, for a certain amount of freedom was allowed by the authorities. They lived on a promontory near the ocean, and all around was the inspiration of nature, — hills and fields, sea and sky. What long, bright, wonderful days must they not have spent, those young Italian boys, nearly two hundred years ago!

Our young musician wandered about learning

numberless things, — folk songs from the peasants and the fisher-people, and larger, sweeter songs from the surging sea-waves and the richly scented winds. And inspiration came to him from the infinite blue sky and strength of heart from the Neapolitan hills.

Thus educated by the great nature around him, and dwelling in the very heart of the impressive sacraments and ceremonies of the ancient Catholic Church, it was not strange that the boy's genius blossomed out in such diverse ways. As an outcome of his wanderings among the country people we have his "La Serva Padrona," a light operetta or intermezzo (called the latter because given between the acts of a longer musical work), in which there is a fund of merriment and keen mockery, with an element of underlying force. We also have three lovely songs in which he surely put the essence of wind and wave, the spirit of smiles and tears, the echo of the many-keyed songs of nature.

The influence of the church is shown in that wonderful and impressive composition, the "Stabat Mater," the last part of which, written just before death, is sometimes called his "Swan Song."

So Pergolese's boyhood passed, — dreaming, improvising on the organ or violin, and roaming about, alone, or with the friends he had made

among the Poveri di Gesù Christo. One can imagine the boy hurrying to the chapel at the time of the Carnival to play the organ. The streets are full of people in holiday dress. Laughter, joyous and unrestrained, fills the warm air. What a world of rich colours, of glad sounds! The crowd surges through the streets, — a crowd of merry-makers, who seem borne on a flood of gaiety. It is Italy — it is Carnival time! Surely the charm of the scene must appeal strongly to Pergolese's beauty-loving soul, yet there is a stronger temptation, just beyond the colour and the light and the laughter, — there in the dimly lighted church where the great organ is waiting.

The incense steals upward softly through the shadows, — reverent voices intone the words of the service. Pergolese's hands rest on the keys. The moment comes when he is permitted to play. The throbbing chords sweep out beneath his touch, — the echoes crowd answering, and Pergolese has floated out upon the sea of music.

When our hero was twenty-one he wrote an oratorio called "San Guglielmo d' Aquitania." One can imagine the excitement of the young composer when this was performed at the convent of Sant' Agnello Maggiore. To his delight, it was a great success. People began to speak of it, and to inquire about the composer.

He had always felt that he could write operas, and commenced dramatic composition at once, much encouraged by his oratorio's success. Unfortunately, however, everything that he composed at that period met with failure. For a long time afterwards he would write nothing but instrumental and sacred compositions, but at last the old love for the dramatic in music waked again, and he composed his little masterpiece "La Serva Padrona."

Into this work he put all his native clearness of thought and poetry of expression. The music captivated every one. It was performed at San Bartolomeo, and all Naples was enthusiastic over its brilliancy and originality.

Again poor Pergolese was happy, and for a time he seemed to be in a joyous dream, but probably no one ever lived whose fortunes changed so swiftly as his. His sun soon set, and with his twenty-fifth year began that year and a half of sadness with which the story of his life is ended.

There lived in Naples at that time a young girl of very high rank named Maria Spinelli. She was very lovely, very sweet and beautiful and gentle, and her hand was solicited by many nobles. Donna Maria had three hot-tempered brothers, and was hedged around by the countless formalities and barriers of her rank and of the period. Yet in spite of all these obstacles, the daring musician,

young, poverty-stricken, unfortunate, educated only by the charity of the Poveri di Gesù Christo, — Pergolese, in short, dared to love the beautiful and exalted Donna Maria.

How the shoemaker's grandson managed to meet this Neapolitan lady of noble birth we do not know, but in some manner he did meet her, and won her love in return. She betrothed herself to him privately, and paid no heed to the suitors presented to her by her brothers. At last the three sons of the house of Spinelli grasped the truth and acted with characteristic harshness, reasoning that since Maria had pledged herself to a penniless and low-born musician, she must accept the consequences.

In great rage they rushed to her room, and, drawing their swords burst out into abuse of Pergolese. They told her there was but one thing for her to do. She must at once marry one of the nobles who wooed her.

Maria Spinelli had as much firmness of purpose as her brothers, and steadfastly refused to break her troth to Pergolese.

Then on the hilts of their swords the three men vowed that if, after three days, she had not betrothed herself to some one of suitable rank, they would themselves seek out her musician-lover, young Pergolese, and kill him without mercy.

Then they departed and she was left alone. And after much silent pain, and many prayers offered out of the extreme trouble of her heart, she veiled herself and went away, having given up the world and love. The Convent of Santa Clara received her. She became a nun, and buried there the sorrows and difficulties of her young life.

When her brothers went to ask for her decision, they could not find her. She had obediently betrothed herself, in the only way she would, — to the Church.

The news soon reached Pergolese, and from this grief he, being emotional and delicate, nearly died. In addition, his popularity, which had risen to its height with "La Serva Padrona" now began to wane.

He went to Rome, taking with him his latest work "Olympiade," an opera which he had written to order for the imperial City. There he conducted his opera, and there received his death-blow. A mocking cruel crowd listened to the performance, eating fruit and laughing loudly. At last, accompanied by the hisses and jeers of the audience, some one flung a piece of fruit in his face.

Seated at the quaint harpsichord which was used at that time, poor Pergolese had tried to endure the mockery bravely. He had played on and on, striving in his beloved music to forget his hearers;

but the insult was too much. Ridicule had always been the hardest of all sufferings to him, and now he could bear no more. Heart-broken he fled, and left Rome for ever.

He took a position as Chapel-master in Loreto, and began his last work, — his great "Stabat Mater."

For this composition he was paid in advance the sum of ten ducats, — that is, one pound fifteen shillings, or something under nine dollars!

It was in the following March that the solemn music of the tolling convent bell marked the death of one of the "Poveri Donne," — one of the young nuns of Santa Clara. Maria Spinelli passed gently out of the world which had been too hard for her, and Pergolese came to the convent, to play the organ and to conduct that sorrowful funeral service. This was the last act in the tragedy of the musician's life; with Maria's death the end had come. The world held no more for him.

He was at this time very ill, and could no longer stay in Loreto on account of the climate. He was poorer than ever, but the Church, which had always been kind to him, sheltered him once again. A Franciscan brotherhood, the monks of Pozzuoli, extended to him the hospitality of their monastery, and received him with all the kindness for which they were famous.

Pergolese accepted their gentle courtesy with the

gratitude of his whole heart. He worked feverishly upon his music. In spite of the great dreams and ambitions which had filled his mind, he was very modest in his estimation of his own work. He considered ten ducats a very large sum for what he was doing, and he hastened his death by his efforts to complete the work satisfactorily!

His old master, Feo, visited him, and, seeing his pallor and weakness, begged him not to work so hard. Pergolese answered that he was bound, that it would be dishonourable not to finish it. It must be completed before he died.

"And God knows," he said, brokenly, "how posterity will judge it!"

And so, once more in Naples, the boy, — for he was hardly more, — lay within sight of the purple-blue waters which had first inspired him, and composed the close of his immortal "Stabat Mater." Surely in those last days, surrounded by the gentle but perfunctory attentions of the kindly monks, some spirit from the other world must have touched him with passing wings, and breathed an inspiration into his tired young heart.

The days passed, and with the song of the sea and the winds surging in his ears, and perhaps now and then one of those old folk-songs he had loved wafted to him from some passing fisherman, the "Stabat Mater" drew near its close. And one

day, with the old feelings and joys very clear, and a memory in his mind of the days when he learned to play the violin, he composed a tender, wonderful, yearning melody for the violin, — a melody which was the crowning and finishing touch to his "Stabat Mater," and with the pen still between his fingers, he sank back and died.

It was March, the same month in which, one year before, Maria Spinelli had passed away in the Convent of Santa Clara.

Such was the life and death of Pergolese. He loved the world and its beauties as few have loved it, though he lived in it only twenty-six years. He loved with his whole heart the lady he had chosen, though they were separated so cruelly. In all things he gave much, and in all things he received little. Yet I think he was not entirely unhappy, this young musician with the poet-soul and the great heart. For none of us who love beautiful things truly, and give the best of ourselves to our work, and are faithful and generous and patient, can fail to gain something of the happiness which is in the world; even as Pergolese gained it, in spite of poverty and pain.

The good monks of Pozzuoli buried him in the Cathedral in Naples, — with sorrow, for they had grown to love him. And on his tomb they wrote: "*Giovane e moribondo*" ("Young and dying").

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF PERGOLESE.

"La Conversione de San Guglielmo d' Aquitania." This oratorio, or "sacred drama," the first publicly performed effort of Pergolese's genius, was composed in the summer of 1731. It depicted the struggle of good and evil in the persons of an Angel and a Demon. The music was descriptive and powerful, though many people declare that Pergolese's genius was not evident in the work. Nevertheless it was a great success at the time.

"La Sallustia." This was his first opera, and into it he introduced some innovations in regard to orchestral effects, but it met with failure.

"La Serva Padrona" or "The Maid as Mistress." An operetta of this brief and light style was called an intermezzo in those days, because it was customary to give one of them between the acts of more pretentious operas. "La Serva Padrona" was a species of embryo *opera-bouffe*, and many people trace back to it and to its school much of our modern light operatic music. It is also said that the great Mozart received inspiration from this and other works by Pergolese. It has been revived, discussed, and plagiarized from time to time, but it is to be feared that its reputation has waned and that it will not be heard again.

"Nina."
"Ogni più spietata."
"Se tu m' ami."
} Three songs.

I found the following graceful translation of "Nina," in Camille Bellaigue's "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians," translated by Ellen Orr:

"For three days has Nina been sleeping on her couch.
Fifes, cymbals, timbals,
Awake my Ninetta, that she sleep no more."

The other songs are charming, but not quite so beautiful as "Nina." The first is sorrowful, yet almost abrupt, so erratic is the melody. The second is veiled and softened; there is in it a smile of coquetry, a scent of red roses. But each one of the three has a charm all its own. And each is so human, so pathetic, so sweet, and so true, that it seems to bring us very close to that far-away youth of Pergolese.

"**Stabat Mater.**" This celebrated church composition which was composed in 1736, the year of Pergolese's death, is written for two women's voices, — a soprano and alto. It has been criticised for a lack of religious austerity in the music. Some persons say that it is too melodious, too graceful and sweet, for a sacred composition. It is true that it is different from other religious works.

It is said that the order for "Stabat Mater" came from the Confraternity of San Luigi di Palazzo, who had played the "Stabat Mater" of Alessandro Scarlatti so often that they had grown tired of it, and who, therefore, paid the dying young musician ten ducats to write them a new one.

This "Stabat Mater" by Pergolese will live for ever in all probability. It is sung all over the world and where it is sung it arouses noble and gracious thoughts. So have men answered his sad cry: "God knows how posterity will judge it!"

Christopher Willibald Gluck

Born July 2nd, 1714. Died (aged 73) November 15th, 1787

WE have seen that operatic music was born a great many years ago in Italy. We have learned of the brave struggle made by Alessandro Scarlatti to perfect it. We have been able to trace its growth through Marcello and Pergolese. But as yet we have not found this blossom called dramatic music in Germany. Händel with his stately musical descriptions, Bach with his grand harmonies reflecting the many moods of mankind, — these masters, doubtless, were the forerunners of dramatic music as well as the models for individual musical form; but now we come to the father of the German Music Drama, — Christopher Willibald Gluck. He followed naturally in certain broad lines indicated by Scarlatti and others, but, besides this, he sowed the seeds of a new and original form of music, — music which bloomed luxuriantly in Mozart, and bore fruit in Richard Wagner.

It seems strange to place Gluck and Wagner together, yet I think we may do so correctly. For they are merely different notes in the great scale of German dramatic music.

Alexander Gluck and Walburga, his wife, were very humble people. Alexander held at one time a position as gun-bearer to the Prince of Savoy, and later became "Keeper of the Forests" in the service of Prince Lobkowitz, in Eisenberg, Bohemia.

And the son of these simple and lowly people was the great master, Christopher Gluck.

The good Glucks succeeded in giving him an education befitting a far higher rank than was theirs. Near Prince Lobkowitz's estate was the tiny town of Kommatau; and in Kommatau was the great and at that time famous seminary organized by the Jesuits.

When he was twelve years old Christopher was sent to these Jesuit priests to be educated. They were very kind to him, and could not fail to be delighted with his eager interest in his work. Music, of course, formed a conspicuous part of the Catholic scheme of education, and Christopher learned the rudiments of his art at an early age.

They taught him to play the great organ, the lighter and more delicate harpsichord, and the angelic violin, and he learned to sing like a bird. He played the organ in their church, — the Church of St. Ignatius, and, of course, he was taught to consider music only in the light of a religious adjunct. Evidently these teachings made no lasting impression upon his mind, for soon after he left

Kommatau he abandoned sacred music almost completely.

Christopher lived contentedly with the Jesuits until he was eighteen. The priests were cultivated men, and they were interested in their young pupil, and Christopher could have had no better preparation for his work in the world than those six years of quiet and careful study with the priests.

Soon after he became eighteen, he went to Prague to continue his work on a broader scale. But his father could send him no more money, so Christopher began to give lessons to support himself. He did not find many pupils, however, and, after a time, was forced to try other branches of music.

He became, — temporarily, — a village violinist, and played at country fairs and dances, receiving small sums in payment of his services.

He was eager and impulsive, and, like nearly all the great composers, possessed an infinite fund of hope and courage. So he was able to retain his ambition, even while he was playing gay dances for the village people and watching their commonplace merrymaking.

I think that while he drew the bow lightly over the violin strings, and heard that gentle instrument laugh under his touch, — sending forth the simple tunes that the peasants loved, — he must have

wondered what the great unknown future held for him. And I suppose that he could not dream that in that far-away, inscrutable to-morrow he should be standing, a laurel-crowned figure in a gay court, listening to the strains of his music combined with the applause of the multitude. But "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," saith the poet. And who knows whether the young village musician did not see glory in a golden mist before him?

Eager hope and ambition sent him, in time, to Vienna, to see his father's master, Prince Lobkowitz. The Prince received him graciously, and his patronage assured Christopher the kindness of the noblest houses in Austria. So at last he was able to catch the flying glimmer of success.

There was an Italian noble in Vienna at that time, the Prince Melzi, an enthusiastic and cultivated Lombardian who doubtless had long desired an opportunity of patronizing a young musical genius. Meeting the ambitious Christopher in Vienna, and knowing him to be under the patronage of Prince Lobkowitz, Melzi made inquiries about him, and befriended him in many ways. He gave Christopher a position in his train and when he went back to Italy took with him the youthful musician, — then about twenty-three years old. Thus did good fortune come to him and lead him onward by the hand.

Christopher had sorrows and disappointments in his life, of course, but success seemed, to a certain extent, to be with him. A golden thread invariably showed itself in the most gloomy web in his life; and so it is with his music. Camille Bellaigue says that the sorrows of the creations of Gluck seem "so proud and beautiful that they put our humble and — alas — our ugly griefs to shame."

I think our master Gluck did indeed see in the ordering of life a certain beauty and smoothness which most people miss. It is certainly true that in his own existence the fairy benefactor usually appeared at the right moment, and stretching out a wand gave him success, or its equivalent — to him — opportunity.

Prince Melzi proved himself a benefactor indeed, for he enabled his friend and protégé, young Gluck, to study with Giovanni Battista San Martini, an Italian master of great renown who lived in Milan.

So Gluck's first compositions were in the Italian form. It was not until many years later that he founded the German School of Music Drama. His years of study were very happy: his teacher was all that the most ambitious pupil could desire, and his patron, Prince Melzi, never lost interest in him or his work.

Gluck spent wonderful hours in the Prince's garden at the Villa Melzi, gazing out on the blue waters of Lake Como, and seeming to breathe the concentrated fragrance of all the gardens of the world.

But, as the grounds of the Villa Melzi were in the form of a park, so are the slopes and hills and gardens described by Gluck's music most tranquil and complete, and arranged in a classic regularity. The wild flowers wet with dew that seem to blossom in the music of Pergolese, and later in that of Haydn and Mozart and so many others, are not known in the composition of Gluck. His music paints gods and goddesses in immortal fields; perennial youth, not the evanescent and beautiful period that leads into equally beautiful old age. There are few fleeting changes in his music. It is the sculpture of sound.

At this time his work was almost commonplace. Many of his operas were performed in Italy with great success, but rather because they pleased the public taste than because of exceptional merits. But his success was so great that the directors of the Haymarket Theatre in London invited him to come to England to write operas for production there. This invitation he accepted at once. While in London he wrote several operas in the Italian style, with slowly but continually decreasing success.

Respect for the genius of Gluck prevents his

biographers from saying that these compositions were bad; but all agree that they certainly were not good!

Händel, who had laboured unceasingly to reform the trivial Latinized music which pleased the public at that time, was then in England. When he heard the music of his young countryman he was furious. He said with the utmost frankness that undoubtedly his cook could compose better music than Christopher Gluck. And it is to be feared that there were grounds for his contempt.

On the other hand, Händel's oratorios greatly helped Gluck, whose genius was merely in a transition period. His operatic medley, "Piramo e Tisbe," was performed in London when he was thirty-two. And of all the failures which he had met with since he had been in London, this was the most marked and the most discouraging.

But now came the fire and fervour of his genius to his rescue. When this last work met with failure, he did not despair. He realized that it was probably his own fault; yet he knew that he had within him power to compose good music. He fought his battle with himself with courage and judgment, and came to the conclusion that all his work hitherto had been on wrong lines and in the wrong direction. So, like the dignified young composer that he was, he straightway left England,

and slowly, painstakingly, earnestly, began to study operatic forms. He went to Paris, to Hamburg, to Dresden, to Vienna. Everywhere he studied the music of other composers, and worked indefatigably to perfect his own. He realized now that he must achieve slowly what he had attempted to seize at the outset.

Then came the year which was, he declared, "the happiest and the most unhappy of my life." He was then thirty-five, and as enthusiastic and impulsive as when he was a boy.

A merchant named Pergin lived in Vienna, the scene of Gluck's work for many years, and this Pergin was one of the most avaricious, narrow-minded, and conceited of men. He did not deserve the blessing, but the fact remains that he had a most lovely and charming daughter named Marianne. She was unusually clever, and though it was not customary in those days for a woman to be very highly educated, she had cultivated and developed her mind in a remarkable manner. She was also very beautiful.

Christopher met her in Vienna, and of course found in her the incarnation of all the wit, the charm, and the gentleness which went to make up his ideal woman.

Marianne appreciated the genius of Gluck, and when he asked her to marry him, she consented.

But the merchant Pergin would not permit his daughter to wed a man who was not only poor but a musician as well!

So, as Marianne would not marry without her father's consent, Gluck left Vienna and went to Italy. He remained there for a year, writing music which continually gained in strength and originality. Perhaps disappointment aided his inspiration, who knows? Certain it is that his "Telemaco" written for Rome during this year was finer than anything which he had yet composed.

Suddenly he heard that the merchant Pergin had died, and he returned to Germany and to Vienna. There seemed no reason, now, why he should not marry Marianne, but for a time she, respecting her father's memory, would not consent. At last, however, they were married. And no marriage ever made by man of genius was more fortunate and happy than this.

Not long afterward Gluck was made Ducal Chapel Master to Joseph Frederick, the Duke of Saxe-Hilburghausen. He was soon asked by the Duke to write the music for the grand festivities which were held at the Castle of Schlosshuf, in honour of the Empress Maria Theresa who visited the estate.

So began the world's recognition of Gluck. The Empress was pleased with his work and appointed

him Court chapel-master. Indeed she befriended the composer in many ways, and, with her daughter, the Arch-Duchess Marie Antoinette, did much to help him at all times.

At one period he was Marie Antoinette's teacher, and when she became Queen of France she gave him her affectionate support and patronage.

When he was forty he went to Rome to compose several operas there. The Pope graciously admitted him into the Order of the Golden Spur, — the same order conferred upon Scarlatti years before, and upon Mozart years later. And from that time all the world knew him as the Chevalier de Gluck, and so he is known to-day.

Then with his new title he returned to the Imperial Court. He continued to compose fine and masterly music, but not yet the famous Music Drama which he was one day to found.

He had no children, and with the passing of time they longed for the brightness of youth about them. So they adopted a little niece of the master's, named, like his wife, Marianne, and centred all their love and care upon her.

She was delicately beautiful, an ethereal being, who, as she grew up, seemed always about to fade away into golden air. She had a clear and lovely voice, and sang her uncle's music like a young angel that had drifted down from heaven. Life

was very beautiful to Gluck and his wife in those years.

But one day their adopted child, then a slender young girl, slipped finally away from the earth, like some shining morning vision that cannot last through the day. And so that is all the history of the maiden Marianne.

When Gluck was forty-eight, he wrote his great music-drama, "Orphée et Euridice." And this was the beginning of his life-work. Five years later he wrote "Alceste." When he was fifty-five "Paris et Hélène" appeared. So, when he had embarked upon these new waters, his voyage was swift. He composed all his greatest operas in comparatively rapid succession.

The year after his "Paris" had been composed, his pupil and patroness Marie Antoinette married Louis, the Dauphin of France. Four years later he ascended the throne as Louis XVI. and the Dauphine became Queen of France. In that year Gluck went to Paris, and, supported and assisted by the crown, brought out his "Iphigénie en Aulide." Its success was remarkable. Paris found no enthusiasm too great for the music of the Chevalier de Gluck. He was the hero of the hour, and his idiosyncrasies were considered only the indications of genius.

He wore a black velvet cap during rehearsals,

and when he took off his powdered wig to don this head-dress, the nobles of high degree quarrelled over the privilege of holding the noble wig of the master.

A very autocratic master was Gluck. He sometimes found fault with the performers with such severity that serious trouble arose, and the king himself was obliged to interfere, saying soothingly to the artists:

"Hush, hush! It is only his way!"

Cramer said, with the utmost truth:

"Dear and good-natured as the Chevalier de Gluck is in all other relations of life, he becomes, as soon as he stands at the conductor's desk, the veriest tyrant!"

Once during a rehearsal of "Iphigénie en Aulide," two of the singers disobeyed Gluck's directions in singing their rôles. They were capricious ladies who had long ruled the managers and the public. "Mesdemoiselles," said Gluck, with the calmness of righteous anger, "I have been summoned here to produce 'Iphigénie.' If you sing,—well and good. If not—that is your business. Only I shall then seek an audience with the Queen, and shall tell her that the opera cannot be performed. And I shall at once enter my carriage and leave for Vienna."

Needless to say, he was not obliged to seek an

audience with the Queen, nor to leave for Vienna. The opera was performed most satisfactorily!

At the first performance of "Iphigénie" the emotional and impressionable audience responded in a most flattering manner.

Marie-Antoinette, the new queen, came to the theatre to behold the triumph of Gluck and the French people found an opportunity in the opera to express their admiration of her as well as of her protégé, the composer.

During one martial burst of music the officers rose and laid their hands on their swords, as though responding to a military summons. But the real response came later in the scene between Achilles and the grand chorus, "Chantons, célébrons notre Reine!" ("Sing, celebrate our Queen!").

The words, set to inspired music, rolled out over the orchestra, and, as though electrified, every one in the audience rose simultaneously. Then, in a burst of enthusiasm, one and all turned toward Marie Antoinette's box, and saluted her, while the surging music, as though in additional tribute "celebrated the Queen."

That was nine years before her execution, — poor Queen, whose people so soon changed, so soon hated and murdered her, and having murdered so soon forgot her!

There was an Italian composer named Piccini,

who divided with Gluck the worship of the Parisians. Indeed, music-lovers were distinguished by the terms "Gluckists" and "Piccinists." But though there was a certain amount of rivalry, Gluck had the advantage, of course, of the queen's patronage. Marie-Antoinette was very fond of the old composer and her court naturally followed her lead.

Rousseau, the poet, was so passionate a Gluckist that he could perceive no merit in any music of the Piccini school. He supported Gluck with his eager and graceful sympathy, and said many charming things about his work.

When "Alceste," which had been brought out in Vienna some years before, was first performed in Paris, the public did not entirely appreciate it. As the master himself declared, they were not ready for it. " . . . Perhaps the moment was not opportune. But I assert that it will please in two hundred years to come, for I am convinced that it is in harmony with all the laws of nature, and those are not subservient to fashion."

Still, in spite of this magnificent confidence in the sublimity of his inspiration, he was disappointed. When he realized that the reception of "Alceste" was, so far as the majority went, hopelessly cold, he cried desperately to Rousseau:

"'Alceste' est tombée!" ("'Alceste' is fallen!"). "Oui," said the graceful Frenchman, quickly,

" mais elle est tombée du ciel ! " (" Yes, — it is fallen from heaven ! ")

Goethe, Schiller, all the greatest geniuses of the day paid Gluck the tribute of their admiration. Even Voltaire, caustic, bitter, diplomatic, could not fail to be moved by the beauty of Gluck's music, in spite of his many Piccinist friends.

" Pardon, madame," wrote he to one of these, the brilliant and eccentric Marquise du Deffand, " for the Chevalier de Gluck. . . . I implore your indulgence for finding enjoyment in Gluck's creations."

Gluck's generosity and kindliness were so well known that all young and struggling artists adored him. Every one who came directly under his personal influence was conscious of his earnest spirit and the truth and simplicity of his views. All who knew him realized that his confidence and belief in the beauty of his works rose not from conceit but from a faithful respect for the inspiration which he believed came to him from heaven.

He loved the Queen dearly, and often discussed with her his work. And to her he was always her honoured teacher. Sometimes when she was sitting in her boudoir, the master would be announced and would enter in great excitement to talk of Orestes and Armide, and the other characters in his operas.

When Marie Antoinette asked him one day, how

his great "Armide" was progressing, he declared with sublime candour:

"Truly, madame, it will be superb!" It was during the rehearsal of the last of his most famous works, "Iphigénie en Tauride," that Méhul, the musician, then a boy of fifteen, crept into the theatre to hear the music. Gluck was conducting, —a quaint yet impressive picture with his round, strong, heavily-lined face, and that uncompromising gaze directed at the world from under his black velvet cap.

Méhul was discovered and was about to be sent out into the street when the master noticed him and asked to speak to him. When he heard the tale of the boy's adoration and longing to hear his music, he was much touched. With the greatest gentleness and kindness he told the boy he might listen as long as he liked, and he gave him a passport for the first performance of "Iphigénie en Tauride."

After this Méhul often went to Gluck's house and loved him devotedly. He has described him as usually sitting at his harpsichord with rapt gaze, arrayed in a dressing-gown of calico, large slippers, and the cherished black velvet cap, while he played as only Gluck could play.

Gluck's life is like a series of brilliant pictures. He lived in a picturesque time, and his existence

was very varied, — very full of conflicting and interesting elements.

First we see him an ambitious youth leading an almost cloistered life with the kindly and cultivated Jesuit priests; then a young violinist, playing country dances at village merry-makings; then the protégé of a great Italian prince, dreaming by Lake Como. We see him a greatly daring, then a greatly despairing lover; we see him a tender husband and the loving guardian of his niece, the maiden Marianne. We behold him the teacher of the Arch-Duchess, the favoured composer of the Austrian and the French courts. We watch his rivalry with Piccini and his followers; we follow his glorious successes, wondering at so brilliant a life and so incongruously serious-minded a man.

And, wondering a little, and smiling with tenderness not amusement, we go back with him at last to Vienna. There, somewhat broken in health, though not in spirit, with Marianne at his side, the master died when seventy-three years old.

He was obliged to leave unfinished an opera which he had undertaken, called "Les Danaïdes," but he had accomplished his life-work. He had overcome the discouragement of well-deserved failure, and he had laid the foundations for German Music Drama.

There was no more for him to do, so Gluck the master, who looked on life as a very simple and

well-ordered journey through the world, left his work when he had done what he was sent here to do.

A man greater than his times he is often called, — a man with a brain and soul above the petty rivalries of Gluckists and Piccinists, above the paltry trivialities and dainty follies of the eighteenth century. Yet, could we think of him without the environment? He seems, though very different, a part and parcel of that period of graceful and artistic things, — the earnest, quaint old man, in his velvet cap, seated at his harpsichord and trying to reform the music of his time.

Alas! we have no harpsichords now; — they have gone, — with Gluck, and Mozart, and the eighteenth century!

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF GLUCK

Operas. His earlier operas do not require mention. His masterpieces are "*Orphée et Eurydice*," "*Alceste*," "*Paris et Hélène*," "*Iphigénie en Aulide*," "*Armide*," and "*Iphigénie en Tauride*." He also wrote "*Écho et Narcisse*" and had begun "*Les Danaïdes*" when he died, but neither of these could boast his best work. In all these classical operas the dignity, the expression, and the rather immobile form impresses us most deeply. Marmontel accused him of "harsh and rugged harmony," and spoke of "the incoherent modulations, mutilations, and incongruities contained in his airs." But this was the natural penalty attendant

upon effort and a yearning for the best. The incongruities which disturbed M. Marmontel were the beginning of those rich and varied harmonies which were to make the music of Germany celebrated all over the world. In many matters Gluck was indebted to Benedetto Marcello, in a still greater number to Alessandro Scarlatti. Indeed, much of our music can be traced back to some remote suggestion of the "Arbiter of the Neapolitan School."

Gluck in his own simple manner declared, "I also thought that my chief endeavour should be to attain a grand simplicity."

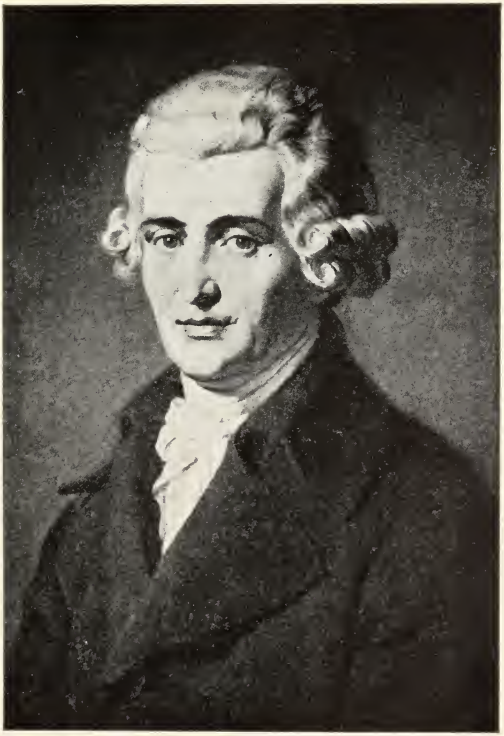
And surely he did attain it.

Franz Joseph Haydn

Born March 31st, 1732. Died (aged 77), May 31st, 1809

IT is a strange fact that many of the world's greatest composers have come to us from lowly places. All of the high priests of music had tremendous difficulties to overcome, and many of them struggled against the added trials of poverty and humble birth. Of these men was Franz Joseph Haydn. From the beginning until nearly the end of his life, he lived in an atmosphere of struggle; yet his nature was peculiarly peaceful and simple. A son of the people he was, with the homely kindliness of his peasant forefathers. When he grew famous, and counted among his pupils such men as Mozart and Beethoven he was seldom known by the reverential terms which a less simple nature would have exacted. On all sides was heard the quaint, affectionate little name given him by high and low, the name by which we often hear musicians speak of him now: "Papa Haydn."

In Lower Austria, close to the boundaries of Hungary, in the market town of Rohrau, Joseph Haydn was born. His father, Matthias Haydn,



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was a wheelwright; his mother had been a serving-maid. His home was of the humblest kind, and he and his eleven brothers and sisters were brought up with few pleasures or luxuries. And yet I think those were probably the happiest years of our great composer's life, — those spent in that tiny cottage, where, he afterwards declared, there was to be found such tenderness, such piety, and such orderliness.

His father was something of a music lover, and sang very well in an untrained tenor voice. He also played by ear upon the harp, and he taught his children to look upon music as he did, in the light of a joy and rest. He worked hard during the day, but when the evening came, the harp would be brought, and the whole family would sing together until it was time to go to bed.

One of their relatives was the schoolmaster and choir leader in Hainburg, a small town close by, — a man called Matthias Frankh, and he often joined these family gatherings, when the day was over, Little Joseph, or Sepperl, as he was nicknamed, seemed to his family to be fitted for the priesthood, but as we shall see, the boy's tastes did not lean in that direction, and he had too much firmness of character to be led in so great a matter save by his own self-knowledge. However, at that time it was an accepted fact in the household that a priest he should be.

One day the schoolmaster suggested that he should take Sepperl to Hainburg, where he could go to school and study music, preparatory to his church education. His father and mother agreed, and Sepperl left home for the first time, as homesick as a boy usually is under such conditions.

He was very sweet-tempered, and full of mischief and high spirits, and he soon made himself contented enough in Hainburg, for he rapidly made friends, and paid his old home occasional visits. He admitted in after years that it had taken some perseverance to be happy under the circumstances, for he had barely enough to eat, and was treated with the greatest harshness. Poor boy, his childhood was one of very little joy, or would have been had he not been blessed, as I have said, with the best possible spirits.

His cousin, Matthias Frankh, the schoolmaster, made use of him in the choir and in other ways, but it never occurred to him, apparently, to praise the little boy for his diligence and interest in his work. Sepperl lived like a household drudge, was allowed no new clothes, and led a life vastly different from that in his orderly peaceful home.

Neatness had always been taught him so strictly by his good mother that it was positive agony to him to be obliged to appear with grease spots upon his clothes, spots which, he pathetically declared

later, "I could not always hide." Yet he cared very much for his personal appearance, and, young as he was, always wore a powdered wig. He was never tall, and at this time was really tiny, and the effect of the small boy and the stately wig was very ludicrous.

Fortunately he loved music, and he loved to study, and so he made the most of his somewhat trying education, and learned to sing and to play several instruments. And at last came a stepping-stone to better things. One day the pastor of the village sent for him, and Sepperl presented himself, wondering very much what he could want.

The pastor's friend, Hofcapellmeister (head music-director) Reutter, from St. Stephen's in Vienna, was visiting him. The musician had asked him if he knew of any boys in the neighbourhood suitable for positions as choristers in the chapel of which he was music-director. Every one in the village knew Sepperl Haydn, and the pastor had sent for the boy at once, for he was more than glad to give him an opportunity to rise above his present humble fortunes.

Reutter was a hard and somewhat cruel man, but he was a good musician. He looked the child over.

"My boy," he asked, "do you know how to trill?"

Sepperl shook his head, "Even my master cannot do that," he answered.

"Look you here!" said Reutter, "I will trill. Pay attention, and notice carefully how it is done."

He sang a long trill and Sepperl listened attentively. After a few moments the Hofcapellmeister was amazed to hear a trill in exact imitation of his own issuing from the lips of the boy. Sepperl had overcome the difficulty with his flexible and true voice, and his keen musical ear, and stood there trilling away contentedly, much pleased with his new accomplishment.

Reutter clapped his hands and gave the boy a piece of money. He at once engaged him as a chorister in St. Stephen's choir, and arranged for him to enter upon his duties the following year.

Sepperl studied diligently to improve his voice, —all by himself, be it remembered, for he was satisfied that no one in Hainburg knew enough to teach him,—and at the age of eight he went to Vienna, and was installed as a chorister, under Hofcapellmeister Reutter, in the Chapel of St. Stephen.

Now that we have reached the point in our young hero's life where he began a somewhat independent existence, I suppose we must drop his nickname of Sepperl and call him Joseph, for so he was known altogether after he left Hainburg.

Joseph commenced his duties as a choir-boy. He had trained his voice so well that when he sang to Reutter, the Hofcapellmeister was much surprised and pleased, yet he by no means tried to encourage the little fellow, or to give him any personal help. On the contrary, he was both hard and indifferent to all his choristers. They worked hard, received little food or sleep, and were punished often. Joseph, in addition to his high spirits, developed a dogged perseverance in his work. He stole away from the others, in the few hours of play allowed them, to study in his own room, and devoted himself heart and soul to his music. In this way he remained contented, and slowly advanced in musical knowledge.

But it was hard to receive so little encouragement, and to a boy as sensitive as he, one of the most trying things to bear was his miserable and half-starved appearance. The boys positively suffered from lack of food and to Joseph this was a keen humiliation.

Occasionally, however, the choir-boys were asked to sing at entertainments, and in payment were given cakes and various refreshments. Joseph, having discovered this fact, moved heaven and earth, thereafter, to be chosen to sing at such times, that he might appease his hunger.

In this manner his boyhood passed. His love

of mischief was as fully developed as ever. No idle boy, brought up in luxurious surroundings could have had a greater propensity for pranks of all kinds than this half-starved young chorister.

While the Summer Palace was building at Schönbrunn, the church singers went out every day through Whitsuntide to sing to the Empress and her Court, and Joseph Haydn went with the rest. The Palace was covered with scaffolding, and the loose boards were a great temptation. When not singing, the choir-boys climbed over the stately edifice, rattled the boards and enjoyed themselves immensely. And,—quite needless to say,—Joseph Haydn accompanied them.

All was delightful until they saw a lady standing near, who seemed very indignant at the noise. She gave orders at once that if those boys appeared there again they were to be whipped. The lady, be it known, was the Empress Maria Theresa.

Temporarily they all departed, but a spice of danger was more attractive to Joseph than anything else in the world, so the next day he climbed up again and rattled the loose boards as usual. Alas! —apparently the lady had not spoken without authority. He was promptly caught by one of the servants, whipped, and sent away disgusted.

Years later the Empress visited the dwelling of Prince Esterhazy, where Joseph Haydn was music-

director, and Haydn, with laughing humility, thanked her Imperial Majesty for the honour of that whipping which he had received by her command.

At the time, however, he did not think of it in the light of an honour.

At last his voice lost its beauty and correctness of tone, and hearing him one day, the Empress laughingly declared to Reutter that the boy "no longer sang, he crowed!"

This was true to a certain extent, and Reutter waited only for a pretext upon which to dismiss his useless chorister. Haydn, as usual, was not long in giving his master an excuse for anger. In a spirit of mischief he cut off the queue of one of the choir-boys, because it was not fashionable to wear the hair in just that way!

Reutter heard of it and said that the offender should be feruled. Haydn was seventeen, and feruling seemed to him to be the punishment for a child. He told Reutter that if he were feruled he should leave the choir.

"Very well," returned Reutter, "You shall be feruled and *then* leave."

Both of these events came duly to pass. Poor Haydn!

It was a bitterly cold night in November. A fitful rain beat against the well-fastened windows

of Vienna. The wild irresistible fury of autumn was in the air. Haydn fastened his small stock of clothes,— three old shirts and an utterly unpresentable coat,— in a bundle and left the Chapel-House where he had lived for nine hard thankless years.

He went out into the night very drearily. He had no money, no friends, nowhere to go, yet his heart beat high in spite of his wretchedness. He did not lose courage, but made the best of things, — though his future looked hopeless indeed.

He wandered about Vienna until he grew too tired and too weak with hunger to go any further. Then, finding a bench, he seated himself, with his small bundle on his knees, to await the morning.

I wonder what were his thoughts during that wet, cold night, watching the dark fade into the faint gray of the dawn.

With the light came hope. Haydn met Spangler, a choir-singer whom he had known before, and the older musician, pitying the boy, offered to share with him the very poor comforts he and his wife possessed. They lived with their child in a tiny attic, and had barely enough food for themselves, but to their generous hearts even "barely enough" could be divided when it was a case of necessity.

So Haydn, already fairly learned in the battle against starvation, began his musical career at seven-

teen years old. It was a long, up-hill struggle, and much of it must be passed over with but a word. It would take a great deal of time to tell in full the story of Haydn's combat with poverty. For years fate seemed against him, though he probably would never have grown to be the kindly and strong-hearted man that he was without these years of privations.

He could scarcely keep body and soul together, for the sums which he earned by giving lessons, writing little compositions and playing the violin in street serenades, were very small. Still, he did manage to exist, and was able to rent a tiny attic room in the house where Metastasio, the poet, lived. The latter helped him to obtain a little work in teaching, and from time to time the young man made friends among actors, musicians and other poor but kindly and art-loving people, who were always glad to give him an opportunity to make a little money.

Sometimes he was very hungry and in one instance went on a pilgrimage to a monastery in Styria as an excuse for obtaining food!

In winter the snow drifted in through his little attic window, and in the morning the water in his wash basin was often frozen quite solid; in summer the room was made intensely uncomfortable by the heat. But Haydn laughed at his hard plight, and,

when he had succeeded in hiring an atrocious piano, — battered and tuneless, — he was content.

Among other escapades there is an amusing record of a famous serenade organized by him, in which all the musicians were told *to play what they chose!* One can imagine the effect of such an arrangement, and the rage of the auditors.

At one period, Haydn became the accompanist of Niccolo Porpora. This famous Italian composer and teacher was staying in Vienna at the time, and engaged the services of our hero, giving him some valuable instruction, and many harsh words. The young musician occupied a very humble position in the great master's household, and was treated with roughness and contempt, but, as he naïvely said, — "I improved greatly in singing, composition, and Italian!"

Ten years after his departure from the Chapel-House of St. Stephen's, — ten years of hard work and small compensation, — Joseph Haydn received a position as director and composer in the service of Count Franz von Morzin, a Bohemian nobleman and an enthusiastic music-lover. He expressly insisted that Haydn should not marry, if he remained in his employ, and, as though through sheer perversity, Haydn promptly fell in love.

There was in Vienna an old wig-maker and hairdresser named Keller, who had befriended Haydn

several times, and who had two daughters, the older shrewish, the younger attractive, simple and religious. This young girl Haydn loved with devotion, and in spite of Count von Morzin's commands, besought her a hundred times to marry him. The old wig-maker was delighted to give the young man his daughter, but her religious interests were too great. She entered a convent, and Haydn was in despair.

Just why, none of his biographers can determine, but soon afterwards he married the wig-maker's older daughter, Maria Anna, and so sealed his own fate so far as domestic happiness was concerned.

She was a thoroughly disagreeable and unattractive woman, but Haydn was as sweet to her as only Haydn could be. He had a nature which could make the best of all circumstances. Still Maria Anna must have been distinctly trying, for she despised his music, and used his most cherished manuscripts as curl-papers!

He once remarked to Dies, his friend and biographer, that while he and his wife were "affectionate together," he had found her "extremely frivolous," — which, on the whole, does not seem to greatly exaggerate the situation!

At last fortune smiled upon poor Haydn. Prince Esterhazy, a man of great cultivation, and sufficiently rich to indulge his musical tastes, be-

came interested in the young musician, and finally engaged him as Capellmeister in his castle in Eisenstadt, Hungary. Esterhaz was a large and beautiful place, and there the Prince received the famous people of the times. It was indeed an ideal spot for a musician, and Haydn was profoundly happy and grateful to receive the offer. The Prince had a resident orchestra, a very fine one, with an exceptionally good first violin, so it was with every fair prospect that Haydn at twenty-nine years old, entered upon his new work. Maria Anna did not go with him, though it is certain that he saw her from time to time, for he was not formally separated from her until some years later.

During his thirty years' connection with the Esterhazy family, Haydn was treated with the utmost courtesy and respect. He composed constantly, and his work gained in freshness and strength, as his mind developed and expanded under his good fortune. He hunted and fished a great deal, especially in the early morning, and often said that he loved that part of the day best when the world was new-washed in dew, and life seemed so simple and so beautiful.

This love of nature crept into his "Creation," which tells us many of the secrets that Haydn learned in the wonderful fresh morning hours, wandering near Esterhaz.

We are told a tale about him which shows us the quaint inventiveness of his humour.

The Prince gave the musicians of his orchestra permission to go home to their wives and children, on a certain date, for a vacation. At the last moment he told them that they must remain at Esterhaz a month or two longer. The musicians were much disappointed and went to Haydn, their dearly loved director. He was sympathetic, and after a little thought formed a plan.

He wrote a new Symphony, and arranged to perform it before Esterhazy. He then prompted his orchestra as to what he wished them to do, and all was ready.

The Prince and his guests took their seats. Haydn raised his bâton and the Symphony began. The music was beautiful and dramatic, — the Prince was delighted. All at once one musician stopped short, blew out the candle by which he had been reading his notes, took his instrument and went quietly away. Soon another followed his example, — another, then another, — until the first violin alone remained playing. Soon he too blew out the candle, put his violin into its case and departed.

The hint was very strong, and Esterhazy saw at once what they meant, — that they all would like to leave Esterhaz. So, laughing heartily, he said to Haydn, who awaited his opinion of the music, —

"Haydn, the gentlemen have my permission to go to-morrow!"

And that piece of music is called the "Surprise Symphony" to this day.

Mozart was one of the many composers who learned much from "Papa Haydn." Our hero's compositions were now played constantly in Vienna, and his name was becoming well known in the world of music. Mozart had long known Haydn, and each new performance of one of his immortal works filled the young composer's heart with delight.

Once while Mozart was in Vienna, he and Leopold Kozeluch, the composer, listened to a quartet by the Esterhaz master. Kozeluch, in reference to some unusual harmonies, asked Mozart, rather slightingly, if he would have written that in such an extraordinary way.

"Oh, no indeed!" said Mozart, — "and for the reason that neither you nor I could possibly have thought of such music."

To the same person he declared once, — "If you and I were melted down together, we should still be far from making a Haydn."

Haydn was now growing past middle age, — fifty-eight years old, in fact, — and in some ways it was hard for him to occupy a position in which he had so little freedom. He wrote pathetically to a friend that it caused him great grief not to be able to say

what he liked best to eat, and to be obliged to take unquestioningly what was given him!

The Princess died, and, after a period of melancholy, the Prince died also. His death was undoubtedly the outcome of his sorrow, and the event was one of real grief to his Capellmeister. Haydn now found himself practically independent. His patron had left him a pension, and to this his son and successor, Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy added a sum sufficiently large to enable Haydn to live in comparative comfort in Vienna. So at last he was free.

He was saddened by the generous Prince's death, but neither grief nor the coming weight of years could dampen the perennial hope and ambition of that remarkable nature.

When an invitation came to him to go to England and give concerts, he accepted with the utmost confidence.

His friends demurred. Mozart hastened to him, in Vienna, to try to dissuade him. "Papa," he reasoned, — "you are too old to go out alone into the great world. You know nothing of languages —" etc., etc.

To which Papa Haydn replied, — "I am active and well, and my language is understood everywhere." And he went.

Mozart spent with him the last day before he left.

The younger composer was already near death, and when they parted he put his arms about him, with tears running down his cheeks, and said with a great sadness in his voice, " Papa, Papa, — this is good-bye! We shall never meet again."

While he was in London, the news of his young friend's death reached Papa Haydn, and his grief was great and inconsolable. He wept many bitter tears over his loss, and at that time wrote to a friend eulogizing the dead composer as only Haydn knew how to do.

In his journal we find one simple line, the more pathetic because of its brevity :

" Mozart died December 5th, 1791."

Haydn's visit to London was full of that success which delighted his simple soul. The English world rose up and honoured him. The King and Queen welcomed him, the musicians crowned him. He returned with the title of Doctor of Music, which had been given him by the University of Oxford.

His wife, Maria Anna, had selected a small house in Gumpendorf, near Vienna, where she declared she would stay *after she became a widow!* Haydn himself lived there in the last portion of his life, and survived the turbulent Maria Anna eight years, — years most tranquil and contented, it is certain.

After his return he composed and gave lessons continually. He was quite happy, save that he would now and then weep the sad tears of old age when Mozart's name was mentioned. "Pardon me," he would say, — "but I must always weep at thought of my Mozart."

One of his pupils was Beethoven, in whom he was much interested, but who did not receive his teacher's criticisms in good part, so that there never existed between them such friendship as between Papa Haydn and Mozart.

After a time he accepted a second invitation to return to England for a longer visit than on the first occasion. It was even more richly crowned with success. Many stories are told of his wit and good humour while he was in London, but we have no time to mention more than one. Haydn, to cure a certain violinist of too much self-confidence, wrote a composition and sent it anonymously to a lady to whose house the violinist often came. The would-be musican saw the music and started to play it. He found it quite easy at first, — then more and more difficult, — the intervals greater and greater, the tones higher and higher until he could not move his fingers quickly enough to play the passages.

"What horrible music!" cried the wretched musician. "Who could play it?" The lady by

this time had burst into laughter, having discovered the title written on the manuscript: "Jacob's Ladder!" The violinist, very crestfallen, admitted that the ladder was too difficult for him to climb. Haydn, however, did not acknowledge the composition for some time.

Every one in London revered and loved him. Later he said, "It is England that has made me famous in Germany."

At last he returned to the Vaterland to live out his kindly and useful life in all honour. Those were days, of impending war. When, in 1796, Haydn returned to Vienna, the French held the Rhine, and until the old man's death, this disturbing, yet inspiring element surrounded him. He wrote under these circumstances his "God Save the Emperor Francis," now the Austrian national hymn. War seemed a horrible thing to his gentle heart, and in his last days he often spoke of its horrors and distresses.

As he grew older he became more helpless, but his friends surrounded him with such care and tenderness that he could only be grateful. There near Vienna, in the little old Gumpendorf house chosen by his wife for her widowhood, he lived on until his death.

He held a little court there. Men would come to talk with him and tell him their hopes and

fears, and he was always kindly, always gracious, always interested. "He gives you the impression of a great man," said Carl von Weber, the composer, who went to see the old master. Weber was much touched by the many men who came to bend before him, kiss his hand, and tenderly call him "Papa Haydn."

He always wore a very elaborately powdered and curled wig,— even as he had insisted on doing seventy years before, in Hainburg. He was always scrupulously neat in his dress, and exquisitely courteous to every one.

Not long before his death there was given in Vienna in the Lobkowitz Palace a performance of his great oratorio, "The Creation." It was in honor of Papa Haydn's seventy-sixth birthday, and all Vienna was present. They assembled in great expectation and eagerness. Just before the concert began the door opened, and, accompanied by a bodyguard of noblemen of high rank, came an armchair which veritably seemed a throne that night, and in it was the old Master, — Papa Haydn himself.

Every one in the hall rose as he entered, and stood, in reverence, while he was borne to a seat of honour. He was almost overpowered with emotion at his reception, and was much touched when, on his speaking of a draught, the ladies near

him flung over him their lace wraps and shawls, with affectionate words.

The concert began, and Haydn listened in strange exaltation. When the great chorus sang, "Let there be Light!" he raised his hand and said softly and solemnly:

"That comes not from me but from above."

He was too weak and agitated to stay after the first part, and was carried away in state through the cheering yet profoundly touched multitude, now and then raising his hands in blessing as he passed.

In 1809 the French besieged Vienna, and his tranquillity loving soul was much disturbed. His life was over, — a long, useful, honourable life, — and it seemed hard that he must end it thus with the roar of the cannonading about him. Yet he was of good cheer, as he always had been. His servants crowded about him, frightened by the noise, but he assured them calmly, "Where Haydn is no misfortune can come!"

In spite of his stoutness of heart, however, the confusion and excitement certainly hastened his death. The cannon shots reverberated like wild thunder storming outside his peaceful little house, but he tranquilly said prayers for the Emperor, and waited for the end.

At last the siege was over; the French occupied

Vienna. And then, when the lull came, Papa Haydn very quietly and peacefully died.

Vienna wept for him, and in the hearts of many people who had loved him, there was a great void not to be filled. Never may we hope to find again the simplicity, the love for humanity, the courage and honour and generosity of that wonderful man. And never again will music like his be created, — music in which the sweetness and freshness of good and beautiful things are immortalized like eternally blossoming flowers. He slipped out of this world, with his blithe smiles, and his comforting messages, and his unselfish spirit, but we have room for him still in our hearts. Is it not testimony to his gentle kindliness that even now, when he has been asleep so long, we still call him "Papa Haydn"?

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF HAYDN.

Oratorios: The best known of these is "*The Creation*," but "*The Seasons*" is almost as fine from a musical standpoint. Haydn himself was particularly fond of an earlier oratorio, "*The Seven Words from the Cross.*" This is too little known, a composition of that name by Mercadante being more generally familiar.

125 Symphonies. Of these symphonies, known to the public by many quaint and expressive titles, I will only mention the

"*Military Symphony*" (in G Major), "*Roxelane*" (in C Major), "*La Chasse*" (in D Major), "*Maria Theresa*" (in C Major), and "*La Reine de France*" (in G Minor). There are, of course, many others without names, but it would be difficult to even enumerate Haydn's best symphonies. Popular among them are the "*Clock*," and the "*Surprise*." Haydn wrote two symphonies answering to the latter name, I believe, — the first in Esterhaz, to surprise the Prince, — the second to surprise the English ladies! On scoring a particularly boisterous passage in the middle of a particularly tranquil part, Papa Haydn remarked with great glee — "There the women will jump!" Whereupon it was called "*The Surprise*."

83 Quartets. Haydn was the great pioneer in quartet-writing. Mozart, in dedicating to him some quartets, admitted frankly that he had learned how to write them from the old Master's own compositions.

"**God Save the Emperor Francis,**" Austrian national hymn. It is said that, during the siege of Vienna, Papa Haydn encouraged and amused his household by playing his "*Emperor's Hymn*" by the hour.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Born January 27th, 1756. Died (aged 35) December 5, 1791

"WHEN you were a child and a youth you were much more serious than boyish," wrote Leopold Mozart to his son after the latter had reached manhood. "When sitting at the piano, or engaged in any way with music, no one dared to jest with you. In repose your face bore so serious an expression that thoughtful friends were wont to remark on the probable shortness of your life."

The genius of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart matured too early, perhaps, for his own well-being, yet we who have as our heritage his beautiful music cannot regret the swift development of his highly-strung temperament. His power, blazing up quickly, burned with a glory that the whole world marked, and then sank as quickly. His life was not long, but it was full of the richness and strength and poetry of living. And we can only ask ourselves — "Did he not receive as much from life in his thirty-five noble, brilliant years, as many others in a long career?"

From his portraits we know the strange beauty of his face; from his biographies we learn his generosity and sweetness of nature; in his music we find testimony of his vast genius. And therefore we love and reverence his memory.

Salzburg, in the days of which I am going to tell you, was ruled by succeeding archbishops. Wolfgang's father, Leopold Mozart, held the position of Capellmeister in the service of one of these reigning archbishops. Leopold Mozart was a cultivated man, and an excellent musician, and he and his wife had the reputation of being the handsomest couple in Salzburg.

Little Wolfgang always had the inspiration and support of his father's encouragement, for, being a musician himself, the elder Mozart recognized the child's genius and helped him in all ways.

Indeed Wolfgang's childhood was a very happy one, full of pleasures of all sorts, the most loving care, and delightful day-dreams about music. He had one sister, Maria Anna, always known as Nannerl, who was a little older than himself, but his close friend and companion. Nannerl grew up a very beautiful girl and was extremely musical. Indeed, while they were both children, she was considered almost as much of a prodigy as her brother.

Their interests were the same, and all their lives they were deeply devoted to each other. In fact, our

composer's love for his family was one of the strongest influences in his life. His letters to his mother and Nannerl are very lovely to read.

From his boyhood Wolfgang loved music passionately. For him, nothing was complete without it. When Nannerl and he played games with their little friends, he found it very stupid unless some one would play or sing to him all the time. He was eager and impulsive, and, though sweet-tempered, easily stirred and excited and intensely sensitive.

He was also very loving, and he therefore craved love. He became very fond of some of his father's friends who came to the house. One of these men tells us that Wolfgang would ask him over and over again, "Do you love me? *Do* you love me?" Once in a while in a teasing spirit, the answer would come — "No!" And Wolfgang's heart would be broken. For the moment believing that his friend was in earnest, he would turn away, his eyes full of tears. And he would be the saddest of all sad little boys until he was persuaded that his friend did love him after all!

Poor little Woferl, as they called him, must have had some very bitter moments, for few people understood his sensitive and loving heart. Though his father and mother cared for him with wisdom and tenderness, there were times when things were not quite easy for the little fellow.

For one thing, he had extraordinarily keen hearing — being able to detect the difference of an eighth of a tone in the tuning of two violins! Small sounds unnoticed by other people, were annoying to him, and any loud noise caused him a shock which was almost suffering. For this reason he could not endure a trumpet-tone, and he always avoided any possibility of hearing it.

His father realized Woferl's acuteness of hearing, but fancied that he might exaggerate the effect of the trumpet-tone. And one day he insisted that the child should hear the sound of the much dreaded instruments. Woferl tried his best to endure it, but he was unduly nervous and highly strung at all times. The great brazen noise seemed to strike through him like a knife, and, in a moment, he fell to the ground in an attack of convulsions.

But though in this instance the test would seem to have been unnecessary, Leopold Mozart, in most cases, acted both kindly and wisely in bringing up his small son.

Woferl used to say, — "After God immediately comes papa!"

Wolfgang disliked to have musicians hear him play the harpsichord. But his skill was unusual, and his father enjoyed letting his musical friends hear his child's performance. So sometimes when he asked Woferl to play for their guests, he did

not tell the little boy that his hearers had any musical knowledge. So all would go well, and Woferl, touching the keys with his tiny fingers, would play so charmingly that the musicians who heard would be deeply touched, as though by a miracle.

But if they praised him, the child, in an agony of shyness, burst into tears.

Sometimes he filled his musical exercise-books with tiny compositions, — minuets and fanciful melodies, — his first attempts at writing music. This was at the age of five years.

And one day his father found him, flushed, tearful and excited, at work upon a page covered with blotted music notes Much astonished, Mozart asked what he was doing, and Wolfgang said that he was writing "a concerto for the harpsichord!"

His father looked down, wondering, at the blotted page. As he looked, his wonder increased; and with it came another feeling, which, perhaps, was almost awe. For it was indeed a concerto for the harpsichord, but so difficult that it could never be played by the most accomplished musician!

In silence Leopold Mozart turned away, with tears running down his cheeks. For he well knew in that moment that the little fellow struggling there with his pen and his lined paper would some day be one of the world's greatest composers.

Being a wise man and a loving father, he was anxious to give his gifted children every opportunity to develop their talents. He also confessed to a great deal of pride in his prodigies, and spoke of them as his "Wonders of God."

There is a charming engraving, a reproduction of which I have seen, in which we behold Leopold Mozart playing on his violin, while Nannerl holds a sheet of music and is singing, and Wolfgang, supposed to be at the time seven years old, is seated at the harpsichord, playing an accompaniment, his small face very intent and rapt, and his small feet hanging a great distance from the ground.

The good Mozart soon planned for his children a concert tour, that they might see the world, — and also that the world might see them!

They went first to Vienna, where the Imperial family were staying. The Emperor Francis and the beautiful Empress Maria Theresa dearly loved music, and they were delighted to meet the little musicians, of whom they had heard a great deal. So Leopold Mozart arranged to present the children, and they were wild with excitement over the prospect of being taken to Court.

Ah, what a wonderful time it was, that first day when they were brought into the presence of their Imperial Majesties!

Wolfgang was much impressed by the gorgeous-

ness of the Court, by the beautiful dresses, — above all, by the gracious and lovely Empress who was so kind to him. For Maria Theresa was amazed by his genius; indeed he won the hearts of all the Court.

He was a wonderfully handsome child, and his manners were instinctively good, though quite frank and natural. Altogether it is not strange that every one loved him.

When he was presented to the Empress, he was at first very shy and frightened. Then he looked up at the tall lady and met her eyes. They were very kind eyes looking out of a beautiful face. She was smiling, too, and in a moment Wolfgang forgot that he must kneel to the Empress, and instead went up to her, climbed on to her lap and kissed her.

And the Empress, being a very gracious and charming lady, was much pleased by the mark of favour.

Wolfgang was also delighted with the little Arch-Duchess, Marie Antoinette, the future Queen of France. She was as beautiful in her way as Wolfgang was in his, and the boy's artistic taste was pleased by her golden hair and exquisite little face.

While he was walking across the polished floor of one of the great rooms in the palace he slipped and fell, to his humiliation. Little Marie Antoi-

nette ran up to him with eager sympathy and helped him to his feet.

Wolfgang looked at her with grateful approval.

"You are good!" he declared. "I will marry you some time."

This proposal was quite seriously repeated to her mother by Marie Antoinette, to the Empress's great amusement.

Altogether our Wolfgang's appearance at the Austrian Court was a decided success. He was almost sorry to begin his travels once more, though even then, when he was not quite seven years old, he was most ambitious.

They went through Southern Germany, and wherever they paused the greatest acclamations greeted them. The little boy's fame went before him, awakening wonder in every one. It is a marvellous history, — that of the travels of Leopold Mozart and his children.

At last they reached Paris, and were presented at Versailles, the French Court. The sad, gentle Queen of France greeted them with the sweetest possible courtesy, and Wolfgang thought her very lovely.

Then he was presented to Madame de Pompadour. She was cold and handsome, with artificially reddened lips and cheeks and elaborately dressed hair.

Wolfgang had always met with kindness and affection from every one, and, with the utmost simplicity, lifted his face to kiss her. Madame de Pompadour turned away without accepting the kiss, and Wolfgang was very angry.

He did not often lose his temper, but he felt that he had been insulted, and he said with a pride quite as great as her own, — "Who is that woman who will not kiss me? The Empress kissed me!"

When they left Paris they went to London, where Wolfgang met with his usual success; then, through Holland and Switzerland, they returned to Salzburg, having been away two years.

During the next six years, a few clever compositions were the only fruits of his genius, which needed more room in which to expand than could be had in Salzburg. Wolfgang seemed temporarily lacking in any great inspiration; he hated Salzburg, and when he was fourteen his father took him to Italy.

Imagine the joy this must have been to our young musician! To be in Italy! The Italy of music and light and laughter, and the joy of life; — the Italy of Palestrina and Marcello and Pergolese; — the Italy of songs and of flowers, of shadows and of scents, — of glories and of dreams! It was a delight not to be described.

His stay there was a long series of beautiful ex-

periences. In Milan he received an order to write an opera, and accomplished his work satisfactorily. In Naples the people were so overpowered by his genius that they believed him to be a sorcerer, and insisted on his removing a certain ring which he wore, lest it might be a talisman!

In Rome two memorable events occurred. The Pope, Clement XIV., conferred upon him the order of the Golden Spur. This was a very high compliment and he now possessed the title of "Chevalier," — Chevalier Mozart! Indeed while in Italy he was always called "Signor Cavaliere," this boy of fourteen, — much to his father's amusement.

It was also in Rome that he heard the famous "Miserere" by Allegri sung in the Sixtine Chapel. It was the special property of the chapel, and the musicians there were "forbidden, under pain of excommunication to copy any part of it or to give a part of it to anybody." So wrote Leopold Mozart in one of his letters to his home.

This "Miserere" made a deep impression upon Wolfgang, and when he left the chapel he wrote it down from memory. Every bar was there, — clear and unmistakable, — the great secretly guarded "Miserere" of Allegri!

Wolfgang's early boyhood was composed of one triumph after another, — brilliant, glowing, wonderful triumphs that filled the soul of the young

master with joy. Perhaps also they spurred him to too eager an effort, — too great a waste of vitality.

When our young Mozart was a little over fifteen he returned to Salzburg with his father to undertake the duties of concert-master under Jerome, the new Archbishop of the city. The Archbishop was an unjust and exacting man, and those years that the young composer spent under him were hard to bear.

He was glad to return to Italy to finish in Milan a piece of work which he had undertaken, but this visit to the land he loved was a very short one. Archbishop Jerome refused to allow his concert-master a long absence. The Archbishop was wont to say that he did not choose to have his people going like beggars about the country! However, when the city of Munich gave our Mozart an order to write an opera, he was obliged to allow the young fellow to leave his duties for a time. But even this permission was only granted because of pressure brought to bear from those high in authority.

The opera was a great success, and the ungracious Archbishop was seriously annoyed by the constant praises of it which he heard on all sides!

Mozart now entered upon his twentieth year. At this time the family fortunes were at a very low ebb, and he cared nothing for the kind things the world said about him while matters were so

hard for those he loved. He was anxious to earn money for them, but was hampered by his service to the Archbishop. His father was also in Jerome's employ, and the two musicians received a sum so small that it would be ridiculous to call it a salary. They were very harshly treated by the Archbishop, who held a remarkably low opinion of them both, — especially of Wolfgang.

Once when he heard of some particularly high praise of his work, the young composer said, half laughing, half bitterly, — "Let them only ask the Archbishop! He will set them right at once!"

At last he made up his mind to leave Jerome's service, and go out into the world to seek his fortunes. The following is an extract from his letter to the Archbishop in which he asks for a dismissal from his service.

". . . I, therefore, in conscience, owe it to God to be grateful to my father who spends untiringly his every hour on my education; to lighten his burden; and to care for my sister; for it would pain me greatly if, after spending so many hours at the piano, she should not be able to turn what she has so laboriously learned to account. Your illustrious grace will, therefore, most graciously allow me to ask most humbly for my dismissal from your grace's service. . . ." etc., etc.

His dismissal was granted him, — ungraciously it is true, but that was to have been expected, and

after having gained his freedom, Mozart's life grew more busy, independent and happy. He travelled with his mother, — the charming Frau Mozart who had been so renowned for her beauty when she was young, — first to Munich, where he appealed in vain to the Elector for a position, and then to Augsburg where his father had relatives. Finally they went to Mannheim, and there Mozart made many friends. There seemed a chance that the young composer might receive some orders there, so they planned to stay for some time.

And at this point Mozart fell in love, — or he imagined that he did. There was a certain prompter and copyist, at one of the Mannheim theatres, named Fridolin Von Weber. This good man, — who was the uncle, by the way, of Carl Von Weber, the composer, — had six children, two of whom have a particular interest for us, — Aloysia and Constance. Both of these girls were charming, and both loved music, but, in addition Aloysia had a wonderfully beautiful voice, and a little more charm of manner than her sister Constance — but we shall hear more of Constance later.

Aloysia Weber's voice fascinated Mozart, and he thought that he must love her, since she could affect his heart so deeply when she sang. He conceived a delightful plan of joining the Webers and wandering away to Italy, his land of dreams, where he could

write operas and Aloysia could sing them, and the good Weber could give him kindly advice.

His mother wrote her husband that she believed Wolfgang would sacrifice anything or everything for the Webers.

But, in response to his father's earnest prayers, he at last agreed to go to Paris and begin some serious work. So he and Frau Mozart departed, — he very sad at leaving his beloved Webers, and his mother thankful to have succeeded in taking him away from the voice of Aloysia. But while they were in Paris the sweet brave-hearted mother who had travelled with him for so long, became very ill, and died almost at once, and the shadow darkened Mozart's buoyant spirits for a long time.

Paris now seemed horrible to him, and he left it as soon as he could.

Aloysia had become a prima donna of no small importance and was singing in Munich, and Mozart won his father's consent to a marriage, and went to Munich.

He hastened full of impatience to the house where she was staying. The door opened, — he hurried forward. There, indeed, was the girl of whom he had been dreaming, — the girl with the beautiful voice. But Aloysia looked at him with indifference, and turned away.

For a moment Mozart was as angry with her as

he had been with Madame de Pompadour sixteen years before. Only, — being twenty-two now instead of six, — he soon realized how ridiculous it all was. He began to laugh with his usual wholeheartedness, and going to the piano sang in his clear voice a little song beginning, —

"I gladly leave the maid who loves me not!"

Constance Weber afterwards declared that Aloysia's rudeness to Mozart that day was because of some peculiarity of his costume!

I am afraid that Aloysia, like the wife of Haydn, might sometimes be found "extremely frivolous!"

Before Mozart left the petulant young prima donna, he presented her with some music he had written. He never resented anything, and he remained Aloysia's good friend. But he had meant the words of the song literally, for he now realized that he had never loved the sweet-voiced Aloysia so much as he had fancied.

The young composer soon went back to Salzburg to see his father and sister. They had been separated for a long time, and now came together without lovely Frau Mozart. Their hearts were very full when they met.

When Mozart was twenty-four he wrote to order for Munich his opera "Idomeneo," and left Salzburg never to return save for a very brief stay some time later.

"Idomeneo," which met with great success at the time, was a joy to Mozart. Into it he put his whole heart and soul. It was the first full-fledged wonder-bird which he sent out into the world to sing the story of his genius.

His friends the Webers now lived in Vienna, and to Vienna came Mozart, glad to be with them again. He saw them almost daily, for he gave Constance lessons in singing. She was eighteen years old, and Mozart was twenty-six.

They spent delightful hours together over their musical work, and Mozart soon saw that Constance had as much love for and knowledge of music as Aloysia, although her voice was not so lovely. She was so charming and good, and so faithfully kind to her brothers and sisters that Mozart soon found that he had grown to love her much better than he had ever loved her sister. In comparison to Constance, — sweet, dark-eyed Constance, — Aloysia seemed more frivolous than ever, and not nearly so attractive as he had imagined her.

He was now composing the music for "The Elopement from the Seraglio," — an opera in which the heroine was named Constance! Of course, the young composer wrote wonderful love songs for the hero to sing to this operatic Constance, for he continually thought of his own lady-love, the real human Constance.

He asked the Baroness von Waldstaedten to help them. She was a woman with quick brain and a kind heart, and she was interested in the young musician and in Constance. Mozart felt certain that what she undertook she would accomplish, and he was right.

The Baroness wrote particulars to Leopold Mozart, insisted on lending Wolfgang money, and gave the wedding-supper in her own house.

And so Wolfgang Mozart and Constance Weber were married. And we can truthfully say that they lived happily ever after. For, though sorrow came to them, as to other people, they loved each other truly, and helped each other to be brave and kind and good. So they were really happy together in the best way.

The years passed. Wolfgang and Constance Mozart lived in Vienna, and the young composer wrote more beautiful music every year.

Ah, what music — flashing, melodious, fascinating music — the spirit of Mozart poured into sound! Just as Palestrina put his strong religious tranquillity into his music; as young Pergolese put his pain-shadowed, poetical, Italian soul into his; as Papa Haydn put his lovable generosity of heart into his, — so Mozart let his eager, exuberant vitality, in all its freshness and its brilliancy, become a part of what he wrote.

"The Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" followed each other, each full of the young man's wonderful genius. He wrote them with interest and enthusiasm. When he was really absorbed in his work he never felt tired, though he would often go without sleep for a long time.

"Don Giovanni" is, perhaps, the most masterly of these operas. In it we find the strongest and finest music which Mozart had written up to that time. The young master had learned what in after years another great master, Wagner, also learned and worked out on a colossal scale, — the importance of dramatic music.

"Don Giovanni" delighted the artists who were to sing in it. They rehearsed it enthusiastically. Mozart himself showed them how to dance the minuet; in fact, he drilled them all personally.

It was the night before "Don Giovanni" was to be played. The prospects for success were remarkably bright, but — there was no overture! The great "Don Giovanni" was without an overture! This small matter Mozart had carelessly left until the last moment.

At eleven o'clock Constance begged him to begin work, so, with a glass of punch at his elbow, he lazily commenced to write. He always detested the actual writing of the notes, and that night, as time passed, he found the work so stupid that he

asked Constance to tell him fairy stories to amuse him!

She did this for a long time, — "Aladdin," "Cinderella," everything that she could remember. Mozart laughed at the fairy tales, and meanwhile wrote his overture, which was complete in his mind, and needed only to be transferred to his music-paper. With the exception of an hour or two of sleep toward morning he worked all night, and at seven o'clock sent the work to the copyist, who wrote out the parts for the orchestra.

Perhaps it was fortunate that he had so much self-confidence, for without it his nature would have been too sensitive to endure the roughness of life.

"Don Giovanni" made a marvellous success, and at once took its place as one of the world's masterpieces of dramatic music, — a place which it has always kept.

Constance after a time became very ill. They had several children, and the responsibility and anxiety almost broke poor Mozart's courage. He worked harder than ever, and never, even during his last years, allowed himself to grow depressed.

The Emperor appointed him Court Composer on a very small salary, and he was obliged to be away from Constance much of the time on account of his work. But his letters to her show how constantly and lovingly he thought of her.

Life was very hard for the young master at this time. His wife's illness was a bitter grief to him, and they were pitifully poor. His own health, too, was failing rapidly, and he was surrounded by the envy and jealousy of lesser composers. Indeed, he sometimes feared, when he found himself growing weaker, that he was being poisoned.

He wrote "The Magic Flute," "Titus," and "Così fan tutti" under pressure of necessity, yet they seem fresh and inspired, — especially "The Magic Flute," which is the master at his best.

Mystery always appealed to Mozart, who was nothing if not dramatic. So he was much interested by an order for a new work which he received anonymously.

A tall, grave man, in gray garments, appeared before him one day, with a letter, which he presented with much formality.

Mozart, wondering, broke the seal and read the enclosure. It was an order for a Requiem, — a mass for the dead, — and Mozart was almost awed by the mystery and gloom of the request. He undertook the work at once, and was paid for it in advance.

He never knew who the messenger or his master were, but in reality the order came from Count Walsegg, a nobleman who had lost his wife.

This work now filled Mozart's life. He with-

drew from all outside pleasures and duties, and wrote, wrote, wrote, until it seemed as though all his life were floating away into notes.

Constance joined him now, and was much frightened by his weakness, and, indeed, the young master was dying. Day by day the great "Requiem" and Mozart's life drew near their close.

One day Constance drove with him under the autumn trees. It was November, and the leaves blew across the roadway. One after one they floated down, and the wind took them and carried them on — out of sight.

Mozart's eyes filled with tears, and he said, gently, —

"I am writing the 'Requiem' for myself."

And at last it was almost ended. One cold December night Mozart knew that there was no more time left, and he gave his faithful friends careful and explicit directions as to the finishing touches of his great work.

"Did I not say I was writing it for myself?" he said.

At one o'clock, in the cold, still darkness of the first hour of the new day, he turned his face to the wall and fell asleep, and he did not wake again in this world.

This is the story of Wolfgang Mozart, the young master. And I could tell you far more. I could

tell you of his immortal music, which never loses its tenderness, its loveliness, its charm. Only you will know it all in time.

We hear Mozart's melodies often, for music would not be what it is without them. They will always echo through the listening world, these wonderful songs, so sad and so glad, — seeming to float to us from some everlasting summer-land of youth.

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF MOZART.

Operas: "*Idomeneo*" was the first opera in which Mozart's peculiar dramatic genius was manifest. However, this, of course, was entirely surpassed by "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," "*Don Giovanni*," and "*Il Flauto Magico*," better known, perhaps, by its original German title, "*Die Zauberflöte.*" He also wrote "*Titus*," "*Il Seraglio*," and "*Così fan tutti*," but they are not his masterpieces.

15 Masses, 4 Litanies, 4 Kyries, and many other sacred vocal compositions.

49 Symphonies. The Symphony in E♭ is often played. It is particularly dreamy and melancholy, and has been characterized as a typical "Swan Song." The Symphony in G minor is the one of which Schubert said: "You can hear the angels singing in it." The Symphony in C, usually known as "Jupiter Symphony," is considered by most persons to be the finest. It is very vigorous and dignified, and so masterly that it is difficult to believe that it was *composed in fifteen days.*

Concertos.

Quartets. Mozart's quartets are among his greatest works, and are only equalled by the quartets of Haydn and of Beethoven.

Sonatas.

Songs.

Chamber Music of various kinds.

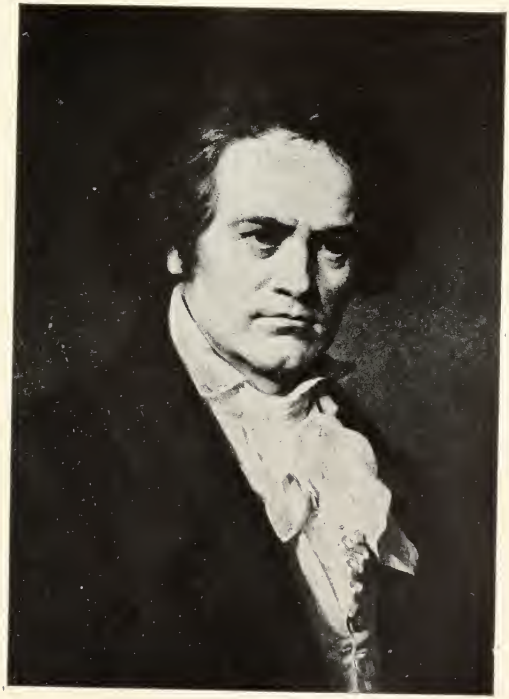
"**The Requiem.**" This great death song has been performed at the funeral services of innumerable composers. It is the greatest of its kind.

Ludwig van Beethoven

Born Dec. 16th, 1770. Died (aged 56) March 26th, 1827

THIS is the tragedy of Beethoven, the Master of Music, the teacher to whom all we who love music go humbly, that we may learn of him a little of his vast wisdom. We cannot tell fittingly the story of his genius and his sorrow. We can but follow the facts of his history with reverence and with tears. Our hearts must supply the colour and the darkness, the human shadows and the divine light that filled the life of Beethoven.

Many years before the master was born, his grandfather, old Ludwig van Beethoven, who was Dutch by birth, came to Germany to live. He was a musician of some ability, and so, indeed, was his son Johann, and they both occupied positions as singers in the Elector's chapel at Bonn. The older Beethoven was a dignified and high-minded man, who won every one's respect by his honesty and wholesome ambition, but his son, alas! was quite his opposite! He ruined his health, his reputation, and the happiness of his family by drinking; he never rose beyond the place of a humble singer, and



BEETHOVEN.

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he was so poverty-stricken that later he depended largely on the genius of his son for money.

Little Ludwig was born and spent his childhood in a dreary wing of a dreary house on Bonn street. His mother was the daughter of a cook, and had been a serving-maid; his father, as we have seen, was a poor and useless drunkard.

But his mother, whom he loved deeply, was a gentle and good woman, and her care shielded the child, during babyhood, from his father. She was, we are told, graceful and slight in figure and quite pretty, and her son's adoring memory of her is testimony to her motherly tenderness.

While he was a tiny child he was devoted to his grandfather. He remembered him vividly all his life, which shows the character of his mind, since the old man died before Ludwig was four years old. According to his memory of him, he said afterward, his grandfather was a small, but very dignified old gentleman, who wore a red coat, and whose eyes, unusually large, brilliant, and piercing, looked out from under a very broad and heavily moulded forehead. This description sounds not unlike the master himself, so we must imagine that he resembled his grandfather in many respects.

When the good old man died, he was doubtless not sorry to leave the world, where, in spite of hard work and high aims, he had been so bitterly

disappointed, for his son's drunkenness was a great grief to him.

After his death, Johann struggled for a time to improve his habits, but his wife was not strong, he had several children and fate seemed against him. He lost his position in the Electoral chapel, because, owing to his excessive drinking, his voice was almost gone, and, it was complained, "his deportment was not passable."

There were a few remaining treasures in the household, probably relics of days in the Netherlands, when the Beethovens had been a comparatively prosperous Dutch family. A few pieces of furniture, a little thin old silver, and some linen, which, according to the old-fashioned test, was fine enough to be drawn easily through a ring, — all these little remnants of comfort and modest luxury were disposed of, but the money which they brought amounted to very little in a large family. They grew poorer and poorer, and Johann van Beethoven had recourse more and more to the taverns in Bonn.

At last an idea occurred to Johann. He had heard of the large sums of money made by the Mozart family from Wolfgang's concert tours, when he was a child. He had also noticed in Ludwig unusual musical gifts, — a true ear, and many other qualifications. He decided that he

would train the child for a musician's career, and he promptly began Ludwig's lessons on the piano.

Ludwig had a nature which, if left to itself, would undoubtedly have drifted toward music as the river flows to the sea. But to be forced to take music-lessons as his father forced him made him hate music. And indeed it is proof of his genius that he did not abandon the great art entirely.

His father's methods were characteristically brutal. In Ludwig's usual hours of sleeping, eating, or of playing childish games, his father would suddenly lead him to the piano and order him to practise. Sometimes between fatigue and a horror and hatred of the instrument, Ludwig would burst into tears. But that made no difference, play he must; and if he did not, he was severely whipped in spite of his mother's and the neighbours' prayers and entreaties to Johann.

When he was seven — his father said *six* in the advertisement! — this small half-starved and ill-treated pianist appeared in public and played several concertos sufficiently correctly to satisfy his father, temporarily. But there were in store for Ludwig more horrors to be inflicted in the name of music!

When he was eight a singer named Tobias Pfeiffer came to live with the Beethoven family and teach Ludwig music.

We are told that Pfeiffer was an excellent

teacher, and Beethoven said afterwards that he owed to him much of his technical skill, but his methods were those of Ludwig's father. The two were apparently boon companions, and Herr Pfeiffer used to go with Johann to the tavern in the evening.

The following is an instance of the general style of Pfeiffer's teaching.

Ludwig was sleeping soundly one night, weary, no doubt, after a hard day. Sounds downstairs waked him, and he knew that his father and Herr Pfeiffer had come home, and that it must therefore be very late.

At last his door opened and his master came in and ordered him out of bed.

He obeyed, and Pfeiffer took him downstairs to the piano. Then he ordered him to play. Ludwig, bewildered, commenced his usual daily practice. Whenever he stopped, his teacher told him to go on. Hour after hour passed thus and Ludwig was tired and sleepy, and longed to go to bed; but no, practise he must, or dire would be the consequences.

The child did not puzzle over it, it did not even seem strange to him. His whole existence was so unnatural, so hard, and so peculiar, that to practise in the hours when other people slept did not strike him as extraordinary. It was one of those things in life, — and he had found many already, — which must be met, and endured and thus disposed of.

So, with Herr Pfeiffer keeping grim guard, our small Ludwig played wearily all night; played until the morning came and Pfeiffer said that he might go.

And many times did this same thing occur. The biographies, indeed, say that it frequently happened. Such was the stern and dreary education of Ludwig. I wonder what his poor mother thought of the way in which her child was taught music?

As for the neighbours, they shook their heads, and decided that these were very strange doings indeed. Doubtless there seemed something uncanny in the situation. The drunken father, showing signs of intelligence and musical feeling, long ago perverted and dulled,—a man evidently who had once been something much better than he now appeared; the dragon-like, erratic master who spent half the night with the drunkard yet seemed himself only too cruelly alert in his teaching; and the little ugly, snub-nosed boy, who sat through long night hours playing remarkably difficult music, and who was being educated to astonish the public —they were a strange trio, and it is no wonder that the neighbours stared and wondered.

It was by Ludwig's own wish that he was allowed to study the organ. His masters in this were the court organist, Van den Eeden, an old friend of his grandfather's, Christian Gottlob Neefe his successor, and, not least, a Franciscan monk called

Brother Willibald. His monastery was near by, and he took a great interest in the little boy whose father had such strange ideas on education.

Thus the reign of Herr Pfeiffer was broken.

Ludwig's half-killed musical spirit began to spread its wings feebly and rise again. Christian Neefe was a man of unusual talent, a very careful and accurate musician, and, being patient and methodical, just the teacher that Ludwig needed.

Van den Eeden and the good monk had helped him, but Neefe first aroused the absorbing interest in his work which comforted him through life.

He was ten years old when he went to Holland, with his mother on a concert tour. He hated it heartily, and though he was very successful from an artistic standpoint, they made very little money.

"I shall never go to Holland again!" he announced, on his return.

He continued his musical work most zealously. When he was twelve he was able to take Neefe's place at musical rehearsals, and at that age published a set of "Variations" on a popular march.

When Neefe left Bonn for a time Ludwig acted as his substitute and played the organ in the Court Chapel. His master proudly and affectionately called him his "young genius," and indeed the boy in his work as organist proved himself all that Neefe could have hoped.

But his improvisations and modulations during the service sometimes made great trouble, causing singers to lose the key! In this he was like Bach who confused the congregation by weaving "diverse strange tones" into the Chorales!

He was seventeen years old, very ungainly and ugly, and intensely ambitious, when he made up his mind to go to Vienna and meet Mozart. The great master represented all that was best in music at that day and Ludwig having adored his name all his life, longed to see him face to face, play for him, gain the honour of his opinion as to his ability, and perhaps receive one or two lessons from him.

So he went to Vienna, and presented himself. Mozart had several guests with him, but of course received the young musician with his peculiarly charming courtesy and asked him to play.

Young Beethoven, excited in spirit though sullen in appearance, played one of the pieces of music which are sometimes characterized as a "Concert piece."

Mozart thought the performance distinctly mechanical, — as though it had been learned especially for the occasion. Beethoven, watching the master's expressive face eagerly, and trying to read his thoughts, realized that Mozart was not pleased with him or with his performance, and his heart throbbed painfully.

Looking at the older musician with sudden decision, he quickly asked him to give him a theme upon which to improvise. Mozart did so in a preoccupied way. His mind was filled with the composition of his "Don Giovanni," and with the sorrow of his father's death; and he found it hard to concentrate his attention upon this young pianist.

Beethoven with that strange determination which dominated all the perplexities and trials of his life, began to play, — improvising, elaborating, making original and masterly variations upon the theme which Mozart had given him. He was painfully reserved, and his only eloquent speech was through his music, and so much of himself went into that improvisation, that Mozart, gazing at him, seemed to see him for the first time.

Those who were present knew that Mozart was interested and absorbed at last.

Mozart, the handsome, graceful young master, radiating the sunshine and nobility of genius, and a shadow, they tell us, — of thought, or yearning, or death that was soon to come, — softening, though not darkening his beautiful eyes; and the awkward, rugged youth, with heavy brows, rough, black hair, and glowing, passionate gaze; — they were as unlike as two human beings could be. Yet as Beethoven stopped playing, and looked up, I think they were one in thought.

"Mark that youth!" said Mozart, in a low tone, to some one present. "The world will hear of him some day."

So did Beethoven meet Mozart; but he was obliged to leave Vienna almost at once.

Word came to him that his mother was very ill, and he returned hurriedly to Bonn.

She had been the one element of love in his life. She had made the home, miserable as it was, still a home, for she was there. He was filled with terror at the news of her illness, and the journey seemed interminable.

His life was full of sorrows, — our great Beethoven, whom we worship and love. Perhaps they were necessary for him. At all events, he learned life's hard lessons very early. Soon after he reached Bonn his mother died, and his little sister followed her.

The world looked very dark to the boy. He had no time for any expression of grief, even had he wished to let any one know what he was feeling. His father was drinking more and more, there was hardly any money to be had, and there were two little brothers to support. So the luxury of undisturbed mourning was denied him.

In one of his letters is this simple paragraph: "There was once some one to hear me when I said 'Mother.' But to whom can I address that name

now? Only to the silent pictures of her which my fancy paints."

But there was some comfort in the friendship of a charming family named Bruening. Frau von Bruening had children of her own who were Ludwig's friends, — particularly Stephen von Bruening, one of the few people intimate with Beethoven. This good lady, Frau von Bruening, loved the silent unpopular boy dearly, and he sometimes spoke of her gratefully as his "second mother." Had it not been for her kind, bright influence, and the peace and loveliness of her home, life would have been unbearable to Beethoven.

She even laughed at him, in an affectionate way, which the boy did not mind. Indeed, this kindly banter had a most healthy effect upon his highly strung nature. When he was moody, preoccupied, and resolutely neglectful of the practical duties of life, Frau von Bruening after trying to rouse him by earnest words, would suddenly break off and cry, teasingly, — "Oh, he is in his *raptus* again!"

It grew to be a byword among these good friends, and "Ludwig's *raptus*" was the term which they all used to describe the rapt dreaminess which came over him at times.

No one respected these moments of inspiration more truly than Frau von Bruening. The whole Bruening family loved music, and delighted in hear-

ing Beethoven play. But he was obliged to give lessons to several important people in Bonn, and had many duties and responsibilities, — all of which he hated, preferring to dream, at the piano, in a rapture of improvisation. So, when Frau von Bruening wished to remind him of a lesson to which he must go, and could make no impression on him by argument, she resorted to laughing at his absentmindness or "*raptus*"! This usually answered, and Beethoven went to give his lessons!

Sometimes, now, he would have to follow his father about to try to take care of him, and to help him home. Once Johann Van Beethoven was arrested, and Ludwig, sick at heart, but very dignified and quiet in manner, explained matters to the police, made various promises, and, giving his arm to his father, led him away.

As he played the organ at Court, he had a certain social standing, of course, and the people of Bonn still remembered his good grandfather and were kindly disposed toward Ludwig. So he was often invited to fashionable houses, and sometimes Johann went with him. Usually before the evening was over, Ludwig was obliged to take his father home.

But in spite of these trials, if any outsider dared to hint at the situation, to speak of his father contemptuously, or to express the slightest pity for himself or his brothers, Ludwig was furious,

and by his stern, resentful silence showed his displeasure.

The new Elector, Maximilian Francis, was a man who loved all people and things artistic, and after watching the young musician, decided that he would be a distinct acquisition to any musical undertaking. So he engaged him to play the viola in the orchestra of a new Opera House which he had established. Everything which offered any possibility of bringing in a little money was acceptable to poor Beethoven, so he thankfully undertook the duties in the new orchestra.

One of his few friends was Count Waldstein, a young man eight years older than himself, with great enthusiasm and fair musical ability. He possessed perception and good sense as well, for he appreciated Beethoven's genius, and found him wonderfully interesting.

There is no doubt that Beethoven was interesting, but most people found him rough, sullen, and ungracious. The Count, however, seemed to reach the true and fine side of the young musician's nature, and he helped him in every way which his kind heart could suggest.

Beethoven was intensely proud, and would not allow Waldstein to give him money, so the young nobleman was obliged to resort to subterfuge, and screen himself behind the Elector, with whose assist-

ance he did succeed in helping his friend occasionally. He went often to the wretched room where Beethoven lived, and they had long talks together. And Beethoven opened his heart to him as he did to few people, and in after years dedicated to him one of the most beautiful of his Sonatas.

There was a certain merry young girl named Jeannette d'Honfrath, who knew the Bruenings very well and was often at their house. She was very fresh and pretty and sparkling, and had a shower of wonderful golden hair.

Beethoven was half in love with her for a time, — she was so sweet, and so dainty, and so deliciously light-hearted! But she teased him unmercifully, and found no place in her affections for the dark, taciturn young musician. She preferred the gay uniform and exciting career of an Austrian officer named Grath. So, laughing and shaking her yellow curls, she danced out of Beethoven's life.

Ludwig was very anxious to go to Vienna, to study with "Papa Haydn," and at last the Elector, — whether or not instigated by Waldstein we do not know, — made it possible for him to go.

So, when he was twenty-two, he arrived in Vienna, full of deeply burning, inextinguishable ambition, and began lessons with Haydn.

We know from the story of the latter that the

two men were never in sympathy, but undoubtedly the older master's teaching was of value to the younger. "Papa Haydn" was a very busy man, and Beethoven was extremely exacting, and they were too hopelessly dissimilar in all ways to have been friends. It is almost certain that in this Ludwig was to blame. His stern and dreary boyhood had given him an ungracious manner, and he was absolutely uncompromising and impolitic.

When Haydn went to England he left him under the tuition of Albrechtsberger, and that famous teacher could not understand him at all and held a very low opinion of him.

The young musician once made a meditative but startling remark, apropos of his studies, to this effect:

"I suppose it is a good thing to learn occasionally what is according to rule, that one may afterward come to what is contrary to rule."

The old teacher was deeply shocked. "Have nothing to do with him," he said later to some one who questioned him concerning the eccentric youth. "He has learned nothing, and will never do anything in decent style."

His apparent unconcern regarding what was "according to rule," makes his absolutely correct work the more remarkable. But, as he said himself in regard to this very accuracy in his music, ". . . I

felt that it must be so!" His instincts were better than all the rules of Albrechtsberger!

Meanwhile, he lived in Vienna, studied, wandered about, and suddenly found himself very nearly famous.

Vienna loved him at once. He was different from other people. He was heavy and strong, and his eyes were stormy. His manner was never artificial but absolutely honest and natural. He always spoke truth, and he cared nothing for traditions or superficial conventions. So, as he was a man who might some day be great,— they welcomed him with enthusiasm, and "Beethoven" became the topic of the hour. The Arch-Duke Rudolph, Prince Lobkowitz, and above all Prince Carl and Princess Christiane Lichnowsky, were all warm friends of Beethoven's. The Princess Christiane, it is said, would have placed him "under a glass case," to keep him safe from the sharp hurts of life. To Prince Carl, Beethoven dedicated three of his early trios.

He stayed in their house in Vienna for a time, when he was about twenty-four. At that date, the social standing of musicians was not high, though intellectual persons respected their calling. This was a source of discomfort to Beethoven, to whom anything approaching patronage was very bitter.

The Prince knew Beethoven's extreme sensitive-

ness, and told his servants that while Herr Beethoven was visiting him they must always make the composer the most important person in the house. If Herr Beethoven rang his bell and he rang his, as might happen, at the same time, Herr Beethoven's must be answered first.

In some way Beethoven heard of these directions, and his heart was sore and angry. He was not a child! Why should the Prince make special arrangements for fear of annoying him by neglect? Had it been possible, he would have rushed out of the house not to return, but he realized that that was out of the question.

He quietly went out and engaged a servant of his own. Probably he could barely afford it, but he felt more at ease, for now the Prince's household need not be disturbed on his account.

And he was certain he was doing what was right and proper, for he knew that gentlemen were supposed to have servants.

Vienna now became his home. There he lived and worked; there he composed his immortal music. There he was honoured and admired, and when he improvised, the effect was so profound "that," says Czerny, "frequently not an eye remained dry, while many hearers broke into loud sobs."

One of his earliest compositions was "Adelaide," one of the most beautiful love-songs ever written.

The words were written by Mattheson, and they are very poetical. But the music transfigures them from simple and charming verses to one of the most passionate apostrophes to an absent loved one ever written.

All the poetical feeling of Beethoven's nature was poured into the music which accompanies the words: —

"In the crystalline waves, in Alpine snow-crowns,
In the gold-gleaming mists where day is sinking,
In the fields where the stars are, shines thy picture —
Adelaide!

"Evening breezes among the young leaves rustle,
Silver bells of the May-time stir in the grasses,
Waters whisper, and nightingales flute softly —
Adelaide!"

In his music Beethoven was tender, imaginative, beauty-loving, prone to quick, magical changes of mood. In his ordinary life, his reputation for unbending demeanour, and for lack of good fellowship grew and grew. One who met him in society said of him that he was like a fine and in all ways exceptional man who had been born and brought up on a desert island and suddenly launched upon the social sea.

One may also perceive that Beethoven's standards were somewhat difficult to uphold in daily life, by the fact that when his cook told him a falsehood,

he informed her that she could not "be pure in heart, and therefore could not make good soup."

So, though he received much admiration, and could move the innermost hearts of men by his music, he was not popular, and led a very lonely life.

First and foremost, Beethoven was *alone*. He had few friends, and no good comrades. He did not know what "good comradeship" meant. Alas! he had not been trained for it, or for any of the simpler and brighter things of life, in the gray cold years when he fought against poverty, under the tuition of his father and Herr Pfeiffer.

His father had died not long after he himself had come to Vienna, his brothers were both living their own lives, far away from him, and were comparatively prosperous. So he had no one belonging to him, or with whom his lot was in any way associated.

No one doubted his sincerity, in Vienna, or the nobility of his heart, but he was too intolerant, too truthful, and too colossally powerful in spirit for long-continued everyday intercourse.

Yet, when the son of Dorothea Cæcilia, Baroness Ertmann, a Viennese society woman, died under very tragic circumstances, and she was in such sorrow that she would admit none of her many inquiring friends, she was willing to see Beethoven when he called.

When he entered the room where Madame Ertmann sat in stony grief, he simply said, "To-day we will talk in music." And then he began to play. Before he ceased she was weeping her first tears since the boy's death.

Years afterward, in talking to Mendelssohn, she spoke of the great man tenderly and gratefully, and said that when he played to her that day "he said everything" in his music.

Beethoven was always very careless of his health, and believed it to be weakness to allow illness to influence the mind. "Take courage!" he once wrote in his note-book. "In spite of all physical weakness my mind shall rule."

Owing to some characteristic imprudence, he caught a cold one day which, developing into a serious illness, was the beginning of his slowly increasing deafness.

The deafness was for a time merely an inconvenience, but it grew worse and worse. Now it was like "a little demon," he said, humming in his ear, now it was like the roar of the sea, shutting out the world.

He was afraid to mingle with people, for he would not admit his infirmity, and he soon found that he could not carry on any conversation easily. And as he did not tell his sorrow and his loneliness in words, he told it in his music.

And once in a letter which he wrote to his two brothers jointly, and which is known as "Beethoven's Will," he wrote these words:

"O ye men who consider or declare me to be hostile, obstinate, or misanthropic, what injustice ye do me! Ye know not the secret causes of that which to you wears such an appearance. . . . Patience, so I am told, I must choose for my guide. Steadfast, I hope, will be my resolution to persevere, till it shall please the inexorable Fates to cut the thread. . . . O God! Thou lookest down upon my misery, thou knowest that it is accompanied by love of my fellow-creatures and a disposition to do good."

The first time that he told any of his friends of his deafness was while he was taking a holiday in the country with his pupil and friend, Ferdinand Ries.

Beethoven loved the country passionately, and once said: "No one can conceive the intense happiness I feel in getting into the country, among the woods, my dear trees, the shrubs, hills, and dales. I am convinced that no one loves country life as I do. It is as if every tree and every bush could understand my mute inquiries and respond to them."

It was a lovely day when Beethoven and Ries were walking among "his dear trees." Beethoven had almost forgotten his grief in feeling the soft air, and in looking at the fresh growing things, all of which, he declared, seemed to cry out, "Holy! Holy! Holy!"

Suddenly a shepherd, close by, but hidden by the cool green shrubbery, began to play his pipe. It was the one touch needed to make the simple, pastoral scene perfect.

Ries stopped to listen, and looked at the master, feeling sure of his ready appreciation. But the fine face did not change, nor brighten; the eyes looked calmly, if sadly ahead. He had not heard. Suddenly he caught Ries's eyes, and perhaps guessing from his gaze that he had spoken to him, shook his head almost despairingly.

The story was soon told, — the story of his lonely endurance of his trial. When Ries told him of the shepherd's pipe, he knew that it was the unmistakable signal of the complete silence which was soon to enfold him.

Beethoven never married. There was one woman whom he wished to make his wife, but alas! she was too far above him in birth! He loved her with deep and passionate devotion, and dared to leap the generally accepted distance between them by asking her to marry him. But she was a Gräfin or Countess in her own right, and her family was very ancient and very aristocratic, and Beethoven was only a poor musician. So the romance passed, like the romances of so many of our great masters.

She was the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, and she was only sixteen years old and very beautiful.

To her he dedicated his famous "Moonlight Sonata," and it is said that many more of his compositions were written for her.

The consciousness that she loved him brought joy into the lonely heart of Beethoven. Once more life held hope for him. But a marriage of expediency was arranged between Giulietta and the young Count Gallenberg, and one terrible day they were married, and she went away with him to Italy, and, they say, was so unhappy that her heart was almost broken. But she became a very fashionable Italian lady, and lived her life bravely.

And that is the story of the Countess Giulietta.

After Beethoven died, several unaddressed letters were found among his papers. They were to some one whom he loved very dearly, evidently, and whom he called his "immortal loved one." No one knows to whom they were written, but it has been said that it was Giulietta. The day before the Countess's wedding Beethoven wrote to Macco, the artist: ". . . .You shall paint, and I shall compose music. In this way we shall be immortal; yea, perhaps live forever!"

In this way did he shut disappointment out of his life and devote his thoughts to his work.

He admired Napoleon intensely, and followed the history of his fortunes with deep interest. He felt that in that man, of poor and obscure birth, working

his way up to fame through sheer personal strength and will, was a kindred spirit, and when at thirty-four he composed his great Third Symphony, he wrote on the title-page two names: "Napoleon Bonaparte" and "Louis van Beethoven." Such was the highest tribute which he could pay him, — the dedication of the symphony in which he had so finely portrayed the struggles and the triumphs of a hero.

The copy was all ready to go to the publishers when the news reached Vienna that Napoleon had been proclaimed Emperor of the French.

Beethoven was thunderstruck. He had thought of his hero as a disinterested, ideal type of man, and it did not suit his high conception of him to have him accept the imperial title.

"Can it be that he is no more than an ordinary man?" he said, angrily and sorrowfully. "Now he, like others, will trample all human rights under foot, serve only his ambition, and become a tyrant!"

He lifted the manuscript symphony from the table and, pulling off the title-page, tore it in pieces. Never again did he refer to that dedication.

When it was published it was dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz. And it bore the inscription:

"*Sinfonia Eroica* (Heroic Symphony), composed to celebrate the memory of a great man."

And it is as the "Eroica" that we know it to-day.

Beethoven had a strong man's appreciation of strength, and longing for mental contests with his equals. When he was told of Napoleon's victory at Jena, he was deeply excited. He forgot his horror of tyranny. His eyes flashed and kindled, his hands were clenched, and he said slowly:

"It is a pity I do not understand war as I do music. If I did," — and he spoke with conviction, —"I certainly would conquer that man!"

He was thirty-five when he wrote his one opera, "Fidelio," or as it was first called, "Leonore." This was the work for which he wrote four overtures, each, avers Schumann, more beautiful than the last. Beethoven poured his soul into the sublime music as he had never before poured it into any creation. And it stands to-day one of the world's masterpieces. Some people have questioned its success as an opera, but there is but one opinion as to the inspiration of the music. And the music in which "Leonore's" character is described is dramatic and philosophic, epic and symphonic, all in one. Never has the eternal womanliness, the "*ewige weibliche*" of which Goethe speaks, been so truly immortalized in music, save, in later years, by Richard Wagner. The two masters stand close together, in this as in other respects.

The great Goethe was one of Beethoven's close friends. But probably they would never have met had it not been for an intermediate "mutual friend," who recognized their equality in genius and brought them together. For Goethe was not a great lover of music in general, though some compositions affected him profoundly.

This was the way in which Beethoven met the Poet Prince.

One day Beethoven was rapt in his usual musical dreams, — his "*raptus*," in short. Outside, the "silver bells of the May-time" were stirring in the grasses. It was spring, — and such a beautiful spring! One might have fancied that all the sprites from fairyland were abroad, dancing in at sombre city windows and luring the imaginative soul to the country, where the goblins were rioting among the young trees.

And certainly some sprites were abroad that May day!

For while Beethoven worked two ladies were announced. One of these, who introduced herself as Madame Savigny, was a well-bred, but not unusual person, and was known in Viennese society as the wife of a prominent lawyer. But the other — what an odd little lady she was! And what an extraordinarily charming one! She was, she said, Madame Savigny's sister; but she was so unique in

herself that no one cared who her family might be. She had a small, sparkling face, profoundly expressive eyes, and a delightful way of speaking. And her name was Bettina Brentano.

Remarkable little Bettina, what was the magic that somehow turned you into an elf, now and then, and carried you into the admiring friendship of such men as Ludwig van Beethoven, and of the immortal Goethe? Who knows? You have been gone so long!

That day, Beethoven played and sang to his visitors, sang his "Kennst du das Land," with so much expression that Bettina forgot the ugliness and tonelessness of his strange voice. As he looked up he saw her face flushed and excited, and two stars of delight in her eyes. He was pleased, for most of his hearers grew sentimental and tearful over his music. Here was a keen artistic appreciation.

"Ah!" he exclaimed quickly, "most people are touched by such things. But they have not the artist's nature! Artists are fiery, and may not weep."

So began the friendship of Beethoven and Bettina, which was a real relief in the sombre life of the great man. She was brilliant and sympathetic, and she worshipped the very name of music. She was one of Goethe's intimate friends, and after meeting

Beethoven in that whimsical fashion, she wrote the poet as follows:

"Sunrise finds him at his blessed day's work, and at sunset he is as busy as at early morning. He forgets even his daily food. O Goethe! no Emperor or King is as conscious of his power and of the fact that all power proceeds from him, as is this man Beethoven!"

After that, Goethe, pleased with the description, invited him to visit him. So came together these two grand figures in the history of great men.

Beethoven's deafness increased continually. While he was conducting "Fidelio," he first realized his agony to the full. He made several errors in conducting, owing to his inability to hear the orchestra, and at last his affectionate friend Schindler with a sore heart, was obliged to tell him of the fact. Beethoven's face, when he grasped the humiliation, was terrible to see.

"Let us get out of here!" he said. And he almost fled from the opera-house. When he was forty-five a new responsibility came into his life. His brother Carl died, leaving a widow and a son. This woman was not a very wise nor a very sensible mother, and Beethoven remembering the horrors of his own dreary childhood, quietly offered to support his nephew.

Little Carl now became as his own son, and was his chief interest in life. He expended his thought

and care upon his education and pleasure. He tried his best to make him happy and good. He hoarded all his money for him, all, that is, which he had not given away! Never did there live a more generous man than Beethoven. His brother Johann sometimes applied for funds, and never in vain. When a charity concert was to be given, Beethoven was always the first to offer his services. There is even a report that once when Count Gallenberg (who married Giulietta) was in need of money, Beethoven came anonymously to his assistance.

He laid aside the sum of nine thousand florins for "his boy." This money meant many years of hard and sometimes bitter work and much privation. Though he was often on the brink of starvation, after that, he never touched the nine thousand florins, but preserved them rigidly for his adopted son. But the boy, alas! disappointed him on every side. He drank, he gambled, he involved himself in every possible kind of trouble. And he had no affection nor gratitude for the uncle who gave him everything. In after years Carl van Beethoven explained his conduct by a remarkable statement to the effect that the reason he was not good was because his uncle wished to make him better!

So the years grew harder and harder for Beethoven. When he wrote his Ninth Symphony, he

was fifty-four and worn in body and spirit. Under the bars of music in which he had expressed the yearning of a whole world of human beings, he wrote the noble words of Schiller's "Ode to Joy." The words were to be sung by a chorus whose voices should mingle with the tones of the orchestra, making the Symphony the *human* thing which he would have it. So it is known to us as the "Choral Symphony."

One of the greatest triumphs of his artistic career was the concert given in Vienna on May 7th, 1824, the famous concert at which his "Missa Solemnis" and the Ninth Symphony were performed, the latter for the first time.

All aristocratic Vienna engaged boxes, and the concert was talked of with much anticipation for a long time beforehand. Beethoven determined to conduct it himself in spite of his deafness, and he did so, having learned dreary wisdom since "Fidelio," and taking more minute care.

The singers engaged for the mass adored Beethoven and sang the glorious but almost unsingable music with perseverance.

When, in rehearsals, the solos would go badly, and Fräulein Sontag and Fräulein Unger would have given all they possessed to have had the obdurate master alter their parts, Fräulein Sontag would look at the resolute, but disturbed face of Beethoven,

and would cry bravely, — "In God's name let us torment ourselves a little longer, and try again!"

As a result they sang perfectly when the time came.

The evening was one of deep interest for all Beethoven's friends. They hurried to the concert-hall, and there was not one vacant seat in the house. Beethoven, quite characteristically, had sent personal invitations to all the Court, — thereby lessening his receipts, of course!

The servant who helped him dress that night for the occasion remarked humorously that he supposed he must wear his green coat. "For oh! my great master," he sighed, "not one black dress-coat do you possess!"

So, in his green coat, Beethoven, worn and ill but dignified, conducted his concert. The house was full of his friends. There was Prince Carl Lichnowsky, eager and devoted, listening to every note with profound attention and spreading to others his friendly zeal. There was the excellent Schuppanzigh, celebrated for his great size and weight, and for the comic canon written for him by Beethoven. There was Schindler, — there were all the many warm friends who loved the master and had come to see his triumph. Madame Ertmann, in one of the Court boxes, wept at the spectacle of the deaf master conducting. Indeed, many pitiful tears

were shed in the audience that night. Even the singers upon the stage watched his bâton with full eyes.

When the great Symphony was played the enthusiasm of the people could scarcely be restrained, and at the close a wave of passionate applause, — of clapping and of cheers, — of "bravos," and also of sobs, — surged up from the deeply touched listeners. And Beethoven could not hear. The wonderful tones of his Symphony had sounded in an outside world. He, in the great silence, moved his bâton, conducting the measures which his mind knew so well, but which he could never hear in this world. And the applause beat unnoticed against his ears.

Then the singer Caroline Unger, with tears rolling down her cheeks, came up to him and turned him gently so that he faced the audience. And, seeing their gestures and the flutter of handkerchiefs, he knew that they were applauding him, and bowed to them.

He had hoped that the concert would bring him a little money, for he was sorely in need of it. But the receipts were ridiculously small. Owing to the many subscription tickets, Beethoven's invitations, and the expenses involved, Beethoven received but four hundred and twenty florins. Less than two hundred dollars, for the greatest musical event in many years!

When he realized this he seemed crushed as though by a blow. He was much exhausted, but would eat nothing. That night he spent on the sofa dressed in his old green coat.

He became less and less strong as time went on. Anxiety about Carl broke down the iron strength of his fortitude, and the poet Rellstab says that he had "a kindly look but also a look of suffering."

And Schindler writes: "Evidences of the deepest pain were plainly to be seen in his bent attitude." But he says again: "He knew how to rise superior to his fate, and his whole character wore an antique dignity."

Carl became more and more dissipated, and at one time was under arrest. Beethoven was well-nigh heart broken. He reproached the boy, — particularly for the falsehoods he told him, — for deceit was of all things the hardest for Beethoven's truthful spirit to pardon. But in his deep love he forgave him, time after time. And this is the form in which he wrote to the boy who had lied to him, dishonoured his name, and met his love with ingratitude:

"Dear Son, — I feel very weak and solitary. My weakness often amounts to a swoon. Oh, do not further grieve me! . . . If it is too hard a task for you to come and see me, give it up; but if you can, by any possibility, come . . . let us not refer to the past!"

He was indeed "very weak and solitary," in those days. And he felt overpoweringly weary all the time. Small things required a great effort on his part, and his nerves were so sensitive that he suffered from the smallest inconveniences.

"I hope still to bring a few great works into the world," he said once, when he was inexpressibly tired, "and then, like an old child, to end my earthly course somewhere among good people."

This wish is the more pathetic when we learn how he died.

On Carl's account uncle and nephew left Vienna, and went to visit Johann van Beethoven, the master's brother, at Krems. It seems hard to believe it, but while the old musician was in his brother's household, he was treated carelessly and almost brutally. The weather was cold, but he was allowed no fire,—for economy's sake, said Johann. The food was bad and insufficient and Beethoven, whose illness had long been serious, grew gradually worse from neglect.

When he and Carl went back to Vienna, he found that Johann had kept a very rigid account during his stay, and expected to be paid a generous sum for his brother's board!

The journey from Krems was a cold one, for it was in December, but Johann said that he could not spare the closed carriage, and so the master,

worn, ill, and bitterly hurt at heart, was forced to travel in an open chaise.

The dampness and cold of the journey, as well as the trials he had endured at Krems, brought him nearer and nearer the end. When he reached home he went to bed and never again rallied.

Carl forgot to send for a doctor. Or if he did not forget, he purposely neglected to do so. After a time the master asked Dr. Braunhofer to come, but the physician sent back an excuse, — it was too far, or he was too busy, or some such reason. Then Dr. Staudenheim was summoned. But he too could not, or would not come. Beethoven was poor, and old, and the busy world could not stop, to be concerned over the illness of a poverty-stricken musician!

A doctor carelessly recommended by one of Carl's billiard-room friends did arrive, but he was an ignorant man, and did more harm than good. And the care which was taken of him by Carl was naturally not very great!

When that young man enlisted, and left his uncle forever, which he quickly did, Beethoven's loving friends came to the rescue, and he was at last nursed tenderly, and attended by competent physicians.

But there was no hope. Every one knew that the end had come, and that the master was soon to go

forth upon the untried ways that lead beyond the world.

Young Franz Schubert was admitted to his room by the watchers, and he never forgot the picture of the great man, patient, grand and silent, waiting for the end.

Schindler, and Stephen von Bruening with his little son, Gerhard Bruening, were with him continually, doing all that could be done to prolong the minutes of life. Not long before he died, Beethoven looked from one to the other with a strange expression of triumph.

"Plaudite, amici!" he said in clear, strong, exultant tones, — "Comœdia finita est!" ("Rejoice with me, O friends! The comedy is finished!")

On the twenty-sixth of March, at sundown, a thunderstorm rent the air of Vienna. Snow and hail fell furiously, beating against the windows as though strange wild spirits were striking the glass. A mad wind shrieked about the houses, moaned restlessly in the chimneys, and swept, calling fierce messages, over the city.

Were they mourning, or exulting, those wild storm-voices? Were they crying — crying in many tones and keys, that Beethoven lay dying?

Suddenly all heaven was brilliant with a flash of white lightning. And as it quivered away into the

stormy darkness, there rolled, in terrific reverberations near and far, a great crash of thunder.

The master opened his eyes wide, with a strange light in them. Then he lifted his hand high above him, and shook it with a grand gesture, as though greeting some Visitor.

The thunder died away in long muttering echoes.

Beethoven was dead.

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF BEETHOVEN

9 Symphonies: These are almost universally acknowledged to be the composer's greatest achievements, — unless we except "Fidelio" and its "Four Overtures." The Symphonies are in C, D, E♭ (Eroica), B♭, C minor, F (Pastoral), A, F, and D minor (Choral). The fifth (or C minor) Symphony is the one of which Beethoven said the first movement was the knocking of the hand of Fate upon the door. It moved the old poet Goethe more deeply than almost any other music. Each of the symphonies has a particular deep meaning and effect upon the listener, — but the greatest is the ninth, — the "Choral Symphony."

"Fidelio": an opera.

Four Overtures to "Fidelio": — known as the *Leonore Overtures.*

Other Overtures: The names of the best known are "*Coriolanus,*" "*King Stephen,*" and "*Ruins of Athens.*"

Quartets; and other concerted music for stringed instruments.

Sonatas: Each of these is a miniature symphony. The C♯

minor is the one which was dedicated to Giulietta Guicciardi and is called the "*Moonlight Sonata.*" The Sonata dedicated to Waldstein, and often called the "*Waldstein,*" is the one in C. Those in C minor and F minor are known respectively as the "*Pathétique*" and the "*Appassionata.*"

"**Christ on the Mount of Olives**": This was Beethoven's only Oratorio.

2 Masses: The "*Missa Solemnis,*" in D, is the better known of these.

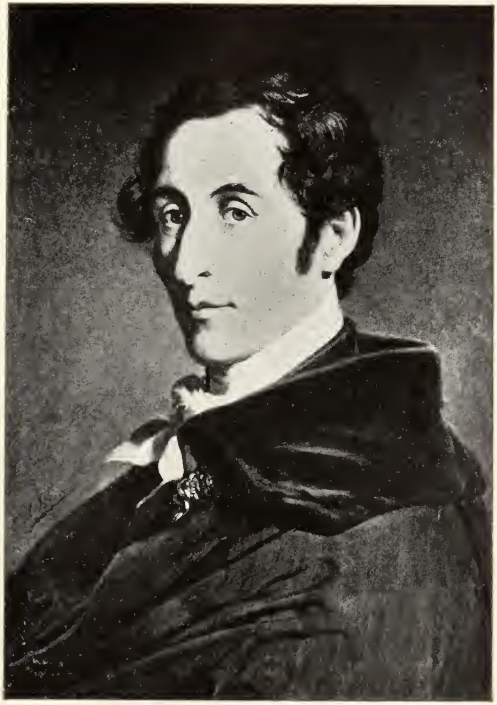
Carl María Friedrich Ernst, Freiherr von Weber

Born Dec. 18th, 1786. Died (aged 40) June 4th, 1826

THE fairy Romance, in hunting over the world for one who would sing her praises in fitting tones, found in Germany a child named Carl Maria, the son of a race of nobles, entitled Von Weber. The boy was poetical, dreamy, versatile, — he should become the Apostle of Romance! So she appointed him the chosen Knight, and flew away whence she came.

The title "Freiherr" means, literally Free Lord, and is a remnant of those feudal days when some men were bound and slaves, and others were free, and lords. The title in the case of the Webers was granted to them at the close of the sixteenth century by the Emperor Ferdinand II., — they having property and requiring authority and protection.

They were a careless race, these Von Webers, and apparently thought little of their rank as nobles of Germany. Now and then one would ignore the "Freiherr" and drop the "von," — notably Fridolin, the father of Constance Weber, Mozart's



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wife. They were all lovers of the stage, — all rovers, — and often were scarcely more than strolling-players, — though they always asserted that they were making "musical and dramatic tours."

And of all of them Franz Anton, Carl's father, was the most erratic and the most prone to wandering. He went to the war, and fought merrily, under the Elector Palatine, against the army of Frederick the Great. Then he was wounded, and had to choose a more tranquil profession. He became Steward to a Prince Bishop, and Court Councillor at Steuerwald, — but, as he insisted upon walking about the fields playing his violin, and thus neglecting his duties, naturally he was dismissed!

He was a widower with a large family, but he wished to become a travelling musician and he did so. He married a young girl whose first name only is known to us, — Genoveva. She had a fairly good voice, and helped the family funds by singing. Genoveva was Carl's mother, and Carl was born in Eutin, where his father was temporarily director of the town band.

A year later the whole family were off again. This time Franz Anton, Freiherr von Weber, was the manager of a theatrical troupe, in which were all of his children who were old enough! So Carl's earliest memories were of hastily moved scenery, and wagon-loads of "properties," his young mother, and his

merry grown-up step-sisters arrayed in the gay costumes of various plays and light operas, and his father wandering about, playing his violin. What an odd merry life they led, these irresponsible Webers! — Nothing disturbed any one of them, and they all loved their roving life, except, perhaps, Genoveva, who was not strong, and who did not have the Weber blood in her veins.

So the merry years danced by, and the troupe passed from place to place; and at their brief stopping-place they would each do what pleased him or her best! The unpractical, but charming Freiherr von Weber would sit with his violin in his hands, playing away such uncomfortable trifles as debts, failures, inconveniences, and other annoying details. The older boys, Fritz and Edmund, would sing, laugh, perhaps practise on their own violins, and keep the place in a general uproar. The girls would try on theatrical finery or rehearse their parts. They were not unlike the Crummles family of Dickens, save that while they and their "leading lady," Miss Snevellici, looked too constantly on the sordid side of their professional life, the delightful Freiherr would not permit his family ever to contemplate aught save its ideal points, — an error, by the way, quite as disastrous as that of the Crummles.

The only person who did think and worry a little over the problems of existence, and the prosaic and

practical points ignored by her husband was probably the unfortunate Genoveva. She coughed sometimes, and her colour was too brilliant; and, had any one noticed, they must have realized that before long she would not be with the troupe.

Between violin-flourishes the Freiherr Franz Anton tried to teach Carl music, but the child did not seem able even to understand the first simple principles. And Fritz, laughing heartily at the bewilderment of his small brother, once remarked, from his heights of musical knowledge, — "You may be anything else you like, Carl, — but a musician you never will be!"

When, however, Carl was placed under the instruction of a more patient and accurate teacher than his changeable, brilliant father, his musical taste began to awaken. What he could not understand in the midst of the many excitements of their strolling life, he did slowly grasp in the quiet room of Herr Heuschkel. This was the teacher to whom his father sent him, while they were in Hilburghausen. But they were soon on the road again, — to Carl's sorrow, for he had grown to love his lessons with the careful, if unimaginative musician.

The years passed; — Carl, for a very short time, studied under Michael Haydn, a brother of "Papa Haydn," and under his teaching composed his first

fugues. But this was between the journeys, so his work was hurried.

One bitter March, Genoveva died, worn out perhaps by the nervous restless life so dear to the heart of her husband; and soon afterward the troupe was disbanded.

The Freiherr Franz Anton, having grown weary of dramatic matters, now settled himself and his family in Munich. To gain dignity as a private gentleman, he spoke of himself as a retired officer, and insisted upon being called "Major Von Weber." As a matter of fact he was no more a major than Carl,— having never especially distinguished himself during his short service under the Elector Palatine. However, his picturesque mind did not hesitate at stretching a point, as we see by this grandiloquent statement of his: "I have bid good-bye to the good old theatre, and have returned, though without pay, to my old military life!"

He and Carl grew much interested in lithography, and Carl imagined that he could invent improvements in the art, so they went to Freiberg, Saxony, where the new enterprise could be carried on successfully. Nothing came of the lithographic scheme, but Carl wrote and produced in Freiberg his opera "Das Waldmädchen."

The Freiherr Franz Anton succeeded in antagonizing everybody that they met in Freiberg, and Carl,

who would have liked to mix with musicians, found himself much hampered by his eccentric father.

Carl was thirteen at this time, and "Das Waldmädchen" was his second opera, though the first which requires mention. From it he afterwards took portions to use in his "Silvana," but it was, as he said later, "a very immature production."

The next year he wrote another opera, "Peter Schmoll," — also lacking in originality. He declared later that the stories he had heard of the great masters as children had over-stimulated his ambition.

The illustrious example of such prodigies, for instance, as his idol, Mozart, inspired him to do likewise. But his was a genius which ripened only as his own nature matured and developed. There was nothing abnormal in its growth.

All this time he and Franz Anton were wandering about from place to place. Never were there two such rovers! Carl had much of his father's restlessness, though, luckily, none of that changeableness which made the old Freiherr so picturesque but so unstable!

Carl was always delicate, and gave the observer the impression of being lost in dreams. His eyes were large and of a very deep blue; — his forehead was particularly handsome, being broad and intellectual, — his manners were full of the grace yet nervousness of a pecularly sensitive nature. He was

never imposing, and was never considered good-looking. Beethoven, who admired his work, called him good-naturedly "ein Männchen" ("a mannikin"). His face was too long and delicate, his slender figure too fragile, is colouring too pale; but when he spoke in that soft, deeply expressive voice of his, and the quick, charming changes of thought passed over his face, no one denied that he was attractive.

When he was seventeen he went to Vienna and there met the famous Abbé Vogler, who was struck by the boy's charm and musical feeling, and encouraged him to devote himself to the study of composition. So Carl became an inmate of Vogler's house and studied with him.

If you have not heard of the Abbé Vogler you have an interesting person with whom to become acquainted. He was a composer, — though in this field he never reached great heights of fame; he was a musical theorist and harmonist of renown; he was a wonderful organist; he was a great organ-builder. He understood organs as physicians understand the mechanism of the human frame. He loved them and worked over them; and it is this side of his versatile musical life which is celebrated in Browning's poem "Abt Vogler." The Abbé, or Abt Vogler, in this poem, is a noble and beautiful being, — how truly painted we know not,

— and he sits at the great instrument he has planned, —

"Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk."

Some people have called him a charlatan in music and a pretender, — saying that he knew much less about the subject than he said he knew, and that he made use of his reputation merely to serve his own ends, and not for the glory of his art. But Carl did not find this Vogler, while he stayed in his house and worked with him. He found a brilliant, scholarly Abbé, — a musician of power, — a master to be revered; he saw a strange and eccentric but deeply forceful and gifted man; and he said of him, later:

"May I succeed in placing before the world a clear idea of his rare psychological development, to his honour, and the instruction of young artists."

It was on an October evening, when Carl had not been long in the Abbé's house, that his master first showed him proof of his complete trust in him.

They had been talking together, — the vigorous, keen-eyed Abbé and the delicate boy, — and Vogler had been astonishing Carl by his interesting and vivid conversation. Outside the October wind was blowing, its low, pitiful murmur accompanying their voices.

Suddenly the Abbé sprang up and rushed into an inner room, locking the door after him. Carl was surprised, but life with his father had inured him to most human vagaries, and he waited tranquilly for Vogler's return.

When the door finally opened, the Abbé came out with a great package of papers which, with the air of a conspirator, he brought to the piano. First he swore Carl to secrecy, and then with a quick look at the frank, sensitive face of his young pupil, sat down, took some sheets of music from the package, and began to play.

We are told that the Abbé Vogler's early performances on the harpsichord used to drive everyone out of the house by their fury and volume. That evening the walls of the house seemed positively to shake, and Carl was really much impressed, — quite as much by the personality of the performer as by the music, which was Vogler's overture to "Samori."

He had been composing "Samori" with the utmost secrecy, and had long been searching for a trustworthy secretary to copy it. He told Carl that he wished him to undertake the work, and the boy was delighted. So the evening ended with mutual pleasure and was the beginning of much affection between the two.

With his studies and his work as musical secre-

tary, the days passed swiftly for Carl, — particularly as the Abbé was a most entertaining companion. As Carl wrote a friend in Salzburg he was "enjoying himself like the devil!"

He met "Papa Haydn," then an old man, who was very kind to him. He also met Beethoven who had not yet reached his zenith of greatness, but the two composers were absolutely antagonistic, and never liked one another. Beethoven was colossal, tragic, and rude and rough at times as the great rocks over which the mountain torrents thunder. Weber was romantic, — the priest of Nature in her poetic moods, of secret woodlands, and twilight on mist-veiled waters, of meadows under the stars, where night-spirits pass home on the cold winds, and of moonlit places where the elves flit, and yet are gone when man looks to see.

When Carl left the Abbé Vogler, he led a life eminently characteristic of the Weber family, — first in Breslau, as theatrical manager, then at Schloss-Carlsruhe, as Music Director under the Duke Eugene of Würtemberg, — finally private secretary to the King's brother, Duke Ludwig of Würtemberg.

Now of all lives none could have been worse for Carl, — at least so far as his musical work was concerned. Duke Ludwig's court was one in which there was little cultivation, no standard, and much

dissipation. Gambling and drinking were the chief diversions of the courtiers, and Duke Ludwig was always in debt; for he and all his suite lived with an extravagance ruinous even to their well-filled pocket-books. Carl, as Freiherr von Weber, was expected to join the other young noblemen in their amusements, and, being as yet only a boy, he did as they suggested, drank a great deal of wine, lost money, and did many things which he profoundly regretted afterwards.

Duke Ludwig, when he found himself too hopelessly in debt, sent Carl on begging errands to his brother, King Frederick. Each time the King was more angry than before, and each time rated the messenger furiously. Carl knew that it was simply ill-nature, as it was folly to rail at him for the Duke's misdeeds, and at first merely felt contempt for the man who could so entirely forget that he was royal. But one day His Majesty expressed himself in such particularly outrageous language that Carl, who, after all, was Freiherr von Weber, and entitled to a certain courtesy even from the King, turned on his heel and walked out of the cabinet, more furious than he had ever been before.

As he started down the corridor, an old woman drew near from the opposite direction. Meeting a very hurried and indignant young man, with blazing eyes, she rather diffidently accosted him.

"Can you tell me where I can find the washerwoman?" she asked.

"There," said the young man, who was very white and breathing quickly. "Those are the apartments of the royal washerwoman." He pointed to the King's cabinet as he spoke, and went down the corridor.

When that unfortunate old woman entered the room, she found the King pacing the floor, and she was met with a positive torrent of wrath. Hastily, and in great terror, she explained that "the young gentleman just without" had thus directed her!

The King was wild with rage. He gave command that Carl, Freiherr von Weber, should be placed under arrest and kept there. Duke Ludwig, however, interceded for his secretary, and temporarily all went well. But one evening, partly owing to some strange folly of his father's, and partly to the King's hatred, Carl was arrested. He was preparing to bring out his new opera "Silvana," at the time, and was actually in the theatre at the moment of the arrest.

The Webers, father and son, were promptly exiled from Würtemberg by King Frederick, who was delighted to be revenged upon Carl for his insolence.

For a short time Carl stayed in Mannheim, where, among other interesting persons, he met

Giacomo Meyerbeer, a gifted young Jew, of whom we shall hear more later. But the same year found him again with his old friend, the Abbé Vogler, in Darmstadt, where the Abbé was now living. This time he did not take regular lessons, but he lived in the master's house, profiting by his general influence, and composing under his direction. There again he met Giacomo Meyerbeer, and they became close friends.

"Ah, how sorry I should have been," cried the Abbé Vogler one day, "if I had to leave the world before I formed those two. There is within me a something which I have never been able to call forth, but those two will do it!"

Weber and Meyerbeer were almost the opposite poles of musical thought; but perhaps this explains their friendship, for the temperament of one served as a complement to that of the other.

At this time Carl von Weber's ideal was Mozart. When he saw an autograph of the great master's, he sank on his knees and kissed it most reverently. His eyes were full of tears when he rose.

"Happy the paper," he whispered, "on which his hand has rested."

Carl's wanderings soon began again, for he could not remain long in one place. The roving blood in each and every Freiherr von Weber was too strong for him! These are a few of the places

visited by him during the next year: Mannheim, Giessen, Hanau, Aschaffenburg, Würzburg, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Munich (where his biographers say, with apparent pride, that he actually remained for five months!), Prague, Dresden, Leipzig, Gotha (where he met Spohr, the composer), Weimar, and Berlin! We must in fact skip much of his life, for to follow him carefully through all his travels would fill many volumes.

He composed, and occasionally gave lessons. One of his most distinguished pupils was a Princess Maria Paulovna, of whom he wrote to a friend: —

"The Princess often says that she does not believe that she will ever play the sonata properly as long as she lives. If she were not a Princess, I should be at liberty to tell her that I *fully* agree with her!"

He also taught the soldiers in the barracks near one of the Berlin gates to sing part-songs of his composition. Wherever he went he composed a piece of music, or gave a concert, — or perhaps merely went to the theatre and commented unfavourably upon the performance (and he should have known something of the theatre if there is anything in early association!); but he always did something, for his restless spirit demanded occupation.

The old Freiherr von Weber died when Carl was twenty-six. He felt his loss keenly, for the eccen-

tric but thoroughly lovable old man had been the object of his whole affection. He was away at the time, and thus the grief was the deeper. But the Freiherr Franz Anton had lived a long life, and lived it to the full, and for what merrier lot can one pray? Certainly that was Carl's thought as he contemplated his father's memory, recalling none of his follies but only that light-hearted love of adventure and of life, which had endeared him to all his family.

So let us leave the wayward old Freiherr, — who after all never was old, — to his deep slumber with his forefathers, and try to follow, as best we may, the fortunes of the young Freiherr.

At this time Carl was in love with a young actress of soubrette rôles named Caroline Brandt. She was pretty, bright, attractive and really talented, but looked upon the arts merely in a mercantile light; and, for Weber, who every year grew more grave and serious and gentle, her frivolous views were a little hard to bear. However, his love for her was strong enough to surmount the difference in their ideas, and when he was thirty he married her, she having, after a long struggle, consented to give up the stage. His friends were not very sanguine as to the young people's future, for the Webers were celebrated for their inability to keep out of debt, and the little woman he married

was as extravagant as Carl himself. But all their evil prophecies were unfulfilled.

In spite of sundry changes of mind before their marriage, Lina, as he called her, really loved her romantic husband, and became a most staunch and loving wife.

Not long after his marriage Weber wrote "Der Freischütz," one of the greatest of German operas, in which the supernatural is painted in music as perhaps no composer, save later, Wagner, has succeeded in painting it. The story of the arch-fiend's struggle to win a human soul is as old as any legend or belief, but in Weber's opera it is vitalized by music in which we literally seem to feel the ghostly terror of the dark Wolf's Glen, which is the scene of the demoniac bargaining for Max's soul. Then came the delicious gipsy music which he wrote for Wolff's drama "Preciosa." "Euryanthe" followed, and finally came "Oberon," which was written by request, for England. Thus all his masterpieces were written after his marriage, so Lina certainly must have changed her views and helped, not hindered his work, for they were always together. "Euryanthe" was his own favourite, though unfortunately the public has never accepted it with the enthusiasm which greeted "Der Freischütz." The earlier opera, while it dealt with the supernatural was still the *human conception* of the super-

natural. The characters were real and living; they lived among the Harz mountains, they were simple huntsmen and peasant maidens, and if his Satanic Majesty entered, it was in the guise in which men think of him on lonely roads at night. But "Euryanthe," — how changed the scene! Here we have ladies and knights, pale spirits, haunted tombs, and lonely gardens, all the traditional elements of romance! Still, in spite of the difference in subject, the people liked it, and indeed Weber was now as celebrated as he could have wished to be. All these great works require long description and analysis, but we can only quote the words of the deaf master, Beethoven, who, in reading one of Weber's operas, looked up in great excitement, exclaiming as he struck the score almost desperately with his hand "Such music should be heard!"

As Weber grew older the old restless, roving spirit was stilled. He loved his wife and children and was quite happy with them in his home. His chief concern was their welfare, and he welcomed success, principally because it assured ample provision for them after his death.

His manner was one of great dignity and sweetness. Great people who met him were always impressed by his gentleness and charm, and by his knightly courtesy. Chief among his friends were Spohr, Carl Löwe the ballad composer, and above

all Jean Paul Richter, whom he admired deeply. The crowned heads of various countries welcomed him warmly at court, and he was always an enthusiastic Royalist, in spite of his popularity with the people.

His success was a great surprise to the friends who had known him in his boyhood, when he was roving about with his father, or wasting time in Duke Ludwig's court.

After one of the rehearsals of "Euryanthe," he and a friend were leaving the theatre. As the composer came out an enthusiastic crowd greeted him with cheers and waving hats.

"Weber," exclaimed his amazed friend, "are you really a celebrated man?"

"Oberon" the loveliest of fairy operas was his last great work. Here his delicious imagination had full play. "Oberon" is the supreme music of fancy. The elves circle in the moonlight, the sea-nymphs sing among the pearl-crowned waves, Puck, with his flower sceptre, laughs at mankind, and Oberon broods in the woodlands, a figure of graceful melancholy.

Had the master lived longer, who knows what great works we might have had, but he died when only forty-six, and left far too little behind him. He was the last of the "immortal seven," — Händel, Bach, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven,

and Weber, — Germany's great septet of musical genius. In him the old order gave place to the new.

He crowned many classic forms with flower-garlands, and at the same time was one of the first to lead musicians to the old elf-haunted world, and point thither, seeming to say: "There is your music, catch the wayward magic of life, — the old sweet beliefs in fays and sprites and good and bad spirits, and the poetry that is in human hearts, and put it all into sound; — and behold! — your Romantic School is formed!"

He died in England, whither he had gone by request to conduct his "Oberon." He was away from his own people, and the loneliness of the strange land and strange faces surely made the passing harder. But he had a little saying, which during his last years he repeated often: "As God will!" And, fortified by this, he fought his pathetic longing for Germany, and Lina, and the children, and his old friends, — and died.

Surely all the fairies which he had evoked from the obscurity of many years, — the bright elves, the mystical water-spirits, the dark beings of the dense green forests, — and also the brave huntsmen, and fair maidens, and noble knights, and the rest of his sweet musical fancies, — must have crowded around him with dream-like farewells, when he embarked on the shadow-sea.

And the Fairy Queen, Romance, who had first inspired the young Freiherr smiled, well pleased that such fair honour had been done her, — her, the great Romance, who keeps men young.

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF WEBER.

Operas: "*Rübezahl*," an early and unfinished opera by the master, showed already his love for the supernatural and power of portraying it. "*Silvana*," was a typical story of the Middle Ages, in the music of which Weber incorporated much of his youthful attempt, "*Das Waldmädchen*." "*Abu Hassan*," was his only comic opera; it is considered by many persons to be one of Germany's best examples of light, merry music. His first really great work was, as has been said, "*Der Freischütz*," followed by "*Euryanthe*" and "*Oberon*."

Cantatas: Weber wrote eight of these, the best-known probably being "*Kampf und Sieg*" ("Battle and Victory"), a dramatic tone-picture of a Franco-Prussian battle.

2 Masses, Part-Songs, Symphonies, Overtures, Concertos, and various forms of instrumental music.

Songs and Ballads: There are ninety of these lovely *Lieder* in existence. Some of them are for piano accompaniment, some for the guitar. They are called ballads and romances, and they are among the most delicious *songs*, of the pure lyric character, to be found.

Giacomo Meyerbeer

Born September 5th, 1791. Died (aged 73) April 23rd, 1864

JACOB MEYER BEER was born of an old Jewish family in Berlin. His father, Herz Beer, was a rich banker, his mother a cultivated and brilliant woman. Jacob's uncle was a very intimate friend of the great astronomer, Johann Heinrich von Mädler. Mädler is particularly renowned because of a very extraordinary map of the moon which he drew. This map was drawn in a private astronomical observatory, built for his use by the uncle of our young Jacob Beer. There are many other indications of the wealth and influence of the Beer family. It is certain that their position was superior, in a high degree, to that of most of our great composers' families.

The Beers were also gifted, we find. Jacob's younger brother, Wilhelm, became an astronomer of note. He was probably inspired by the example of his uncle's friend, the great Mädler, but, whatever the cause, he followed, and most successfully, the science of the heavens.

Michael, another brother, and the youngest of the three, was a poet. But he died too young to have given the world anything save a promise of future

greatness. The only work of his which has lived is his dramatic poem, "Struensee," for which his brother wrote incidental music in after years.

Jacob's ambitions from his earliest years were devoted to music. His father and mother were delighted with his tastes, and were very glad to have him develop them in any way possible. But they would have been blind indeed had they failed to recognize and assist the boy's gifts. For in very early childhood the future musician showed himself in his love for music, his phenomenal memory for melodies, and his ability to play difficult compositions by ear.

As he subsequently changed his simple Jewish name of Jacob Meyer Beer to Giacomo Meyerbeer, we are obliged to call him Giacomo, though this alteration of names seems one of many proofs of the composer's affectations. He was a brilliant and a gifted master, however, and deserves from us our heartiest praise. So let us give it to him frankly, whether as Jacob or Giacomo, Beer or Meyerbeer.

The famous teacher of Clementi taught the boy music in Berlin. When he was seven years old he played a concerto by Mozart at a concert. All Berlin applauded the brilliant child, and henceforward Giacomo was considered an infant prodigy.

His skill on the piano was great, but he privately hoped to be a composer as well as a pianist. So he

went to Carl Friedrich Zelter to study the theory of music. Now Zelter was, in many ways, a remarkable man, and he was especially remarkable for his decision of character. He subjected Giacomo to a system of discipline as excellent as it was unpleasant. The infant prodigy would not endure it, so he fled from Zelter to the courteous and fascinating Bernard Anselm Weber, a pupil of the Abbé Vogler. We have made the acquaintance of the eccentric Abbé in connection with Carl Maria von Weber.

Bernard Anselm Weber, Vogler's pupil, was the Abbé's enthusiastic adorer, a man of much personal charm. Doubtless, however, the discipline of Zelter would have been better for Giacomo than the enthusiasm of Bernard Weber!

One day Giacomo presented a fugue, which he had written very carefully and which pleased him very much, for his teacher's approval. Weber was delighted, for he hoped great things of the infant prodigy. To Giacomo's joy, he sent the fugue, with a letter, to his master, the old Abbé Vogler, who was living in Darmstadt.

Neither he nor Giacomo had any doubt about the opinion of the Abbé. In fact they expected to receive an approving letter at once. But months passed and no answer came. Weber was disappointed, but Giacomo was indignant!

At last a large package arrived, containing a pile

of manuscript. This they found to be a treatise on the art of fugue composition, written by Vogler. As master and pupil read, they became more and more astonished and crestfallen. For this was the way the Abbé answered them. The treatise was divided into three parts. The first part contained general rules for fugue-writing. The second part bore the title "Scholar's Fugue," and was neither more nor less than Giacomo's fugue dissected ruthlessly! The third part was called "Master's Fugue," and was one of the Abbé's own compositions, written in his characteristic style.

Weber's sympathy had no effect upon Giacomo. Nothing could now comfort his wounded pride save triumphant success in the very direction in which he had failed. He pondered long on the cutting reproof of the Abbé's treatise, and determination filled his heart.

He wrote a second fugue which violated none of the essential rules indicated by Vogler, and sent it defiantly to the old Abbé, with a letter which was carefully and beautifully humble.

This time only a short period elapsed before the answer came. The Abbé Vogler was pleased with his work. And, in his usual erratic manner, wrote to Giacomo the following peremptory invitation:

"Young man! Art opens to you a glorious future! Come to me at Darmstadt. You shall be

to me as a son, and you shall slake your thirst at the sources of musical knowledge!"

So the prodigy, then nineteen, gave up being a prodigy, and went to Darmstadt to study music with the Abbé Vogler.

For two years he lived in the Abbé's house, and, during that time, worked with perseverance and devotion to his ideals. Life with Vogler was not uninteresting.

The two other young men who lived and studied there also, Carl Maria von Weber, and Gänsbacher, later the famous organist, added to the interest of the work. They were close friends, these three young students, and, as we have seen, the friendship of Meyerbeer and Carl von Weber endured through all the years of their life, though their musical work was widely different.

The days passed swiftly and busily in the household of Vogler. Each day began, of course, with mass, conducted by the Abbé, and the scholars took turns at playing the organ. Then came their counterpoint lesson with Vogler, after which the three students retired to compose, — as at least one complete and correct composition, preferably a fugue, was expected of each of them every day!

In the evening these compositions were criticised by Vogler and discussed by them all. Fierce arguments arose as to the justification of certain harmonic

progressions, and these evening hours were of great service to Meyerbeer, who had always rebelled against criticism in any form.

Certainly Meyerbeer developed, in Vogler's house, a patience and an industrious application which, if it was aroused by Vogler, is greatly to the Abbé's credit.

Sometimes Meyerbeer would close his door, put on his dressing-gown and begin to work. If he became interested, or had a special wish to finish what he had begun, he would refuse to see his friends, and sometimes disappeared in this manner for several days at a time!

The young men were put through severe and admirable musical discipline. In fact, even the people who consider the Abbé Vogler a charlatan in music admit that his training of his pupils was excellent.

It was either while Meyerbeer was studying with Vogler, or very soon afterward, that he composed his cantata "God and Nature," and his opera "Jephthah's Vow." His music was not remarkable at that time; — in style it was neither original nor graceful, but a Viennese manager undertook the production of one of his operas, in spite of the weakness of the work. This was "Ali-Melek, or The Two Caliphs," — a work which has been revived since. It was first produced, with complete

failure, in Munich. Then the sanguine Viennese manager took it to his theatre in Vienna and put it in rehearsal. Meyerbeer went to Vienna himself, it seeming more kindly than either Berlin or Munich.

Meyerbeer intended, on turning toward Vienna, the home and haven of musicians, to revive his boyhood's fame as a pianist. Perhaps this was with a view to claiming the public's attention, and furthering the success of his "Ali-Melek," — perhaps it was from purely artistic motives. His estimate of himself was rarely too low, and he felt sure that if he began to play in public once more the whole world would be amazed.

But fortunately one incident kept him from appearing at the wrong time.

On the evening of his arrival in Vienna, he heard the great Hummel play upon the piano, and being a musician at heart and no mean critic, he perceived the extraordinary skill of the performer. He also realized that it far exceeded his. And it was very characteristic of Meyerbeer that he should give up his plan of an early public performance, and disappear from the world for a time, while he perfected his technique.

For several months he was not seen by men. He was preparing to astonish them. And truth compels us to admit that he succeeded. When he

appeared he played with marvellous precision and smoothness, and could have had an extraordinary success in this line. But his "Ali-Melek" was as utterly a failure in Vienna as it had been in Munich! Poor Meyerbeer was beside himself with despair, for the arrogance of his nature would not endure defeat.

One day, seeing his discouragement, that old musician of Vienna, Antonio Salieri, advised him to go to Italy and try new methods. So Meyerbeer, then twenty-four, went to Venice.

He left Germany with a heart full of burning rage against German music and the German public. He had been taught Vogler's method, — inflexible and ungracious, — and he had tried to compose in that style. He had failed. Doubtless, had he been a little greater, he would have built up that new and beautiful music on old lines which makes Carl von Weber the finer genius of the two. But Meyerbeer was not made for reform, nor the battle-cry of "progress!" He was essentially an operatic composer, — never a writer of music-dramas but of operas. And it was a matter of course that he should find both inspiration and form in Italy.

When he arrived in Venice, the Carnival was painting the canals with bright colour. The sky was a great turquoise, — the sun's rays were shafts of gold. The water made music under the gon-

dolas; the holiday joy affected the spirit like wine. Meyerbeer's brain whirled and his pulses throbbed. This was a world where life itself seemed an incentive to beautiful creations.

He went to hear Rossini's "Tancredi." And there in Venice, listening to the brilliant melodies of Rossini, with the warm thrill of the Carnival-time in his heart, his blood still tingling from the light sea-wind so full of Venice and her memories, his fate was decided.

The music-drama of Germany must live without him. The work of musical reformation must be furthered by other men. For him, — Italy and melody, and bright, beautiful things! Thus he became a composer of Italian operas.

He began to compose at once, — and even then, when Rossini was the adored of all Italy, the public found applause for the young stranger. Opera after opera he wrote, — success after success greeted him. He wrote in quick succession "Romilda e Costanza," "Semiramide riconosciuta," "Eduardo e Christina," "Emma di Resburgo," "Margherita d' Anjou," "L'Esule di Granata" and "Il Crociato in Egitto." Evidently when Meyerbeer adopted a form of music he devoted himself to it with fervour; these works cover a period of but five years!

When he was twenty-nine, and was still working

on "Il Crociato," he visited Germany to endeavour to produce successfully there one of his operas. He failed once more. Certainly there seemed no place in Germany nor its music for him. But his close friend and one-time fellow-student, Carl von Weber, still begged him to return to German forms, and turn his gifts to the development of the highest music. Before he went back to Italy, Meyerbeer visited Weber, and the two friends had a long day together. Weber afterward spoke of it as a "red-letter day," and said that it recalled old times most joyfully. He used all his influence, and tried his best to appeal to the other composer's musical feeling, but to no avail. Meyerbeer was never open to suggestions. His success was delightful to him, and the Italian spirit had taken possession of him. Nothing, not even friendship for Weber, could induce him to return to Germany to work. The two friends parted sadly, as much united in affection as divided in art-ideals.

As time went on the monotony of his work wearied Meyerbeer. He had grown older and the first glamour of success had worn off his career. He wanted fresh impressions and more absorbing work. He still viewed Germany with repugnance, but had grown tired of Italy. Where should he turn?

He found what he wished in France, and so re-

paired to Paris, where henceforth he tried to identify himself with that elusive French spirit which is so difficult either to describe or define.

He was forty years old when he composed his "Robert le Diable." Eugène Scribe was now his librettist, so he had the advantage of a satisfactory, though not inspired, text. "Robert" delighted the Parisians, and Meyerbeer again drank deeply of that success which filled his heart with such keen pleasure. Then came "Les Huguenots," the wonderful opera of wonderful times. Who has been able to hear the grand chorus accompanying the blessing of the poignards in this opera without a thrill of excitement? — or the duet between Raoul de Naugis and Valentine without a sensation of pity and of pain? Very few persons, I am sure.

Robert Schumann found more to dislike in "Les Huguenots" than to praise. He recognized the brilliant and descriptive character of the music, and he acknowledged the skilful orchestration, but he detested the artificiality, the striving for effect, which undoubtedly may be found in all of Meyerbeer's music. Still Schumann's criticism seems almost too severe, since Meyerbeer made no pretensions to high German ideals in music, and merely desired to write operas which should express his musical thought and satisfy his audiences. As he succeeded, what can we say? There are few

better operas of their kind. And there seems to be no doubt that in his own peculiar line, Meyerbeer was a master.

He commenced "L'Africaine" next, but did not finish it for a long time. He interrupted its composition with "Le Prophète," the subject of which interested him. He finished this at once. It was performed with success, and is considered by many the most inspired of all his works.

He was appointed Head Music Director in Berlin, by King Frederick IV. In this position he at last aided German music in a small degree. He spent time and trouble over the production of his dead comrade, Weber's, "Euryanthe," and also of Wagner's "Rienzi." He used his influence in gaining attention for talented composers; he even wrote a German opera! This was not especially good, but it was really a courtesy on Meyerbeer's part to attempt it. He also set to music portions of his young brother Michael's drama, "Struensee."

He made several tours, always with success, but his health was in a bad condition, and his two last operas, "L'Étoile du Nord" and "Dinorah," were not among his best productions. As a matter of fact, his finest work had been done.

His pet opera, "L'Africaine," was, however, still unfinished. He wrote and rewrote it, correcting, adding and erasing, and yet it was not complete.

At last he made arrangements to produce it in Paris, and then, just as it was ready to be performed, he died. So he never heard the work upon which he had spent so much labour and care.

The old composer died in Paris, in the midst of his corrected manuscripts of "L'Africaine," — so we are told. It was a pathetic death, for probably the production of his last great opera would have given him the keenest happiness of his life. But he had had his meed of success. His career was very brilliant, very richly crowned. Triumph was the daily bread of life to him, — not coming in the rare crumbs vouchsafed to most men, but in full, firm loaves of contentment.

Meyerbeer's personality was very strong, — so strong that we can recognize it to-day in the world of music. From the time when he was an infant prodigy, indulging in fugue-writing, to the days when he had changed and improved his name, and was laurel-crowned by Italy and France, he was self-assured and proud.

And he seems to exist just as arrogantly, just as confidently to-day as he did fifty years ago. He was and is Giacomo Meyerbeer, the successful composer, and it will be long before he vanishes in the mists of obscurity. For wherever the flashing, mocking music of "Robert le Diable" is heard, or the brilliant, warmly-coloured, insistent measures

of "Les Huguenots," — wherever we find the many moods of his many creations, — there is Meyerbeer, and there, in spite of criticisms and prophecies, he will remain through the years.

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF MEYERBEER

Operas: "*Il Crociato in Egitto*," the last of Meyerbeer's typically Italian operas, was by many people considered better than his more mature attempts. The world, in passing judgment, however, has decided that his real work began with "*Robert le Diable*." This was followed by "*Les Huguenots*," "*Le Prophète*" (one act of which Scribe, the librettist, is supposed to have taken without permission from Wagner's "*Rienzi*"!), and "*L'Africaine*."

Instrumental Music, Songs, etc.

Cantatas: Meyerbeer is said to have written ten of these, but they are not very well known. A composition for solos and chorus, commonly called "The Genius of Music at Beethoven's Tomb," is sometimes sung, but, as a matter of fact, Meyerbeer lives, so far as the public is concerned, only in his four great operas.

Gioachino Antonio Rossini

Born Feb. 29th, 1792. Died (aged 76), Nov. 13th, 1868

IN one of Browning's poems is the line:

"This is Ancona, yonder is the Sea."

And it might almost have been written of Rossini's birthplace, which was Pesaro, on the shores of the Adriatic and northwest of Ancona. It was the memory of this which led me to think of another line in the same poem:

"O world, as God has made it! All is beauty."

And this line, touching as it does on Rossini's eager joy in life and desire to express his joy, seems to me to form a fitting prelude to his story. After reading the words, I, for one, approach him and his bright and sweet, if not deep or stirring music with more comprehension, remembering that while it is a good thing to evolve the great harmonies by which St. Cecilia would have the world know her power, as did Bach, and Beethoven, and the other immortals, it is a good thing, too, to make songs that the people may sing in their lighter moments. And there is place in the great world of music for such as Rossini as well as for Händel, Gluck, and Mozart.

This last of the great sons of Italy whose lines we seek to follow in these pages, seems at first to baffle description and narrative. He was the most wayward, laughter-loving, indolent vagrant imaginable, and should really have lived years ago, and played the lute, and wandered through the Italy of the past.

It seems quite strange to remember that he is principally associated with the nineteenth century, though, to be sure, he was born a few years before it began. The practical nineteenth century was the scene of his musical inspirations. And perhaps this is merely proof that one can dream, and laugh, and sing, and be merry in the most unromantic surroundings, if one will.

His father, Giuseppe Rossini, was the town-trumpeter of Pesaro, and he was so merry and good-tempered and humorous that his friends and neighbours called him the "Jolly Fellow." His wife Anna was the daughter of one of the Pesaro bakers, and she was a bright, energetic woman with quick intelligence and a voice of much sweetness. On the whole, though the Rossinis were poor, they were not unfortunate, and Gioachino had a thoroughly happy childhood. His merry father and kind mother instilled in his heart a wholesome and cheery view of life and encouraged his musical tastes. And what could be more conducive to the ripening of lovely

melody in a fertile imagination than the warm, lazy, sunlit shores of Italy, and flashing, dreaming, rhythmic Adriatic?

Some political trouble brought that "Jolly Fellow," the good town-trumpeter, into prison, and Anna Rossini and her boy were left without money. So, taking Gioachino, she went to Bologna and joined a provincial opera troupe there, singing light secondary rôles. Her husband was soon released, and he became horn-player in the theatre where Anna sang; and they travelled about, she singing, and he playing, — like a civilized pair of gipsies! They thought that the atmosphere of the theatres would be distracting to Gioachino, who ought to be studying, so he was installed in the household of a pork-butcher in Bologna, to receive lessons in the simple fundamental branches of education. He was also supposed to be taught to play the harpsichord by a person named Prinetti. But these music-lessons were so useless to Gioachino as to be almost farcical.

Gioachino had a most disagreeable and stupid time. He longed to play pranks, but there seemed no opportunity. Finally he decided to make fun of his teacher Prinetti. For Gioachino was quite unscrupulous where his love of humour was concerned, and did not mind hurting people's feelings; though he was often very sorry afterward.

Signor Prinetti sold cheap wines in a small shop,

besides giving music-lessons, evidently looking on music and wine as equally lucrative investments! His knowledge of music you may guess, when I tell you that he played the scales with two fingers, — first one and then the other!

He also had one very peculiar habit: he constantly went to sleep while he was standing up!

On the whole Gioachino had a very good subject to mimic, and mimic him he did, with such excellent success that he was complained of, and his parents took him away from Prinetti and the pork-butcher and sent him to work in the shop of a smith, more to keep him safe than as a punishment.

His mother was very unhappy. She could not be with him, and yet she knew that he needed care and help. No one understood his pleasure-loving, lazy nature better than she did.

The thought that she was grieved aroused in Gioachino much penitence, and he resolved to become very grave and reliable forthwith. This noble intention blew away upon the warm breezes, but he did work hard at his music, and when he was ten years old he began to contribute to the family funds. His mother's voice had failed and they were once more stranded.

He had a clear, true, boyish voice and was able to sing at various theatres earning a very little money and laughing at poverty, and, indeed, at life in general.

He was thirteen when the Chevalier, or Cavaliere, Giusti became interested in him. Here, the Chevalier decided, was a remarkable boy. He had wit, and he had humour, an intelligent interest in everything, and a brilliant gift of ridiculing everything. He was also very handsome with the warm, picturesque, effective beauty, of the Italian peasant class. What if he were a genius? Some veiled flash of power in the boy's eyes decided the Chevalier. He invited Rossini to come and see his books, and he was satisfied when he saw his protégé's eager interest in Italian literature. He read the classics with the boy, explaining, discussing and leading him to express his thoughts. In this way came Rossini's first knowledge of poetry, and his first thoughts of poetic things, save such unformed fancies as were his by intuition.

He had studied music first with Tesei and then with Battini. Then he entered the Conservatory at Bologna, and when he was fifteen the musical Abbé, Padre Mattei, began to teach him counter-point.

Mattei appreciated the boy's gifts, and hoped that he would devote them to sacred music. He was also interested in him personally, but his methods were dry and careful and not at all entertaining to Rossini. The boy was not neglectful of his studies, but he hated stupid and monotonous things, and he wanted explanations for everything.

Why — why — why? was always his cry. To which the Padre rather reprovingly would reply, "It is the rule."

Rossini had no patience with such a cut-and-dried way of disposing of great matters, and he was hungry for something more exciting.

The Padre, who after all was very patient with him, explained to him one day, that, while he already knew enough counterpoint for ordinary secular music, he would have to work a great deal more before he could write really masterly church compositions.

Rossini started up, his handsome face full of excitement.

"What!" he gasped. "Do you mean that I know enough now to write operas?"

The Padre looked at him uncomprehendingly. "Certainly," he said, in measured, and no doubt slightly contemptuous accents.

"Then," cried our youthful musician, beside himself with joy, "I want nothing more. Operas are all that I wish to write."

He bade farewell to the Padre soon afterward, and started off in the old, merry, aimless way which delighted his soul. He accompanied, he conducted, he composed. He still laughed his way characteristically through life. He had the gift of making friends, and found advocates and admirers wherever

he went. Among these was the Marquis Cavalli, who got for him an invitation to write an opera for a theatre in Venice. In Venice he was at once successful, but, from his laziness and his mocking spirit, found himself in trouble occasionally; but this never disturbed him.

When he had only six weeks in which to write an opera, he let a month drift by before he touched his music paper. Then in the last two weeks he wrote his opera. If people found fault with his indolent carelessness when the seriousness of his work should have been affecting him, he answered them with laughter.

"What!" he would say. "When would you have me amuse myself if not now? Would you have me wait until I am old?"

Once some much-wronged manager insisted, in revenge, that he should set to music a ridiculously weak and silly libretto. Instead of being enraged that he must so lower and insult his art, Rossini saw an opportunity for a delightful, practical joke. He intimated to his friends that they must be surprised at nothing; and he proceeded to set that libretto to music in the most startling manner. We must suppose that he laughed quietly to himself when he raised his bâton on the night of the first performance.

The overture commenced. After a few bars the

audience became conscious of a most extraordinary sound in the orchestra. At the beginning of every bar the second violins, probably secretly amused, took their violin bows and, with much emphasis, struck the shades of the small lamps in front of them. Astonishing, thought the audience; and without doubt the effect was very peculiar. In the opera itself were more surprises. The soprano appeared, singing as low down as she possibly could. Then came the basso, and he sang as high as his deep register would permit. The audience wondered if the composer could be crazy!

In a typical comic scene the orchestra suddenly began to play a dreary funeral march. And at the close of the opera, when the words to be sung were "son pentito," the voice parts were so carefully confused that all the audience could hear was "tito, tito, tito, tito."

By this time the enlightened friends present were in shouts of laughter. The rest of the unfortunate people saw that they had been hoaxed, and burst into a storm of hisses and abuse.

Rossini, needless to say, did not mind at all, and, as usual, laughed at their annoyance.

He was twenty-one at this time, and should have begun to grow serious, but he was seventy-six when he died, and he had not yet become serious! So what can one say?

After this celebrated musical joke he composed his "Tancredi," the opera which drove Italy mad, and which inspired Meyerbeer, when he came to Vienna, to do the same. The music was sung, it was whistled, it was played, it pervaded the air. It was, in truth, most brilliant, and the melodies were infectious, so there was reason for its popularity.

The ease with which Rossini composed is demonstrated in the following anecdote: Signora Melanotte, the prima donna, did not like the music of her aria, "Di tanti palpiti," and sent it back to Rossini. He was waiting for a dish of rice which he had ordered, — probably in one of the little Bohemian cafés he frequented, — and carelessly scribbled off the melody which all the world knows now. They call it in Italy the "Aria di Rizzi," — the "Rice Aria."

The insanity of the public over his music was a surprise to Rossini, — or he said it was.

"I fancied," he laughed, "that after hearing my opera they would put me into a madhouse. On the contrary, they were madder than I!"

One of his acquaintances — and they were of all kinds and manners — was a person called Barbaja. Barbaja had a chequered history, having begun as a waiter in a coffee-house, and having finally reached the distinction of being a proprietor of a few prosperous gambling-tables, and also of several theatres.

Barbaja engaged Rossini to go to Naples and compose operas for two theatres there called San Carlo and Del Fondo. He promised large sums in the way of salary, but in the course of time the law stopped his gambling business, and Barbaja stopped Rossini's payments.

Rossini was twenty-four when he wrote his "Almaviva." The title of this was soon changed to "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" ("The Barber of Seville"), and is now one of the most popular of all operas.

The composition, rehearsal, and production of "The Barber" occupied the musician only one month! Evidently this seemed a long time to the other composers of the light Italian music of the time, for when some one told Donizetti that the "Barber of Seville" had been written in two weeks, he remarked, patronizingly, "Very possibly; he is so *lazy!*"

For five years our hero wandered about Italy, — years full of pleasure, of successful composition, and of adventures of all kinds. When he was twenty-nine he married Isabella Angela Colbran, a singer who had sung many of his operas, and whom he had loved for several years.

Isabella Colbran was older than he, — thirty-six in fact, but she was a woman of great charm and rare musical temperament, and her influence over the gay young musician was evidently for good.

She always urged him to devote his genius and his brilliant brain to the more serious side of music, — and, perhaps, of life.

She was a great favourite at the Neapolitan Court.

"How do you like Signora Colbran?" a man asked his friend, one night, during the opera at the San Carlo Theatre.

"Like her?" exclaimed the other, — "I am a Royalist!"

And the question was answered!

It would be impossible to follow Rossini on his wanderings. He went to Vienna, to London, to Paris, — where did he not go? He composed everywhere; he made friends everywhere; he enjoyed life to the full everywhere. But it seems, as we review his life, as though all this was but the prologue to his masterpiece, "Guillaume Tell." It was a proof more lasting than protestations or refutations that the inner heart of Rossini was full of the power to recognize noble things. In "Tell" there is purity and honesty and sweetness. Even though he might laugh at these simple attributes of a happy life he yet honoured them in his music.

Imagine his feelings when, the opera having been brought out in Paris, the managers soon reduced it from five acts to three! However, he merely shrugged his shoulders and seemed to think no

more of it. Only once was he ever known to hint at dissatisfaction in regard to his success, — that was when he heard that they gave merely one act at a time.

He met the Director of the Opéra on the Boulevard one day, who greeted him with some embarrassment.

"I hope you will not be annoyed," M. le Directeur remarked, "but to-night we are going to play the second act of 'Tell.'"

Rossini raised his eyebrows very ironically.

"*All* of it?" he asked, somewhat bitterly. But that was all.

He was forty-five when he wrote his "Stabat Mater," that piece of music "which," Camille Bellaigue says, "like a crown of brilliant flowers, he hung one Good Friday upon the Cross." And thereafter he wrote absolutely nothing. He was like a song-bird that suddenly grew silent. He composed no more; why, we do not know, but doubtless that brilliant brain of his held some reason. He chose to create joy-giving melodies for a time, and then — he chose to be silent.

And silent he remained until his death. Not silent, personally, — in his house in the Boulevard des Italiens where the cleverest, gayest, most delightful persons in Paris were wont to assemble to eat his delicious dinners with him, and tell stories

over his excellent wine, — not silent then. Only silent in the expression of his genius, — in the creations which, so it seems to us, it would surely have been easy for him to have given the world. No more sweet, rich songs; no more languid or sparkling Italian melodies, full of the sunshine and laughter of nature and of life.

He died in Paris, one November day, regretted heartily by every one who had known him then. He had been unfailingly generous and kind, in his later years, to his contemporaries, and above all to his youthful friends. He left to mourn him a large circle of young people with whom he had laughed day by day in his hospitable house, and whom he had encouraged in their ambitions.

And Paris buried him with truly fitting splendour and honour and those two great singers, Madame Patti and Madame Albani, sang the lovely music of his "Stabat Mater" at the funeral ceremony.

So lived and died Gioachino Rossini, the jester and dreamer, — the mocker of life, yet the singer of the sweetest and gladdest aspects of life. Laughter and music were his companions; the one giving him pleasure in the real things of existence, the other lifting his soul gently to idealities. And when, for some reason which he never told, music passed out of his life, laughter came to take its place, and gave him a kindly charity and a merry wit

to accompany him on his way; also a warm appreciation of savoury dishes and choice old wines.

So, behold! we drink to you, Rossini, though you are no longer here.

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF ROSSINI.

Operas: Rossini has been credited with over forty operas. While this is not a large number in comparison with the hundred and fifteen of Scarlatti, it seems astounding in the face of the noble works of such opera-makers as Weber and Wagner, who put their best years into a few great masterpieces and left the world longing for more. We have seen however, that Rossini worked very rapidly, that he needed money and that his disposition was particularly careless, which perhaps explains the great number of operas. The names of three operas will serve to state the three epochs of Rossini's music: "*Tancredi*," which caused wild enthusiasm, but had comparatively little real worth; "*Il Barbiere di Seviglia*," much in advance of the other, — of which Schubert had many good things to say, and even the advanced musical criticism of Wagner did not condemn; and last "*Guillaume Tell*," — the composer's favourite and his masterpiece, showing what he might have done had he continued to compose.

"**Stabat Mater**": This "*Stabat Mater*," like that of Pergolese, has been accused of a secular character. But it is acknowledged by musicians to be very beautiful. The same might be said of his "*Petite Messe Solennelle*."

Songs: These are many, and charming. One of the most popular is the "*Tarantella*": "*Già la luna*," which, as some one says, proves how fully the *minor keys* can express joy.

Franz Peter Schubert

Born, Jan. 31st, 1797. Died (aged 31), Nov. 11th, 1828.

WE all know the songs of Franz Schubert. We have been thrilled by the "Erl King" and the "Wanderer," and touched by the "Sylvia" and "Ave Maria," and that lovely serenade in which the nightingales themselves seem to sing the sustained delicious melody. We have heard, too, the famous C Major Symphony, and perhaps "Rosamünde" as well. But we all do not know the pathetic, if almost commonplace, history of this composer to whom came such sweet and charming inspirations.

Schubert was not one of the giants of music. He sang simply and naturally, like a modest brown bird hidden away in a thicket. Have you realized that Schubert was only a little over thirty when he died?

And this is his story:

His father was a schoolmaster in Lichtenthal on the outskirts of Vienna. The boy, having a sweet voice, obtained a position in a choir, and was taught music by the best masters. But he was dreamy, and lacking in practical ability, and his father

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feared sometimes that he would accomplish nothing. And perhaps, from the good schoolmaster's standpoint, he did accomplish very little! While in the choir, he was treated with the same cruelty that Joseph Haydn suffered; but his masters could not fail to see his musical genius.

When he was sixteen, he became the elder Schubert's assistant in the Lichtenthal school, but he soon abandoned this occupation.

The boy was a rover. He made many friends, dreamy and artistic like himself, and he wandered about from place to place, accomplishing very little, undoubtedly, but dreaming dreams, and receiving impressions, and laying the foundations for his musical work.

Several times he made attempts to secure some settled position with a definite salary, — once as music-director in Laibach, and once as chorus-master in a Viennese theatre. But apparently fate intended that he should lead his wandering, vision-enfolded existence to the end, for all his efforts in these practical directions were fruitless.

Though he composed all through his life, and left behind him a remarkably large number of works, the world did not recognize him as a master until after his death. Only a few friends appreciated his genius; the great public did not know his name. A small number of brilliant and, later,

famous men, realizing the gifts of the modest young musician, closely associated themselves with him. Among these men were the artists Dietrich and Schnorr von Karolsveldt, the singer Vogl, the poet Mayrhofer, the composer Lachner, and many others whose names have since become well-known. They all loved Schubert, and prophesied his fame; but this friendly and affectionate admiration could not win for him the applause of the world.

Once when he sent his great C Major Symphony to the Austrian Musical Union, the committee returned it, saying that it was "too long and too difficult." The orchestras do not find it so now, nor do the audiences.

Life was very hard for him, yet his desires were simple, and his nature so sweet and full of Heaven's own inspiration that the world should have treated him gently, as something too fine and delicate for misfortune. Schumann said of Schubert that "whatever he felt flowed forth in music." After hearing the C Major Symphony, the same great composer and noble critic wrote:

"The symphony produced such an effect among us as none has produced since Beethoven's.

"Artists and connoisseurs united in its praise, and I heard a few words spoken by the master who had studied it with the utmost care for its perfect success, that I should have been only too happy, had such a thing been possible,

to report to the living Schubert, as the gladdest of glad tidings. . . . It bears within it the core of everlasting youth."

Alas, that Schubert was no longer on earth and could not hear the praise which would have filled his heart with such joy and content!

Music was with him so instinctive that he needed neither quiet nor propitious circumstance to facilitate his composition.

One evening he and some friends were having supper, in their Bohemian fashion, in a café. While they talked, one of the men let a small volume which he had in his pocket fall on to the table. Schubert, who loved books, picked it up. It was a collection of Shakespeare's lyrics, and Schubert chanced to open at the song from "Cymbeline:" —

"Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!"

The words stole into his brain in music, and instinctively he looked about him for music-paper.

"Oh," he exclaimed, in despair, "I have such

a lovely melody in my head for this poem! If only I had some music-paper!"

One of his friends caught up the bill of fare, and hastily drew lines across the back. Then he handed this improvised music-paper to Schubert who wrote out his idea eagerly. The rest doubtless went on with their supper!

Such was the nature of Franz Schubert. Music was to him what words are to others. He spoke in music, thought in music,— nay! — lived in music. And when the world did not go well with him, he seldom complained. He did not ask to have pleasant surroundings that he might be inspired. His music came to him as readily in a café, surrounded by cigar-smoke, the smells of cooking, and the din of clattering dishes and chattering people, as in silent communion with the glories of nature.

And, like so many men of genius, he possessed a providential sense of humour.

At one period of his life, he had lodgings in the house kept by a thrifty Frenchwoman, and his trials there were many. It was very gloomy and dreary, and he wrote a most pathetic account of it to his friend Mayrhofer. He longed in his heart of hearts for more light and more luxury of all kinds, but outwardly he made the best of it, and continued to compose his lovely music.

And he was able to find amusement in the name

of the landlady of this cheerless abode. She rejoiced in the airy and frivolous title of Madame Sans-Souci, and the incongruity struck Schubert as delicious, and formed for him an actual element of relief!

Prince Esterhazy, one of that family of musical enthusiasts so well-known to every musician, befriended Schubert for a time. The young composer taught the Prince's two daughters, Marie and Carolina, who were charming and talented girls.

To this last named and youngest maiden, Schubert, we are told, gave the love and devotion of his generous heart. She sympathized with his work, as did no one else, and would have gladly married him. But the Prince, much as he loved music, would not permit his daughter to marry a musician! And Schubert was poor, and had no definite means of support.

So his romance was scarcely more than a dream, — a shadow of an impossible happiness, which, nevertheless, served as his inspiration for the rest of his life.

"Why have you never dedicated one of your works to me?" asked the Lady Carolina, once, of her lover. And Schubert answered simply:

"Every work I have ever written is dedicated to you."

There seems little more to tell of Franz Schubert.

One November he became ill with a raging fever, and his life was hurried away as though under devastating flames. In a week he was dead.

All his simple life he had worshipped the names of Beethoven and Mozart, sometimes saying that their music had power to bring before him all the best and most beautiful things of life. His last wish seemed to be that he might be laid beside Beethoven, so they lie near each other, — the eagle of music and the song-bird.

So this is the story of Franz Schubert, in the simple and crude form in which we know it. We can better read it in his music, which tells his inner life as no words can tell it. Hope, pain, love, struggle, peace: it is all told in the melodious cadences, and if we seek, we can find it.

And this same music serves as his most fitting elegy,—perhaps more than all others that great setting of Shakespeare's song:

"Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings!"

The music throbs and soars, and in its pure and untroubled passion of joy flies upward, even as Schubert's soul, into the glad clear gold of the heavens.

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF SCHUBERT

9 Symphonies. Of these only two are real *masterpieces*, the two last ones; but they are quite perfect of their kind. The *Symphony in B Minor*, — the "*Unfinished Symphony*," — who does not know it? It is sad in its loneliness, — yearning and sad; sadder than the Fourth Symphony in C Minor, the "*Tragica*." For the pure, joyous, soul-stirring music which Schubert wrote best, we must go to his *C Major Symphony*, of which says Schumann, "This heavenly, long-drawn-out symphony is like some romance of Jean Paul's, which ought never to end."

Sonatas, Marches, Waltzes, &c. It is Schumann, also, who could best describe these. It is he that wrote so exquisitely of the *waltzes*, and it is he who said that one of Schubert's *marches* brought visions of ancient Seville, with ladies and dons in high heels, with jewelled daggers, stepping in stiff, stately wise through the sunlit Spanish streets.

Rosamünde. This drama, into which Schubert put such charming music, is the only one of the operas or dramas essayed by the young master which has remained well known by the world. And, alas! people are forgetting sweet Rosamünde and her music now.

Songs. By their very simplicity these songs are unique, and probably destined to live longer than many grander works. There are people who shut their ears to the heaven-born harmonies of Beethoven; but who does not love the songs of Schubert?

Hector Berlioz

Born December 14th, 1803. Died (aged 66), March 9th, 1869

BERLIOZ! The name conjures before us a vision of storm, and passion, and darkness, a glimmer of pale lightning that shows us faces distorted by deep emotions, brilliant, quickly changing sunset colours on black clouds, and, in the distance, the sound of religious chanting mingles with the laughter of dark, unseen spirits.

Hector Berlioz was born in the winter among the mountains. His birthplace was La Côté-Saint-André, near Grenoble, in the department of Isère, in France. His father was a physician, and was very successful in his profession. He was ambitious for his son; but both he and his wife were narrow-minded and unsympathetic, and absolutely unable to understand Hector.

From the first, his life was a series of vivid, intense experiences, and being deeply imaginative and passionate, and rather morbid, every incident in his existence affected his moods. When he was twelve, he knew the ancient Greek classics well. The "Æneid" was the object of his particular enthusiasm,

and for a time he lived in a dream-world, peopled by the gods and goddesses, the kings and high-priests, the brave warriors, and the beautiful women of divine Greece.

He roamed the hills near his home; he wandered among the trees, and mounted those high points whence he could fly, in spirit, to the uttermost boundaries of the world, and contemplate all space. He listened to the thunder that shook the mountains, and to the shrieking wind that sounded through the winter nights, and so he received those wonderful wild themes which he afterwards transmitted to his music.

Thus highly stimulated, his mind was mature and almost philosophical, while he was yet a boy in years. And he was still very young when he adored a beautiful maiden several years older than himself. Her name was Estella, and she lived not far from the Berlioz family, among the mountains. In her he found the incarnation of all the heroines of the classics, divine and human. She was Aphrodite and Athene, Helen and Iphigenia, Daphne and Andromeda, in one! He called her his "Stella Montis, — Star of the Mountain;" but Estella, to whom he was only a half-grown, sentimental boy, naturally laughed at him, and he would creep away, — "like a wounded bird," he says, — to hide his hurt feelings in the woods. The little mountain romance,

vague as it was, stayed in his memory always, and he never forgot his woe — very real at the time — over the ridicule of his "Stella Montis."

Much against his will, he was sent by his father to Paris to study medicine when he was nineteen. He loved all artistic things, and with every year revelled more and more in the works of Goethe, Shakespeare, Byron, and Victor Hugo. Whenever he had the good fortune to hear any fine music, he lost himself in a transport of delight. So his medical classes were a horror to him, and his hatred of his work grew and grew. At last, the music of Gluck and Haydn awakened his determination to become a composer. Strange that two such simple masters should have been the ones to lead this passionate and erratic young genius forth upon the musical way!

In the course of time, he went home to announce to his father and mother his decision. Their consternation and anger were great. When he spoke of the impossibility of studying medicine any longer, while his whole heart was set in another direction, his father was stern and displeased. But when he declared that he wished to become a musician, both parents were absolutely enraged.

In vain Hector pleaded and explained. His father, in a voice choked with passion, ordered him out of the house, and vowed that, even if the boy starved, he would never give him a *sou*. And when

Hector, white, desperate, but firm, turned to leave them, Madame Berlioz called down a solemn curse upon his undertaking and upon him.

In this way did the young musician start upon his bitter life-journey. In after years, it is said, he and his father became partly reconciled, but the details are vague. It is certain that in that first struggle against poverty which marked the beginning of his career, he had no help from the old physician.

In order to keep body and soul together, he was obliged to become a singer in the chorus of a small, second-rate theatre, known as "Le Gymnase Dramatique." There he sang much uninteresting music, but read a great deal between performances. At last, he was able to enter the Conservatoire, and studied under the masters Reicha and Lesseur. The Conservatoire was then under the management of Cherubini, and between the old Italian and Hector there was a mutual and most profound antipathy.

The young Frenchman did his best, but he had too impatient a temperament for methodical study, and he hated the general atmosphere of pedantry which, he declared, pervaded the Conservatoire. Possibly disappointment may have influenced his judgment, for, though he wrote two fine Concert-Overtures — "Les Francs Juges" and "Waverly" — while there, he had great difficulty in passing his musical examinations. Says one writer, "that

while his works . . . are more than sufficient to show that he was then already the master of his masters, Cherubini, of course, excepted, it was only after having been repeatedly plucked that he was permitted, on the fourth trial, to take a prize for composition!"

Shakespeare was, and had long been, one of his idols, and he considered his heroines the ideal women. So when he heard of the English troupe, about which Paris had gone wild, he went at once to see these actors play their great poet's creations. Henrietta Smithson, the brilliant Irish actress, was then playing the heroines, her finest parts being Ophelia and Desdemona. In both these rôles Hector saw her, and he promptly fell in love with her. She, however, was not in the least impressed by the rhapsodies of the wild-eyed young tone-poet, and, like the "Star of the Mountain," refused to take his love seriously. Berlioz, who was fierce, passionate, given to intense depression, would sometimes rush off by himself, and wander about in the vicinity of Paris, imagining that he was accompanied by strange and awful spirits.

Emil Naumann, in speaking of the refusal of Berlioz by Miss Smithson, says:—

"The disappointment of the master was so deep that his friends feared his committing suicide, and on one occasion Liszt and Chopin spent a night

roaming the plains of Saint-Ouen, whither he had gone in a fit of madness!"

It was at this time that he composed, or at least sketched, his "Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste: Symphonie Fantastique." This describes the despair of a lover who is scorned by his adored one. He goes away to try to forget his grief. He visits a ball-room, but through the lights and the laughter and the joyous music, he still seems to see her face. It is the same out in the country, among the shepherds; he dreams only of her. At last he takes opium (intending, though failing, to kill himself), and the drug affects his mind in a horrible manner. He dreams that he has killed his beloved, and is being led to the scaffold, accompanied by a strange fantastic march and by a distant murmur of voices. He stands at the block, he kneels, the axe falls! And at once he finds himself in a world peopled by demons, witches, and strange hooting, shrieking, laughing things. With appropriately awful music, the symphony closes.

In the midst of his despair over the beautiful Irishwoman's refusal, Berlioz heard that his composition, sent up as the usual examination exercise at the Conservatoire, had won the "Prix de Rome," which prize included a three years' pension in Rome.

To go to Rome was just what he most desired in

his present chaotic state of mind, so to the imperial city he went, and stayed at the Villa Medici, where he met numbers of French artists, Horace Vernet among others.

Liszt and Mendelssohn were both in Rome at that time, and the three young composers had delightful times together. Liszt, indeed, remained one of Berlioz's most intimate friends until the latter's death. They, with a few congenial souls, invented a charming society which they called "La Société de l'Indifférence en Matière Universelle (The Society of Indifference on all Subjects)." As never, in all time, did there live three more enthusiastic human beings than Berlioz, Liszt, and Mendelssohn, the name of the society seems particularly delicious!

This brilliant association met either at Liszt's house on the Rue de Provence, at the Villa Medici, or at a café dear to their Bohemian spirits, the Café Greco. Liszt gave impromptu musicales for the society's amusement, and would play to his small appreciative audience. And one thing he and all insisted upon, that when he played Beethoven, the lights must be put out to heighten the effect!

When none of the three were playing, they would discuss the subjects which interested them, and which, by the way, were legion! Berlioz was as eccentric as ever, and now and then when some wild

mood possessed him, his clear-cut face would become suddenly tragic or transfigured, his fine eyes would blaze, and, catching up his guitar, he would rush away to feed his melancholy in wandering.

The three friends sometimes journeyed to lovely or interesting places close at hand, to Alatri, and Il Monte Cassini, and elsewhere; but besides these excursions which they made together, Berlioz went on occasional journeys by himself.

In the lonely valleys of the Abruzzi, where the banditti haunted the dark roads, Berlioz would pass on his way. He often met the bandits, but, apparently, they recognized a kindred spirit in the wanderer, for they never disturbed him. And thus, often with only his sweet Italian guitar for company, he would lead his outlaw's existence, as well-satisfied as Berlioz could be.

While in Rome he finished his "Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste," and wrote his Overture, "Le Roi Lear," besides another symphony, intended as a sort of musical sequel to the "Symphony Fantastique," and entitled, "Lelio, ou Le Retour à la Vie." He also gathered material for his "Harold en Italie," a symphony on Byron's "Childe Harold." Indeed of the latter Berlioz himself said: "The background I formed from my recollections of my wanderings in the Abruzzi."

Suddenly, long before the Roman pension at-

tached to his scholarship expired, he appeared in Paris once more. His two symphonies, the "Symphonie Fantastique" and "Lelio" were all ready to be performed, so he at once prepared to produce them, encouraged and helped by his musical friends, chief among whom was Liszt.

While he was preparing for the performance, he saw Henrietta Smithson play in "Romeo and Juliet." Her exquisite impersonation of that young girl who lived and loved in Verona so long ago, woke the old dreams which had partly faded in Italy. Berlioz felt that he had never seen nor understood Shakespeare's tragedy before, and, with that well-known flame of excitement in his eyes, he cried: —

"That woman I shall marry, and on that drama I shall write my greatest symphony!"

On December 9th, 1832, Hector Berlioz's two symphonies were performed at the concert-hall of the Conservatoire. His friends went to the concert in full force. Nearly all the musicians in Paris were curious to hear the symphonies, and those who were not curious were almost dragged by Franz Liszt to the Conservatoire!

The grave professors who had frowned upon the young composer were surprised by those symphonies.

The "Symphonie Fantastique" was more start-

ling than the other. It was really masterly, if bizarre, — a composition well planned and executed; but what extraordinary music! exclaimed every one. It was almost too vividly descriptive for some sensitive auditors, and a few pedants were much annoyed at the eccentric harmonizations.

Berlioz conducted superbly; he was excited and elated, and his face was the face of some strange spirit. He put his whole soul into the performance of his music, which was dearer to him than anything else in life.

When it was over, Liszt hurried to speak to him, and poured out a volume of affectionate praise which was very sweet to the young composer. So, too, was the adoring homage of that odd being Paganini the violinist, who knelt at his feet and kissed his hands, as he cried, —

"You begin where all the others have finished!"

But still, deep within his heart, was an unsolved doubt. If Henrietta had heard it, did she too think well of it? Henrietta had heard it, and did indeed think well of it, — so well, that when, a little later, he again asked her to marry him, she consented. So during the following year they were married. Thus was the first part of Berlioz's rather ambitious prophecy fulfilled. The second soon followed, and his "Roméo et Juliette" appeared, in the form of a choral symphony. This, if not in fact "his great-

est symphony," is at least asserted to be so by many authorities, and certainly his very heart's blood went into it.

He soon found that he could not live upon the proceeds of his compositions alone, so he turned to musical journalism, or "feuilletonism," as it has been called, for a livelihood, — and a very meagre livelihood it was.

And there were other trials. In the early days of his romantic dreams about Henrietta Smithson, he had called her and thought of her as "the fair Ophelia," but, alas! when he married her, he discovered that her every-day character, divested of the glamour of the lime-light, was very different from that of the fair, sad girl who loved the melancholy prince! Henrietta had a violent temper, and had absolutely no patience with the vagaries of genius. On the whole, however, it must be admitted that Berlioz was not the husband one would have chosen for a quiet domestic existence; and if poor Henrietta lost her temper, probably there was provocation.

When, a little later, she once more appeared as Ophelia, the fickle French public, having grown tired of Shakespeare, received her with such coldness and unkindness that she was in despair. And with this disappointment came another trial. She was thrown from a carriage, her leg was broken, and she was obliged to leave her beloved stage for ever. Then

indeed she lost all control of her hot temper, and railed at her husband and at life, making each day more terrible than the last. And in all this Berlioz fully responded, for his temper was as bad as hers, and his mind more imaginative. Finally they separated.

"Their union," says Bellaigue, "was filled with a horror truly Shakespearian, and they broke it after a few awful years."

This separation was a relief to both, and, apart, they lived in comparative content. Berlioz struggled on with his "feuilletonism," and an occasional concert, sending money to Henrietta at regular intervals, and trying to support himself besides. He was bitterly poor all his life, for his countrymen, by some ill chance, did not discover his greatness so soon as the rest of the world.

In 1854, when Berlioz was forty-three, news came to him that his wife had died. It was not many years after this that he married a young singer named Mademoiselle Rezio. We know little about her; but this marriage was apparently peaceful at least. Berlioz's extreme loneliness in his old age leads us to suppose that his second wife had died also, but this is uncertain.

Berlioz composed many important works, but it is especially necessary to mention "L'Enfance du Christ," a religious trilogy, "Béatrice et Bénédict,"

a light opera, "La Damnation de Faust," which he called "A Dramatic Legend," and "Les Troyens," a grand opera, on classical lines.

His "Faust" is the best-known and most popular of these works, and is by many good critics considered his masterpiece. It is very characteristic of Berlioz, showing almost all his predominant moods of composition. There are in it many gentle and tender melodies, — for instance, Marguerite's ballade, "Le Roi de Thule," and also some pathetic measures, suddenly introduced in the love-duet in which she asks why the tears fill her eyes. But the portions marked most emphatically by the genius of Berlioz are the fantastic, the supernatural, and the terrible. The ethereal song of the Sylphs, the wayward flicker of the Will o' the Wisps, the wild terror of that Ride through the darkness of the air, the empty, fearful harmonies of the spirits of the underworld, — there is the hand of Berlioz, the creator of strange, yet sometimes magnificent visions, — Berlioz, the master in his own kingdom.

His life passed swiftly, and with constant bursts of emotion that was well-nigh madness. We see him, perhaps, in his simplest light when we read that, at sixty-one, he went back to La Côté-Saint-André, and visited the old haunts of his restless and gloomy boyhood. There he met Estella, a fair, white-haired woman of almost seventy, with

eyes showing traces of pain, — for her life had been a sad one, — but a very bright and sweet smile for him. She remembered him, — so well! He had been such a strange boy, with such a romantic yet tempestuous spirit!

He told her that he had thought of her, with that first boyish love, all through the years, and that she still typified all that was sweet and good and gracious in his thoughts.

Then he went back to Paris, where, with every year, every month, every day, he grew a little more bitter and tragic and despairing. He was ill and lonely, and he had found that his country did not care for him or his music. His only son was travelling far away, and he greeted his friends with a deep, passionate pain which took the guise of impotent wrath against fate. He declared that he was "as wicked as a thousand devils"; but in reality his mind was merely worn out by the intensity with which he had lived and thought. At last news came of his son's death, and the shock was too great for the unhappy old composer, and suddenly, one night in windy March, he died.

So it is not strange that the name of Berlioz brings vivid pictures before us. A boy, grasping life fiercely with his young hands, and wresting what he wished from unkindly circumstance; a young man, passionately resolved on success, on

love, on happiness, and desperate nearly to madness when disappointed; finally, an old master, spent with his efforts and his tragedies, a dreamer of dark, sad fancies in his last days, — such is Berlioz. And we feel moved to pity because of so much greatness and so much pain.

But as we watch the different pictures, they all fade away into the clouds; and from the clouds comes at times a light that tells of a possible purity and peace into which the master may have entered as his heritage, after his struggles here.

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF BERLIOZ

Overtures. Concert-overtures are such prominent figures in the works of Berlioz that we should consider them first. He began with "*Waverly*," — the idea of which is suggested by the lines which he chose as its motto: —

> "Dreams of love and ladies' charms
> Give place to honour and to arms."

Then came "*Les Francs Juges*," "*Le Roi Lear*," and "*Le Corsaire*."

Symphonies. Besides his "*Symphonie Fantastique*," and "*Lelio*," he also composed "*Harold en Italie*," "*Roméo et Juliette*," and the "*Grand Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale*."

Musico-Dramatic Compositions. Some such broad characterization is necessary in classifying the works of Berlioz, he in-

vents such a variety of charming names for the compositions! His "*Troyens*" he calls "*poème lyrique;*" his "*Belle Isabeau*" is "*Conte pendant l'orage;*" "*Faust*" is "*Légende dramatique;*" "*La Captive*" is "*Rêverie pour Mezzo Soprano;*" besides two operas, "*Benvenuto Cellini*" and "*Béatrice et Bénédict.*" His "*L'Impériale*" he calls a cantata.

"**L'Enfance du Christ: Trilogie Sacrée.**" This is divided into "*Le Songe d'Hérode,*" "*La Fuite en Égypte,*" and "*L'Arrivée à Saïs.*" Berlioz is simplest and sweetest, perhaps, in this Trilogy; there is a very religious element in this, as well as his "*Grande Messe des Morts*" (*a Requiem*).

Frédéric François Chopin

Born, March 1st, 1809. Died (aged 40), Oct. 17th, 1849.

NOW and then some strange exotic spirit comes to live on earth, blessed of the gods yet foredoomed to suffering beyond the capacity of other men. And the stay of such a spirit is usually short. It comes, and lives with us for a brief time, and then vanishes as quickly as it appeared. And the startled world wonders, and says, "There was a great soul!"

Such a spirit — sensitive yet powerful, languid yet vivid, delicate and potent as a rich garden blossom — was Frédéric Chopin. "The boldest and proudest poetic spirit of the age," Schumann called him. Indeed, as we think of him, great master of music as he was, we think of him as a poet, — though he did not write verse. Some persons, you know, *live* poetry, and Chopin was one of these.

He suffered much, yet he must have known much happiness of heart. When we hear one of his delicious Études or Valses, we know that this man felt the purest joy possible to humanity. It may have been the elusive joy of the spirit, but joy

it was; and it glows, not like sunshine, but like June moonlight, through the web of his music.

He was born in Poland, that strange, cold, warlike, mysterious country which seems especially adapted to immortalization in music, — Poland, the land of great thoughts and tragic yet glorious dreams.

Zelazowa Wola, near Warsaw, was his birthplace, and there his father, Nicholas Chopin, was tutor to a number of boys, and, among others, to Count Skarbek's son. Count Skarbek owned the village, and was a powerful as well as a generous noble.

Nicholas Chopin's position was an excellent one, and he was greatly honoured in Zelazowa Wola. Indeed, the cleverest and most cultivated persons in the vicinity were glad to go to his house, and among Frédéric's earliest impressions was the memory of the distinguished visitors who were so kind, and so interested in him.

Frédéric Chopin was one of the many geniuses who showed wonderful signs of musical talent when very young. He was always a delicate child, and was so susceptible to the effects of music that his friends were sometimes startled. When he heard beautiful music he would cry silently as though his small heart were broken. Yet he loved it passionately from his babyhood, and it was his greatest happiness even while it affected him so painfully.

He was sent to Albert Zwyny, the great teacher in Warsaw, to learn the rudiments of the art he loved so profoundly. Zwyny was amazed by his pupil's genius. The child would seat himself at the piano and play, improvising the most exquisite melodies and lovely chords. Long before he could write down the notes, he composed in this way, and sometimes Zwyny transferred these early improvisations to paper.

The great ladies of Warsaw soon heard of the new genius who played the piano in such a remarkable manner, and Fritzchen, as every one called him, was often asked to play in various drawing-rooms in the evening.

When he was nine years old, his parents allowed him to play at a charity concert, in Warsaw. His appearance had been requested by Julius Miemcewicz, the statesman, and the compliment was a high one.

The evening of the concert arrived, and Fritzchen, who was not in the least apprehensive, was dressed by his anxious mother. The young musician was so small that, to array him carefully for the important occasion, she stood him upon a chair. Fritzchen was very serious over this part of the affair, being much interested in his new jacket, and particularly pleased with the large collar thereof. But he went to the concert itself with the indifference of genius.

His mother was not able to go, but waited eagerly for the child to be brought back to her; and of course she was very anxious to hear of the impression on the audience.

Fritzchen arrived finally, excited and tired, but bearing no sign of nervousness after his ordeal. His mother took him in her arms, glad to see that he was not entirely exhausted.

"Well," she asked, "what did the audience like best?"

"Oh, mamma," returned Fritzchen, quite simply and eagerly, "everybody looked only at my collar."

And I think that as his mother kissed him good-night, she was as thankful for his simplicity as for his genius.

After that concert, which had been a great success, Warsaw became more pleased with him than before. Among the various exalted persons who patronized him were the Grand Prince Constantin Pawlowicz and his young wife, the lovely Princess Lowicka. They were a strange couple, divided in nearly all their tastes, but they both loved the little musician. The Grand Prince was a hard and fierce man, an ungentle husband and a cruel master. Frédéric, however, touched him strangely, and he was always kind to the child. He even deigned to approve of and accept a march which Frédéric composed for him.

The beautiful young Grand Princess loved music, and she encouraged the small Frédéric with gentleness and sympathy. Frédéric went sometimes to improvise for her, and this was a great delight to her. Her life was not happy, and the boy's heavenly music rested and comforted her.

He looked at times like a young angel as he played. He would sit with rapt face and upturned brown eyes, seeming not to see his surroundings.

Even the harsh-mannered Grand Prince noticed his dreaminess.

"Why do you always look upward, boy?" he asked him once. "Do you see notes up there?"

When the famous singer, Madame Angelica Catalini, was in Warsaw, she heard Frédéric play several times and was much impressed. Sweet, appreciative, sympathetic, hers was just the nature to comprehend the child's genius. On her departure, she gave him a gold watch engraved with the inscription: "Donné par Madame Catalini à Frédéric Chopin, âgé dix ans." (Given by Madame Catalini to Frédéric Chopin, aged ten years.)

As time passed he became the pupil of Joseph Elsner, a friend of his father's. Under his teaching he improved, developed musically to a great degree. Elsner loved him dearly and in after years followed his career with almost personal pride.

Frédéric possessed a wonderful power over human

beings through his music. He could strongly affect even phlegmatic listeners, and could influence sensitive persons in a remarkable way. He once asked some Polish Jews to come to see him. They arrived duly, and Frédéric felt himself inspired by their venerable aspect and the fascination of their ancient race, — peculiarly interesting in Poland. He sat down at his piano and began to play some strange Jewish music. As he played they became more and more moved and excited, until springing up they began to dance the Jewish dances, crying, as they circled about the room, "He plays like a Jew! He plays like a born Jew!"

Thus did he enter into the life and emotion of his auditors.

When the boys to whom his father was tutor became noisy or uncontrollable, Frédéric would steal to the piano and begin to play; and at once all confusion would be stilled. Sometimes, thrilled with a strange sense of power, he would try some test of his influence, such as the following.

One evening, while Nicholas Chopin was away, a number of the boys were romping through the house, quarrelling among themselves and making a great deal of noise. Frédéric walked quickly to the piano and called out to them to be quiet for a moment. Then, as a momentary lull followed, he said that he wanted to tell them a very interesting

story which he knew, illustrating it upon the piano. They agreed to be quiet while they heard the story, so Frédéric put out all the lights and sat down.

He told them that it was a story about robbers. He described, first, their noiseless approach to the house which they wished to rob. And as he talked he played. The stealthy music changed quickly to hasty confusion as he related their ascent to the window and the noise within which startled them. The music became more and more hurried. The frightened robbers were flying to a place of safety. They reached a great, black, silent forest; the music deepened and became slower. They stopped to rest; the music was tranquil. They lay down on the soft moss, looking up at the twinkling golden stars, and, worn out with their flight and their terror, finally fell asleep.

Softer and softer grew the music, drowsier and drowsier, fainter and fainter. At last he stopped playing altogether. When he arose from the piano stool, he discovered that between the fatigue, the darkness, and, above all, the music, all the boys had fallen asleep!

Lights were brought, and Frédéric contemplated his slumbering audience. Then, going to the piano once more, he struck a loud and peremptory chord, at which they all started up, wide-awake and much bewildered. The story is told with much enjoy-

ment by one of the victims of Frédéric's musical experiment.

He had a keen sense of humour, a great love of mimicry, and an unusual gift for caricaturing. His drawings were so excellent that even the unfortunate persons who were caricatured could not fail to admire his skill. When he became a man, he sometimes acted in private theatricals in his own house, and it was his delight to impersonate famous men of the day.

He loved nature with his whole soul, especially that of his own country. Sometimes he spent his holidays in the village of Szafarnia, the property of the Dziewanowski family; and there he dreamed and wandered in the fields to his heart's content. The Dziewanowski children were his friends, but they loved to play games and chatter; and his pleasure consisted in stealing away by himself and flinging himself down under a tree where he could be undisturbed.

What wonderful dreams were his in those long summer days; what magical visions grew and faded before his eyes; what spirits of inspiration crowned with light came to meet him through the woodland ways!

Sometimes he heard the reapers singing, and listened to the wonderful folk-songs of the sad yet joyous Polish people. They impressed him deeply,

these full-blooded peasants, with pathetic eyes and music in their souls. He loved them and their passionate yet monotonous Slavic music, and, later, he put the thrill of all Poland's romance and tragedy into his great "Polonaises." Mazovia, the name of the province which included Zelazowa Wola and Szafarnia, was noted for its native music, so he imbibed the Polish peasant spirit as he imbibed the pure Polish air, and thus transmuted it to mazourka and polonaise, valse and ballade, nocturne and prelude.

His music was to him very real and vital; in fact, it entirely filled his mind. We are told that sometimes at night his ideas for musical composition so disturbed him that he was obliged to play for a time to find rest. So it was not uncommon for the household to hear exquisite music mingling with their dreams at night. The family loved him and understood him so well that they never tried to keep him from his nightly improvisations. The servants loved him, too, with great devotion, but they did not understand his peculiarities, and looked upon his strange habits as terrible signs.

"Poor young gentleman!" they would say sadly, "his mind is affected."

When he was nineteen he went with the geologist, Professor Jarocki, to Germany. The professor was going to Berlin on business, and Chopin was de-

lighted to have an opportunity of seeing a somewhat wider musical field than Warsaw. He enjoyed his stay in Germany, but thought the Germans very odd indeed. Every one, however, was kind to him, and he met many interesting persons.

Once, when he and Professor Jarocki were travelling by diligence, they stopped to have supper and change horses at the inn or post-house in the small town of Züllichau. Chopin, wandering about, discovered a much-battered piano, and, opening it with a dubious expression, played a chord. His face changed quickly, and he cried delightedly, —

"Oh, Santa Cecilia, the piano is in tune!"

So while the professor ate his supper, the young musician played, finding food and drink in his own music. And soon other travellers drew near; then the master of the post-house and his wife and daughters; then village people who were passing. One by one they stole into the room and listened. A German traveller, who had been smoking in the corner, rose and approached, spellbound. As he listened, his pipe went out, but he paid no heed. The old Town Cantor came in, and stood in a wonderful dream, hearing music such as may have drifted across his fancy as a dim ideal, yéars before. Each, as he or she listened, heard a different story, a different message. Each saw a different

vision of the future; each recalled a different past. Lighter, purer, more dream-like, the music wavered ethereally through the dingy room, — softer, — softer —

"The horses are ready, gentlemen!" cried the postilion at the door.

Chopin rose quickly, but his audience almost tearfully crowded about him, beseeching him to give them more music, more music.

"Confound you for disturbing us!" growled the angry master of the post-house to the bewildered postilion.

"Stay, dear sir!" begged the rest. "Finish playing that wonderful music, which we should have heard uninterrupted but for that tiresome man!"

"Stay!" entreated the master of the post-house. "Stay and play, noble young musician! I will give you couriers' horses, if you will stay a little longer."

"Stay!" cried his wife. Indeed, they all asked for his music as beggars ask for bread.

So he stayed and played for a little while. And when it was over, they brought him wine and cakes, and thanked him with tears in their eyes. And the old Town Cantor went up to the young man and said brokenly: "Sir, I am an old and thoroughly trained musician. I, too, play the piano and so know how to appreciate your masterly performance. If Mozart had heard it, he would have grasped your

hand and cried, 'Bravo.' An insignificant old man like myself cannot dare to do so."

But I think, though there is no report thereof, that Chopin was very glad and highly honoured to shake hands with that "old and thoroughly trained musician."

When, at last, he departed, the master of the post-house, a veritable giant in size, lifted him in his arms, for Chopin was very slight and delicate, and carried him to the post-chaise. And the good people waved a grateful farewell to the young magician, who had given them so much pleasure.

"Things go very unfairly in this world," muttered the postilion to the serving-maid as he prepared to mount his seat. "The young gentleman is carried into the carriage by the master himself. The like of us must climb onto the box by ourselves, even though we may be musical, too!"

Nobody, Chopin declared afterward, ever paid him so high a compliment as the German traveller, who, in listening to his music, did not notice when his pipe went out!

Soon after this he went back to Warsaw, but the following year saw him travelling once more, — this time to Vienna. He said, humbly enough, "What am I to expect in a city which can boast of having heard a Haydn, a Mozart, and a Beethoven?"

However, when he appeared in public there, the

Viennese received him warmly and he made many friends. He also went to other cities, Dresden, Prague, etc., and everywhere was successful.

After he returned again to Warsaw he wrote to his most intimate friend, Titus Woyciechowski, that he had found his ideal! This was in the person of a charming young singer named Constance Gladkowska. For six months he adored her from afar without even meeting her. After he knew her, he was not disappointed in his ideal of her. She was only a dream to him, however, and he never saw her again after he left Warsaw.

His departure from Warsaw seemed necessary to his ambitious spirit, so he prepared to seek his fortunes once for all, and to say good-bye to his family and friends and to his beloved Poland.

He had the final happiness of a farewell concert, given in honour of his departure, at which Mlle. Gladkowska sang. He wrote to Titus Woyciechowski: . . . "She wore a white dress, had roses in her hair, and looked charmingly beautiful. She has never sung as she sang last evening. . . ."

A supper was given him at which the conservatory pupils sang a cantata composed by his old master, Elsner. Everybody wished him well, with gay words and sad hearts. At last, at the close of the merry-making, one of his friends came toward him and handed him a silver goblet filled with

earth. It was the soil of Poland, and the friend who had been chosen to present it for the rest, said seriously and with emotion, —

"May you, wherever you go, never forget your fatherland or cease to love it with a warm and faithful heart."

So the young musician, with high hopes and noble dreams, went forth from his own country into alien lands.

For a year he travelled about, making friends and composing exquisite music. Then he went to Paris to live. He was very popular, and he received adulation from the social as well as the artistic circles of the city. The Parisians chose to idolize him, but he was not egotistical, and so remained the Chopin of old.

Almost all men of genius recognized his genius, and he counted among his friends Liszt, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Heine, Balzac, and many other famous persons. For a long time there existed between himself and Liszt great appreciation and a form of friendly rivalry. Liszt would embellish Chopin's melodies with flowery cadenzas and alterations of the most sweeping nature. Chopin would object. "Oh, well, then, play it yourself," Liszt would return. And when Chopin *did* play it, all the listeners, including Liszt himself, would be touched and amazed.

One evening, however, the Hungarian magician planned a musical joke. A number of guests were there, all musical and appreciative, and Liszt asked Chopin if he would play to them. Chopin consented, and Liszt requested to have all the lights put out. As Chopin preferred to play without any light, this was quickly done. Then in the darkness Liszt hastily pushed his friend, with a whispered word, into an armchair, and sitting down at the piano began to imitate the Polish master's light touch and dreamy form of extemporizing in such a marvellous manner that several listeners felt tears running down their cheeks, a tribute to the supposed Chopin.

Suddenly Liszt, leaning forward, struck a match and lit one of the candles on the piano.

"Why, we thought it was Chopin! Is it you?"

"As you see!" answered Liszt, much pleased with the success of his experiment. And Chopin, who was himself an excellent mimic, fully appreciated the joke, so delightfully carried out by the Hungarian master's skill.

Afterward Liszt and Chopin drifted apart, which is to be regretted, for of all masters these two should have been friends. Possibly the severing of their tie was as much Chopin's fault as Liszt's, for, as years passed, illness seized him, and his in-

creasing weakness and much grief made him exacting even with his friends.

The strongest influence in Chopin's life was that of Aurora Dudevant ("George Sand"), the great French novelist. She came into his life when he was twenty-two, and her presence, forceful and vigorous as it was, brought a shadow. He loved her as he never loved any one else, and I think that in his heart he loved her always. She caused him much sorrow and suffering, and it is hard to believe that she cared for him in the same way, or to the same extent, that he cared for her, but she was the inspiration of much of his loveliest music.

As the years passed, the wonderful young master composed with an almost feverish devotion to his work. For now he knew that his death was approaching. His life had been full of intense and unquiet emotions, and his vital fire was burning out swiftly, secretly, surely.

The last, long, dreary, suffering summer passed, and October came, with its autumn winds and mellow sunshine. It was on Sunday that Chopin knew at last that he was dying.

He lay in his room, silently looking at the loving faces of his friends around him. His sister Louise and the Countess Delphine Potocka, a close and faithful friend of his, stood together beside him, with tears rolling down their cheeks. Turning to

the Countess, Chopin asked her to sing. For a moment the impulsive and sorrowful woman could not command her voice; then she began to sing Stradella's "Hymn to the Madonna." Chopin listened enraptured.

"My God, how beautiful! how beautiful!" he said softly, as she finished. "Sing again!"

It was growing darker now. The shadows were crowding fantastically in the room. Outside, the streets of Paris were strangely still. Evening had come.

Delphine Potocka almost burst into tears, but again she controlled herself, remembering that she might thus comfort the last hours of the dying master. Chopin's piano stood in the room, and she seated herself before it and began to play. Then she sang one of Benedetto Marcello's "Psalms." And as she sang Chopin drifted farther and farther away from the grasp of life.

The old Venetian master — stern, noble, scornful, proud — and the young musical poet met in that moment of death, the music of the one bearing the soul of the other over the dark hours of the end. How different they were, these two masters of music! Yet each, doubtless, had his lesson and his message for the other, if they met, as may have been, outside the boundaries of earth.

The watchers in Chopin's room knelt silently in

the darkness. And Delphine Potocka sang, with a breaking heart, the triumphant music of Marcello. At last she ended, and sat at the piano bowed with grief.

The night passed, and when the city bells struck three o'clock, Chopin's friends rose, silent and awe-struck, from their knees. For they knew that he was gone.

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF CHOPIN

Polonaises: The old Polish dance received new life in the hands of Chopin, who made it one of his finest forms of expressing the Polish spirit, — "changing it," says one musical writer, "from a mere dance into a glowing tone-picture of Poland, her departed glory, her many wrongs and her hoped-for regeneration."

Valses and Mazurkas: These also are distinctly Polish, and tinged with the shadow of tragedy whether definite or indefinite. With these should be mentioned the *Cracovienne*, the *Bolero*, the *Tarantelle*, the many delicious *Scherzi*, — all the vivid, rhythmic tone-poems of this character which Chopin has given us.

Nocturnes, Ballades, Sonatas, Concertos, Songs, Rondeaus, Études, Variations.

Preludes: These Preludes were written, for the most part, in Majorca, whither Chopin had gone on account of his ill-health, and they are each a picture of some mood, or some strong impression on the musician's mind. George Sand, in describing the preludes, says that they must have come to him as inspirations, suggested by — "the laughter of children at play, the distant strains of the guitar, the twitter of birds on the damp branches, or the sight of the little pale roses in the cloister garden, pushing their heads up through the snow . . ."

Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

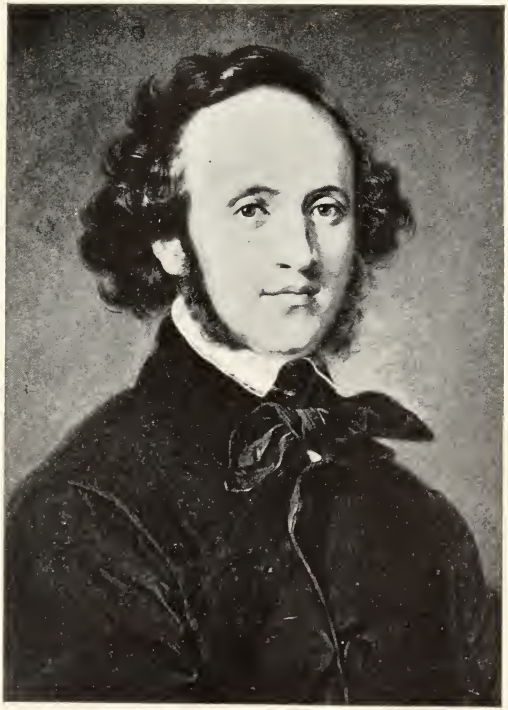
Born Feb. 3rd, 1809. Died (aged 38) Nov. 4th, 1847

THE fine old Jewish race from which this composer came, gained its name in a curious way.

An Oriental is always known by his father's name with the word "son" added. Thus, the Jew who was to be Felix's great-grandfather, was named Mendel; his son was called Moses, — and of course the traditional Oriental form followed: Moses Mendelssohn, — Moses, Mendel's Sohn (son of Mendel).

The family soon abandoned many of their picturesque Oriental customs, and, indeed, when Felix' generation was reached, they left the ancient faith and became Christians. Moses, Mendel's Sohn, became famous as a scholar and was known as "the modern Plato." His children still kept the "Mendelssohn," and it became an ordinary German surname.

Abraham Mendelssohn, the son of "the modern Plato," and the father of Felix, married a beautiful



MENDELSSOHN.

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and brilliant Jewess, Lea Salomon. Lea's brother adopted the name Bartholdy, and, by his advice, Abraham adopted it likewise, and, with a hyphen, it was added to his own name. And so it is that the composer of "Elijah" is known as Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

Felix was born in Hamburg, where his father carried on a large business as a banker, but when the French entered the city the entire Mendelssohn family escaped to Berlin, where they soon made a home and were very contented. This was before Felix passed his third birthday.

The family was a happy one, and large enough in itself for the children to require few playmates. Fanny was the oldest, then came Felix, then Rebecca, and last Paul. The older boy and girl almost invariably played together, and indeed this friendly division of the family lasted always, though they were all affectionate.

Abraham Mendelssohn was a shrewd and successful business man, but he was not so deeply immersed in the occupation of making money as to neglect the arts. He had one of the clearest and most appreciative minds imaginable.

". . . If I could only say what I feel in the same clear and intelligent manner that you always do," declared Felix, in after years, "I would certainly never make another confused speech as long as I live!"

Abraham Mendelssohn had an unfailing instinct as to the best in music, though he had no technical knowledge, and he recognized the merit of his son's work as few people did or could. Felix from his infancy gave constant proof that he was born to be a musician, and both his father and mother helped and encouraged him.

When Felix began to become celebrated, Abraham Mendelssohn was wont to say with his own dry humour, —

"Formerly I was merely the son of my father. Now I am merely the father of my son!"

As for the mother, who as Lea Salomon had won the rather stern heart of Mendelssohn, she was in every way an unusual woman. Quiet, reserved, and outwardly unemotional, — she yet had a most brilliant mind, and power of intense feeling, and her house was one of the chief centres of cultivation and art in Berlin. It was she who taught Felix and Fanny the rudiments of music, and she always sat with them while they practised.

Both Abraham and Lea Mendelssohn had severe, Spartan ideas as to the bringing-up of their children, and Felix and Fanny learned early the lesson of being denied! They were quite happy, however, and they were absolutely inseparable. Never, surely, did brother and sister understand each other more perfectly than these two. They loved all intellectual

things, but they had quite as profound an appreciation of pleasures and amusements, — perhaps because they were not allowed to enjoy many in their severely simple lives.

They were a quaint little couple, these children, — Felix, with his delicate, almost girlish face, golden-brown curls, and laughing eyes and mouth; and Fanny, with her keen, humorous, expressive little countenance! Together they would play the music their mother wished them to practise, their small hands conquering the intricacies of the exercises with praiseworthy ease. Fanny's skill in this was almost as great as that of Felix, and their mother once said of her, — "The child has Bach-fugue fingers." Together the two would read the books ordered by their father, discussing the points that were hard for them to understand.

When Fanny was a little over eleven and Felix not yet eight they were already doing work which many grown persons would find taxing. The thorough form of their education may be understood by the list of their masters.

In the first place they had a regular tutor, Heyse by name, an estimable man of a literary family, who taught them the general branches learned by every one. Ludwig Berger, a very famous music-teacher, gave them lessons on the piano; composition they learned from Carl Friedrich Zelter, — he who had so

disgusted Giacomo Meyerbeer by his rigid discipline! Henning taught them the violin. They also took painting lessons from Rösel, and Felix studied Greek besides — taking his lessons with his small sister Rebecka, who must have had greater inclinations toward the classical tongue of bards and philosophers than had Fanny. Otherwise, the inseparable two would certainly have studied it together!

Every morning they were made to get up at five o'clock to study, — every morning except Sunday! And ah! how they loved Sunday! And how delightfully they rested, in the extra time allowed them! Very assiduously did Felix and Fanny make the most of the small luxuries and amusements which at rare intervals were permitted them. And *never*, as long as they lived, did they outgrow their passion for sweet things!

When Felix was eleven he entered a "grown-up" singing-class, as alto. He is described by his older friend, Devrient, as wearing at that time "a tight-fitting jacket, cut very low at the neck, and with full trousers buttoned over it. Into the slanting pockets of these he liked to thrust his hands, rocking his curly head from side to side, and shifting restlessly from one foot to the other."

Felix began to compose independently when he was twelve. Zelter encouraged him in this, and,

stern and pedantic as he was, admired his pupil's genius with all his heart.

It was at this time that the boy met two famous men, each of whom had a distinct effect upon him and upon his work. The first of these was Carl von Weber, whose dignified and gentle personality, and lovely music breathing the purest fragrance of the Romantic School, impressed Felix deeply.

Then he met Goethe. Zelter, a close friend of the great man's, introduced Felix to him, and between the poet, then an old man, and the child-musician there sprang up a warm and loving friendship. Felix visited his illustrious friend for several weeks at a time, and hour by hour played to him, while the old man listened, deeply touched, to the music.

In after years Goethe wrote to him: "I am Saul, and thou art David. Come to me when I am sad and discouraged, and quiet my soul with thy sweet harmonies."

Felix was at this time a little too daring in his work. For example, when Goethe asked him to play one particular fugue by Bach, he, not remembering the whole of it, made up the last part in a most elaborate and scholarly manner!

The Mendelssohn of later years, — the adorer of all the classics, — would have trembled with horror at the bare suggestion of adding or changing a single note in anything of Bach's!

He continued to compose voluminously, but remained an absolute child in everything except his music until he was almost fifteen. Then his brown curls were cut off, and he was put into long trousers.

He had written three operas at this time, and was at work upon a fourth. He and Fanny played these productions to the family and the friends who came to call, and Zelter sat at the table and criticised most vigorously. He was as delighted with the boy's work, however, as any one!

It grew to be quite customary, among the artistic young people of Berlin, to go to the Mendelssohn-Bartholdys' in the evening, — "to hear Felix and Fanny play."

On his fifteenth birthday, Felix's fourth opera was played to his admiring audience of friends. After the supper, at which they all wished him well, Zelter rose, and said, with more emotion than he cared to show, that the boy was no longer an "apprentice," thenceforth he was his "assistant," and as such he welcomed him, — "in the name of Mozart, and of Haydn, and of old Bach."

The famous pianist, Ignatz Moscheles, went often to the Mendelssohns' house, and said that they were "a family such as I have never seen before!" And, apropos of the desire of Felix to be taught by him, he declared that the boy of fifteen was

"a mature artist. . . . He has no need of lessons; if he wishes to take a hint from me as to anything new to him, he can easily do so."

The Mendelssohns in time moved into a large house just out of town, — in fact on the borders of the Potsdam deer-park which once belonged to Frederick the Great.

The beautiful gardens, the wilderness of green-edged paths, the summerhouses hidden by creepers, the great chestnut-trees that cast their shadows on the velvet-like sward, — all inspired the young composer.

The Gartenhaus, — the garden-house, or, as they sometimes called it the summer-drawingroom, was a great music-hall in the centre of the green lawns; and here Felix's private concerts could be given under the happiest conditions.

There were blossoming shrubs of all kinds in those gardens, and the fragrance of many flowers made the air sweet. Loveliest of all, perhaps, were the groups of lilacs, with their poetry-breathing perfume. Some of their evanescent, delicate sweetness has crept into the fairy-music of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the overture to which was composed during that first summer in the new home.

Afterwards Felix wrote the whole charming music-poem, setting the most striking parts of the play to

music, but the germs of all that he did later were in that first elfin overture.

Fanny was the only one who knew of the process of this composition. As usual, Felix confided everything to her. He and Fanny had first read Shakespeare, — in German, — that year, and had been much impressed, particularly by the magical way in which the atmosphere of the woodlands was expressed, with but little actual description.

While we are speaking of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," let me mention that, years later, when the entire composition was performed in Berlin, many ignorant Germans were shocked that Herr Mendelssohn should "set such a common play to music."

It was in the first autumn spent at the house near Potsdam that Felix wrote the "Trumpet Overture." This is the composition which his father loved so well that he said he should like to listen to it while he was dying.

Felix's opera "Camacho" (taken from Cervantes' "Don Quixote") was produced when he was eighteen. It won the approval even of the old Italian master, Spontini. He it was who advised Felix to aim at the highest always, saying, as he pointed to the steeple of the Roman Catholic Church, which rose far, far up, against the distant calm of the heavens:

"Mon ami, — il vous faut des idées grandes comme cette coupole!" ("My friend, — your ideas must be as great as that spire!")

"Camacho" was successful, so far as the general public was concerned, but the critics were extremely severe, and Felix was disgusted both with the music itself and its reception.

It was probably at some time during this year that he wrote the verses of which the following is a very free translation:

"Writes the artist earnestly,
Drowsy folk abound;
Writes the artist merrily,
Commonplace 't is found.

"Writes an artist lengthily,
Woe greets each invention;
But if briefly writeth he,
No man pays attention!

"Writes an artist lucidly,
A fool, they all affirm!
Writes an artist learnedly,
A maniac is the term!

"None is pleased with what he doth,
Write he well or ill;
Therefore must an artist write
Howsoe'er he will!"

Felix was now practically at the end of his education, both musical and otherwise.

He was one of the most charming beings ever born, — so says every one who knew him in Berlin. As boyish as a youth of nineteen should be, he yet had the grace, the courtesy, and the brilliancy of a cultivated man. He loved out-of-door life, and rode very well, enjoying every moment that he spent on a horse. He was also very fond of swimming, and, indeed, had a passion for the water, as he showed in his three concert overtures: "The Hebrides (or Fingal's Cave);" "Meeresstille," — or, to give it its full title, — "A Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage;" and that very popular overture, "To the Story of the lovely Melusine."

Mendelssohn declared, when questioned about it, — "I think I love the sea almost better than the sky!"

Our nineteen-year-old Felix excelled as universally in indoor amusements as in the more athletic sports. He was famous for his billiard-playing, — there were few men in Berlin who could play so masterly and accurate a game. He danced as only a musician could dance and was extremely fond of balls. And everywhere he was copied, and adored, and flattered, and had he been other than Felix Mendelssohn he must have become conceited. As it was, he enjoyed the good things of life, including the kindness of his friends, with a genuine, wholesome boyishness which made every one love him the more.

At "the house of many gardens" innumerable charming people met, to forget the troubles of their various lives in the merriment which always abounded where Felix and Fanny were to be found.

Let us picture an evening in the Gartenhaus! Fanny has been playing a Bach fugue, and now in the pause which follows the guests are talking together as they move about the big music-room, or stand at the wide doors looking out on the gardens. The air, as it comes in, is chilly, for it is already winter.

There are Abraham and Lea Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the model host and hostess, grave but gracious, and interested in the pleasure of their guests. There is Fanny, — who so resembles her grandfather, every one says! Her kindly, satirical mouth, her small alert form, her finely chiselled, but somewhat sharp features, and her brilliant eyes are all like "the modern Plato." There are those two famous philosophers, Hegel and Humboldt. Humboldt mingles with the rest, and, now and then, even lets a witticism escape the lips which but lately have been discoursing on possible reformations. But Hegel, an old-fashioned, quaint, and not too imposing figure, with his snuff-box in his hand, is at the card-table, which, as a special courtesy, has been provided for him! There behold the master of bitter and of sweet in poetry, — Heinrich Heine; and, not far distant, his

two friends, Varnhagen von Ense, that eccentric man of letters, with his wife, the celebrated Jewess, Rahel. There is the dignified Zelter, and there that talented author-composer, Adolf Marx. And who is this, — this little lady with the particularly expressive features? Bettina, no less! The Bettina Brentano immortalized by the friendship of Goethe and of Beethoven. She is Bettina von Arnim now, but not very much changed.

And here is Felix, — slender, buoyant, happy, with his handsome eyes and musical voice, — a typical hero of an old-fashioned novel! He and Fanny drift together at once, of course, but at the same time he is talking merrily to the rest of the group, — finally turning to Marx, to discuss laughingly with him the last number of their amateur paper. This paper is an extremely important affair in the select circle of Felix's and Fanny's friends, and to it all manner of merry nonsense is contributed by them all, including Zelter, and also, be it whispered, the grave and much-to-be-venerated Dr. Humboldt. The paper, which is for private circulation only, rejoices in the title of "Schnee und Thee-Zeitung," or the "Snow and Tea Times;" and in summer becomes the "Gartenzeitung," — the "Garden Times."

And now Edward Devrient, approaching, begs Felix to play some of his own music for them.

Laughing and protesting, he goes to the piano, pausing to lay his hand on his friend's shoulder, with the affectionate "Edward!" — which simple speaking of his name never fails to move the heart of Devrient.

Then, in answer to the requests, all around him, he plays a little of his fascinating fairy-music, — then his new song, but lately composed, — "Ist es wahr?" and finally, with a saddened face, that tragic "Fugue in E minor," which he composed not long ago by the deathbed of a friend.

As he ceases, there is a soft cry of applause, and Devrient looks touched, and Zelter, extremely proud, as who would say, "I taught that boy to write fugues!" And if Bettina has been listening, I am sure she has been delighted.

At this time Felix had been training a small chorus to sing Bach's "Passion Music." The boy knew the whole of this very difficult score by heart, and drilled his choir so well that, the following year, his friends were anxious to have him conduct the "Passion" as sung by the famous chorus of the Musical Akademie. But Zelter was at the head of the Akademie, and there was his autocratic opposition to be counted on.

Devrient and Felix, however, went together to try to persuade him. Felix rather dreaded the interview, Devrient says, and just outside the door

stopped short, — declaring "'If he is abusive I shall go. I cannot squabble with him!'"

"'He is sure to be abusive,' said I, 'but I will take the squabbling in hand myself.'"

Zelter *was* slightly abusive, but finally agreed to what the two young men wished.

So the "Passion Music" was given, and for the first time since Bach's death! Felix said it was strange that the people had waited for one who was born a Jew to revive this grand Christian work.

At this point Fanny's engagement to Wilhelm Hensel, the painter, was announced. Glad as he was to know that she was happy, Felix felt that he had almost lost his sister, and that they could no longer be quite as they had been. This partly influenced him in his decision to visit England for a short time, and he was soon in London.

He had dingy but comfortable quarters on Great Portland Street, with flowering shrubs not far away, and he was content. Ignatz Moscheles and his wife welcomed him warmly, and he spent much of his time at their house.

He conducted all his best music in London, and applause greeted each performance. The English people were delighted with everything he gave them, — especially his overture to "The Midsummer Night's Dream."

After the first performance in London, the score

was left in a hackney-coach, and thus lost. Mr. Attwood, who had had it in charge, was in despair, but Mendelssohn did not mind in the least, and wrote it over again, promptly. I wonder who found that lost score? And what has become of it? I hope it found its way into the hands of some one who could appreciate it, and to whom its magical measures could bring happiness!

One evening Felix, with two boon companions, dined with one of the Ambassadors. It was a state dinner, and a very grand affair. Felix sat through it with a very dignified and grave manner, but with his eyes brimful of merriment. When they left the Embassy, the three friends walked solemnly along the street, looked at each other, and with one accord, walked into a market where they purchased three large, delicious German sausages! Then, in shouts of laughter, these three merry boys promenaded all over London until they found a dark and empty street. There they ate their sausages, sang college songs, —most beautifully harmonized by their well-trained voices, — and discussed the formal horrors of that state dinner!

Fanny's wedding took place in September, and Felix, alas! was forced to be absent. Just before the time he had planned to start for home, he was thrown out of a carriage. And for two months he was obliged to lie still, to his rage and disgust.

The next spring he went back to Germany, and (having in the meantime caught the measles and recovered!) he went to see his old friend Goethe, and stayed with him for two weeks. During that time he led "ein Heidenleben" ("a mad life!") — to quote his own words. He played by the hour to the poet, and, when he was not playing, had long talks with the man whose brain was among the greatest in the world. I wonder if they felt by instinct that it would be their last meeting on earth? It is possible; — at all events, they never came so close together, the old man and the young, as during that visit, and the days of the "Heidenleben" passed all too swiftly.

"He sits there still, with flashing eyes," wrote Felix of Goethe, "like a Jupiter Tonans."

Then he said farewell to the old poet and started on his journeys. He had long planned a visit to Italy and he went with all his vast powers of enjoyment highly keyed.

He reached Italy in the autumn. There was something magical in its effect upon the poetical but scholarly musician. The Italian atmosphere warmed but did not weaken the deep German spirit of his inspiration. Moreover, something in the Oriental nature which, somewhere hidden within him, was his Jewish heritage, responded to the gorgeousness of colour to be found in Italy.

The wonders of Venice and the sunny spell of the Bay of Naples inspired him with thoughts that were new yet seemed familiar.

Under this influence he wrote, or finished many of his finest compositions. Only one of them was actually a picture of Italy, but all of them were ripened by the Italian sun. The list of works dated "*Italy*, *1830*, or *1831*" includes these: The "Italian Symphony" — and how languorously yet passionately Italian it is! — the "Scotch Symphony," — in memory of a wonderful visit to Scotland, and a deep interest in everything connected with the lovely Mary Stuart and David Rizzio; "The Hebrides," — also a picture of a memory; and finally the "Walpurgisnacht," — a setting of Goethe's poem.

After much wandering about the Continent, — sometimes on foot, for he loved walking trips, — and a particularly pleasant but fruitless visit to that city which has been called "The tomb of all reputations," — Paris, — he found himself, one spring, again in London. There, in his "smoky nest," as he called his Great Portland Street lodging, he was always very happy, for, like Händel, there was something about England which appealed to him.

The healthy, clean atmosphere of its art, the high ideals, and the lack of confusion in its small musical world, — it all pleased Felix. He was not unlike

Händel in some things, though Händel was of the Classical school, and Mendelssohn, who came at a period when the new Romantic school was predominating, belonged strictly to neither the one nor the other.

Felix Mendelssohn, when he returned to Germany, did magnificent work, and held a high place in his art. But in some ways he was happier out of the land where such men as Schumann were fighting out the storm and stress of art, where people were struggling to appreciate the novel harmonies of Chopin and of Berlioz, and where one Richard Wagner was already beginning to startle sober musicians!

That spring, when he got back to his old London quarters, Felix was happy. He was greeted by the scent of his dearly loved lilacs, then in full blossom, and whispering all manner of magical messages to the wise. He was twenty-three, and blessed with truly superhuman powers for enjoying life and youth.

Yet there were shadows on the brightness. Goethe had died the month before. Soon after his return to London, the beloved old teacher, Zelter, followed his friend, and left his work to a younger and more progressive generation. A question was raised regarding Mendelssohn's possible election in Zelter's place as head of the Akademie in Berlin, but the position was finally given to Rungelhagen.

The following year the young composer went to Düsseldorf, Germany, to take charge of the music there, at the small salary of six hundred thalers, — ninety pounds, or four hundred and fifty dollars per annum. He wrote "Melusine" and other compositions, and began "St. Paul" at Düsseldorf, but he gave up much of his time to riding, sleeping, and eating. He declared, and truthfully, that he could eat at any time and any amount!

Two years later he left Düsseldorf, and the same year his father, fine old Abraham Mendelssohn, died, to Felix's passionate grief.

The young musician now settled in Leipzig, where he met, among others, Frédéric Chopin, Robert Schumann, and Clara Wieck, afterwards Clara Schumann. The two last named became his close friends, and were among his staunchest partisans at all times. He loved his work in Leipzig, and Leipzig received him with open arms.

And now we come to one of the most important events in his life.

In Frankfurt-am-Main — whither Felix first went on professional business — lived a family named Jeanrenaud, the widow and two daughters of a French clergyman. Madame Jeanrenaud, once Mademoiselle Souchay and a great beauty, was an extremely pretty and attractive woman still. So, when young Monsieur Mendelssohn began to call

at the pleasant house on the quay of the Main, the two girls teased her, saying that of course he came to see her!

They were happy-hearted and graceful, and in all ways charming to see, these two young Frenchwomen; and one was named Julie and the other Cécile. And it was not long before the teasing of Madame, their mother, stopped, for it was plain to see which of the three ladies brought Monsieur Mendelssohn to call!

Felix was very deeply in love with Cécile, or, to give her her full name, Cécile Charlotte Sophie Jeanrenaud. And soon his friends all over Germany and England heard of his engagement, and there was rejoicing accordingly.

In the following March, Felix, then twenty-eight, and Cécile, not yet nineteen, were married in Frankfurt-am-Main. And they went off on the merriest and most erratic honeymoon to out-of-the-way places that the mind of Felix could suggest!

The next years were particularly happy ones in the happy life of Mendelssohn. His success continued, his work grew in power and beauty, and he did much for the cause of music everywhere. One joyful summer he and his wife spent in the old house, surrounded by gardens, outside Berlin. His mother and sisters had never met Cécile before, and they were charmed by her beauty, her

grace, and her sweet, frank manner. But this brief rest among the chestnut trees and green banks was but an interlude in the life of the busy composer.

"St. Paul" was finished, and performed, and so too was the "Ruy Blas" overture, and various other compositions, before he could again enjoy the delights of idleness. Julie Jeanrenaud, Cécile's sister, and one of the most charming of women, married a Leipziger named Schunk, and Mendelssohn went back to Frankfurt for the wedding. Once there he and Cécile drifted back to Leipzig, for he wanted a rest. Though, to be sure, his "resting" was the busiest idleness ever enjoyed by man! The pleasantest thing of all was that Fanny and her husband visited them, and she and Felix had delightful old-time talks together, and decided that being married had not lessened the sympathy of either of them!

It seems as though no one ever could have *enjoyed* as did Mendelssohn. He took them all to the circus one night, and laughed like a boy at the antics of the clowns. The rest of the family always smiled when they spoke of that circus and remembered what a thoroughly good time Felix had had!

In planning an evening musical in honour of Liszt, he made for a friend the following characteristic programme:

"350 people, orchestra, chorus, punch, pastry,

Meeresstille, Psalm, Bach's Triple Concerto, Choruses from St. Paul, Fantasia on Lucia, the Erl King, the devil, and his grandmother!"

How shall we describe the next years? The events in his full and useful life followed each other so quickly! Chief among them, of course, was his mother's death, which was felt as an inexpressible tragedy by all her children. Never was woman more loved and regretted than Lea Mendelssohn.

After that Felix went by the King's request to Berlin. Fanny lived there, and this of course was a great happiness to both of them, for the "inseparable two" had been together comparatively little of late years. Now Felix and his wife, and Fanny and her husband, and all Felix's children spent most of the time together, and never was there a more contentedly united family.

Mendelssohn worked furiously, as he always did, but he always had time for the simple family festivities and little pleasures which Cécile and Fanny were forever planning for his benefit. "He is indescribably dear," wrote Fanny, lovingly, "in the best of tempers, and quite splendid . . . !"

When was he not "in the best of tempers," save when he met with stupidity in his pupils! Then he was irritated; and once, when an English student had harmonized a theme for his correction, Mendelssohn observed, in a surprised and disgusted tone: "Very

ungentleman-like modulations!" This was his sternest rebuke!

Another happy summer he spent near Frankfurt, in this fashion, which he described in a letter: — ". . . eating and sleeping, — *without* dress coat, *without* piano, *without* visiting-cards, *without* carriage and horses; but *with* donkeys, *with* wild-flowers, *with* music-paper and sketch-book, *with* Cécile and the children!"

It would be impossible to follow him, even in words, on his wanderings. To England he went, to Leipzig, to Berlin, to Frankfurt, — and then the same over again with other places added!

Once he was passing near an old church; he entered and, incognito, asked to try the organ. The aged sexton, a surly person with a sense of vast responsibility, refused. But Mendelssohn insisted on playing a few chords. Whereupon the wondering old man gasped in awestruck tones, — "And I would not let you play on my organ!"

And then Mendelssohn told him who he was, and woke in that old organ the great music which had been sleeping undisturbed within it for many years.

Then we hear of him journeying to London for the purpose of having a fish dinner at Lovegrove's with the Moscheleses!

Once he sent from England to Berlin for a special kind of cake which he particularly liked. And next

he, with the most generous earnestness, was conducting concerts for Madame Frege, Jenny Lind, and Clara Schumann!

Here, there, everywhere; always busy, always joyful, always inexhaustible in his eager helpfulness, and in his ability either to work or to play, — undoubtedly Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was a wonderful man!

One delicious anecdote is told of his naïve humour.

It was his custom, in teaching classes, to write an exercise on the board. Then, giving the chalk to each pupil in turn, he would ask them to add to and elaborate the theme. Sometimes a pupil would only add a chord or two; the next might develop it at greater length, and so the little exercise would grow.

In one instance each member of the class had added his contribution of counterpoint, and the chalk passed to the last pupil. He looked at the blackboard with its white marks, studied the harmonies and shook his head.

"You don't know what note to add?" asked Mendelssohn.

"No," said the pupil, feeling a little ashamed.

"I am so glad of that," said the master, "for neither do I!"

After his "Elijah" had been performed, — most satisfactorily and successfully, as the great work de-

served, — he began his "Christus;" but it was never finished. He hated to rest, and never admitted any feeling of weariness or weakness, so it was to be expected that that bright, industrious life of his must quickly come to an end.

One spring he went to Birmingham, England, to conduct a concert there, and to play Beethoven's Concerto in G major, which he always had called his "cheval de bataille." The audience was large and enthusiastic, but he declared that there were "just two ladies present whom I particularly wished to please, and they were the Queen and Jenny Lind!"

Certainly he never played more magnificently. The next week was very busy, and, therefore, but a bad preparation for the great shock which hastened his death.

He had just returned to Frankfurt and Cécile, when a telegram was brought to him. He opened it, read the message, and, with a sharp cry, fainted away.

Cécile, rushing to his side, read the telegram. Fanny had just died in Berlin, and the news had come cruelly and abruptly, — just the few terrible words, without any attempt at breaking the evil tidings gently.

He never recovered from this blow, — the death of his favourite sister and most intimate friend. It

did not surprise those who had known of the sympathy between them to hear that he was very ill and was not expected to recover. Neither Felix nor Fanny could live long without the other, they said.

He went to Berlin during the summer and saw Fanny's rooms, just as she had left them. In all ways he grieved and brooded over his loss. He was as devoted as ever to his children and to his wife, of whom he almost invariably spoke as his "dear Cécile." He was as interested as ever in the musical projects of his contemporaries, and as charming to his friends. But these, his own words, tell the story:

"A great chapter is ended, and neither title nor beginning of the next is written."

His friends everywhere waited daily for news of him. Anxiety filled the hearts of Edward Devrient, the Moscheleses, the Schumanns, Hiller, Madame Frege, Jennie Lind,—every one, in fact, who had come into intimate contact with his generous and kindly life. He was in Leipzig, so every heart turned toward that city.

What news from Leipzig? What news from Felix? were the questions on every side. Had Cécile written? Was he better?

At last, on November 4th, a great hush fell upon Leipzig. Large placards were posted upon the walls, and a young student writing home to Eng-

land said that every one felt as "if the King were dead."

Ah, was not a king dead, indeed?

"On the fifth I went in the evening to Bendemann, where I hoped to learn the latest tidings from Leipzig," so writes Edward Devrient. "There came Clara Schumann with a letter, weeping. Felix had died yesterday evening, November 4th."

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF MENDELSSOHN

Oratorios: The young composer's "*St Paul*," and "*Elijah*," are among the best oratorios in existence. Robert Schumann wrote a most appreciative criticism in his paper on "*St. Paul.*" The "*Elijah*," composed later, was far greater, as all musicians agree. The melodies of "*He watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps*," and "*Oh rest in the Lord*," are among the most popular of all oratorio selections.

Concert-Overtures: "*The Hebrides, or Fingal's Cave*" is one of the most beautiful of these. "Wonderful imagination and delicate feeling are here presented with consummate art," says Richard Wagner of this overture. "Note the extraordinary beauty of the passage where the oboes rise above the other instruments with a plaintive wail, like sea-winds over the seas." Wagner was also very fond of the "*Meeresstille.*" It may here be mentioned that Wagner was much criticised for his continued *persecution* of Mendelssohn! "*To the Story of the lovely Melusine*," is an exquisite musical description of that sweet and pathetic if illusive

sea-maiden of the legend. Other overtures of note are the "*Trumpet Overture*," "*Ruy Blas*," and the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," — the overture being given alone much more commonly than the entire work.

Symphonies: The "Scotch Symphony," the "Italian Symphony," the "Reformation Symphony" are very well known on the usual concert-programmes. The first two are particularly melodious.

Music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Music to Goethe's "Walpurgis Nacht."

Preludes and Fugues; Caprices, Sonatas, etc.

Part Songs, Quintets, etc.

Songs without Words.

Robert Alexander Schumann

Born June 8th, 1810. Died (aged 46) July 29th, 1856.

"A WONDER-LOVING and wonder-seeking man," so said Thomas Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus." He spoke thus of that imaginary creation of his, the delightful Professor Teufelsdröckh, who sat in his dream watch-tower, and philosophized fantastically upon the wisdom and folly of mankind.

There is something in the words "wonder-loving and wonder-seeking," which makes them applicable to Robert Schumann. We shall see how, through his entire life, he did indeed both love and seek all wonderful things.

He was born in Zwickau, Saxony, where his father followed the trade of bookselling. Friedrich Schumann was not at all musical, but he was an intelligent man, and had ambitions to distinguish himself as an author. It was probably from him that Robert inherited his love of books and thirst for learning. His mother, we believe, cared nothing for intellectual matters.

The child loved music, but in Zwickau he was quite unable to develop his talents, for the organist

and the town-trumpeter were neither of them competent to teach him, and there were no other musicians in the vicinity.

The organist, Kuntzsch, gave him lessons on the piano, such as they were; gave him, too, the most unfeigned admiration, when he saw his talent.

He assured the Schumanns that the boy had the power of becoming a great musician if he would apply himself to the concentrated study of music.

Robert was then six years old, and had, he himself declares, already begun to compose!

He was intensely emotional and highly strung, and his imagination was startlingly vivid. His mind was of the sensitive and acute type that when evenly-balanced could give delight to every one by its originality, but, when overstrained, must at once lose its fine clearness, and become deranged. This is the penalty which peculiarly nervous men of genius like Robert Schumann must pay to fate, and this was the cause of the tragedy at the close of his life.

As a very small child he had very vivid dreams, and he was strongly affected by thoughts of the supernatural. Indeed, this interest in occult and spiritualistic subjects remained with him all his life.

One night, while he lay asleep, his dreams were troubled by a strange sense of grief; with this came

an imperative yearning, only to be expressed in music. He felt that he was weeping, though his eyes were closed.

He dreamed that he rose, sobbing, and went downstairs. An old piano, never used by any one save Robert, stood in a back room; to this he made his way, and, in his dream, began to play. He played strange, lovely chords such as he had never heard while awake, and though he still sobbed, his heart was somewhat comforted by his own music.

Something waked him, — he started, his eyes wide open at last. He was in darkness; but the keys of the piano were under his hands. He had crept down in his sleep, and by the chords he played instinctively, had evoked the spirit of Music to console him.

Such inspirations, alas! do not come to all of us while we sleep.

He was very young at this time. Later, when he was nine, he was taken to Carlsbad, and there heard the famous pianist, Moscheles, play. After that, the boy was resolved more than ever to become a great performer.

He persevered for two years, and at the end of that time played the piano part in Schneider's oratorio, "Das Weltgericht," given and conducted by the organist Kuntzsch. Robert was so small that he had to stand up at the piano, and, I suppose,

was obliged to balance himself on one foot if he wished to use the pedals! But he played admirably, and Kuntzsch was delighted, as by this time he was with everything done by his pupil.

Robert was almost as poetical as he was musical. He read insatiably, having great advantages in the really good collection in his father's bookshop. He wrote both prose and poetry, sometimes setting his own verses to music, which was a keen delight to him. He never lost his love for literature, as he proved later by his critical work on his paper.

He read a great many English books, among others the poems of Lord Byron, who became and remained one of his favourite poets. He set a great many of Byron's verses to music; in early years contenting himself with the shorter and more lyric productions. But before he died he composed music for one of the English poet's most ambitious works, — his "Manfred," with which Schumann felt himself particularly in sympathy.

Many wonderful hours did that dreamy-eyed boy spend among the books. Old volumes relegated to the shelves at the back of the shop; strange publications seldom enquired for at the counter, — poetry and prose, German and foreign, —through these gates did he find the great world of thought, which, to an eager mind, is indeed Paradise. Some persons have

wondered at the exceptional refinement and cultivation of the boy who spent his childhood behind a shop. Ah, how could he fail to gain through the books with which he lived, the delicacy and purity of life, the graciousness of wide and clear thinking, all that accompanies the eternal spirit of knowledge?

It is not hard to picture him in those days, sitting among the old books that spoke to him with their silent voices. They always say kindly things to those who love them truly, you know, and many were the secrets they whispered to Robert. So he sat, reading the great thoughts, and stopping now and then, perhaps, to relapse into happy day-dreams, wandering in the strange lands which had risen, mirage-like, from the worn pages.

Though he went to school, he still had time for reading and dreaming. And thus with the long sunbeams slanting in upon him, or the rain blowing against the dim gray pane, while he sat among the big volumes, did his boyhood pass.

Best of all writers did he love Jean Paul Richter. Jean Paul was too imaginative, too nerve-stimulating to be really healthy food for the boy's sensitive mind, and Schumann admitted that he had a very exhilarating and stirring but also a very disturbing effect upon his mind. Sometimes he said he felt as though he should go mad.

Poor Schumann! Had his nature been simpler

and more careless he would have been happier, it is certain; but should we have possessed his great music to-day?

When he was sixteen, his father died, and his mother objected strenuously to his musical ambitions, wishing him to study law. Schumann well knew that, had his father been living, no obstacles would have been placed in his way; but under the circumstances he agreed to wait. When he was eighteen he went to the University at Leipzig to study jurisprudence.

He did not enjoy Leipzig or the University in the smallest degree; but he made one delightful friend, Gisbert Rosen, whose tastes were like his own, and who was a congenial spirit in every way.

Rosen, to Schumann's disappointment, was leaving Leipzig at once, and was going to the University at Heidelberg. When he departed thence, Schumann went with him, partly for the sake of Rosen's society, partly also to taste the joys of a student's freedom. He had long thirsted to journey where he willed, and took advantage of the occasion to visit Munich, where he met the poet Heine. Heine was another congenial spirit, having Schumann's own characteristics, — even a few of those poetical and emotional traits which he adored in Jean Paul. The famous poet was pleased with the

young student, and invited him to come to his house.

So Schumann added the memory of a few marvellous hours with the great Heine to the other delights of the journey.

He also went to Bayreuth and saw the widow of Richter himself. She was most gracious, and presented him with a picture of his idol.

Then he returned to the University, — but not to work! Judging from his letters to Rosen, he did absolutely nothing in the way of regular study. He says that he "played the piano, and wrote a few letters and Jean Pauliads." And that literally seems to constitute his first college year.

During the last part of the time, he went into the musical world of Leipzig, and met, among other people, Friedrich Wieck, the teacher. Wieck was a remarkably able musician and gave lessons both in playing the piano and in singing. At his house various musicians met to play and discuss music, and of these was Schumann.

Wieck gave him a few lessons, and encouraged him in his musical ambitions. In the following year Schumann left Leipzig with thankful joy, and fled to the University of Heidelberg, to join his friend Rosen. This University was far pleasanter for the young students than that at Leipzig, and Heidelberg was very attractive and picturesque.

It is amusing to read in a letter of Schumann's: "Residence here is immeasurably more instructive, useful, and interesting than in flat Leipzig." Evidently the fact that Heidelberg was not flat, and was interesting, made it "immeasurably more instructive and useful" than Leipzig!

In Heidelberg he for the first time experienced and enjoyed college life. The memory of Heidelberg never faded from his mind, and never lost its reminiscent delight for him. He wandered off occasionally, alone or with Rosen, on pleasure-trips, and in every way led the free and "wonder-seeking" life which he loved.

His second year at Heidelberg, and his third of University life found him twenty years old. His legal studies had not, we fear, been pursued with the concentration and ambition which might have been wished! And now, more than ever before, Schumann longed passionately to become a musician. His friend and teacher, Wieck, seconded his appeal to his mother, who finally gave her consent for him to follow an artistic career.

Schumann at this time merely wished to become a pianist. He did not dare to hope that he might be a composer.

"Now and then I discover that I have imagination," he wrote, "and perhaps a turn for creating things myself," — but this was only a vague, if de-

licious idea to him. When he left Heidelberg, he went to Leipzig to study the piano, under Wieck.

For one year he practised diligently; — practised far too much, as it resulted. He realized that he should have begun regular work many years before, and in order to overcome the stiffness of his unused fingers, he invented a contrivance by which his third finger was held back tightly when he practised.

We all know the unruliness of that third finger, while we are playing exercises or scales. It follows the middle finger persistently, and, whenever we want to lift it up, seems irresistibly attracted towards the keys! The remedy for this, of course, is only careful and persistent practice; and certainly Schumann's teacher, Wieck, could never have known of the mechanical means used by his pupil to make his hand flexible.

Suddenly a dreadful thing happened. The finger which had been so painfully restricted became useless, and the muscles of the entire right hand were so strained that Schumann could play no more. Though in time his hand became better, his third finger never regained its strength and the young musician was obliged to relinquish his ambition to become a pianist.

He then made up his mind to study composition. As it might otherwise have been many years before he turned his attention to this branch of music, I

suppose we should be grimly grateful to the strained finger which proved itself a rather painfully disguised blessing!

He was living in Wieck's house now, and was considered one of the family. The teacher had two daughters, Clara and Marie, both of whom were unusually good musicians. Clara, who was a child at the time, was a particularly brilliant pianist, and showed even thus early the gift which, in after years, made her famous all over the world.

Schumann was deeply interested in this little girl, who was delicately beautiful and full of the divine fire of music. When she was fourteen, the young musician, in trying to describe her in a letter to a friend, said finally in despair, — "Think of perfection, and I will agree to it!"

He was now composing, with much interest and ambition, under Heinrich Dorn, the composer and conductor. Clara once gave him a melody of her composition, and he wrote upon it some charming "Impromptus" which he dedicated to her father. This interest and admiration which Schumann felt for Clara Wieck was one day to grow into the one romance of his life. But he did not know it then.

One of his warmest and best friends was Frau Henriette Voigt, a young married woman who was as devoted to her home and her children as she was sympathetic with everything connected with music.

Schumann felt for her a deep and affectionate respect, recognizing in her one of those persons who, had they chosen, might have been famous. For she played the piano as few amateurs could play and had a particularly strong musical temperament.

Their friendship was of the truest kind, needing no assurance or expression. Schumann indeed was very silent with his friends.

One evening they rowed on the water for over an hour, watching the colours and reflections, and the ever-darkening, ever-lightening stir of the ripples under the evening wind. Not once did they speak, for each had separate yet probably similar thoughts evolved by the magic of that grave, quiet twilight.

At last the hour came to an end as such hours must, and they left the outside world and went in to the others.

When they all said good-night, Schumann, as he shook hands with her, said simply,—"To-day we have understood one another perfectly."

Henriette Voigt died not many years afterwards, regretted by all who knew her, and, among others, by Schumann and the rest of the many enthusiasts who were wont to meet at her house.

It was of her that Schumann spoke when he wrote:

"In every way she contributed to the success and happiness of music and musicians. . . . Her mind was seldom at rest, as she felt that something

should be done for the progress of music every day. With all this she was a pattern wife and mother."

Such persons as Henriette Voigt do almost as much, by their sympathy and coöperation, for the cause of music as the workers themselves.

Schumann found many friends, Bohemian in spirit like himself, and prone to follow winged ideals. A small band of these eager combatants against the false things of the world, met constantly at the Kaffeebaum, and spent long, enthusiastic evenings together.

The Kaffeebaum (or Coffee Tree) was the expressive if somewhat unusual name of a certain small restaurant beloved by artistic and impecunious Leipzigers.

And this leads us to the "Davidsbündler" and their works!

Schumann, always a lover of the fantastic, the unusual, the picturesque, and the romantic, originated the "Davidsbündler" or Davidites. It was a species of society, purely imaginary though a source of much amusement to Schumann and his friends. It included everybody whose views were like his, and was literally an intellectual and artistic few, in pitched battle against the world, or what Schumann called "the Philistines." By "the Philistines" he meant every one who did not agree with him!

It is summed up by the exhortation in one of Schumann's articles, beginning:

"Assembled members of the Davidsbündler! Ye who ought to be slayers of the Philistines, musical or otherwise!"

His friends among the frequenters of the Kaffeebaum were Davidsbündler, so were the Wiecks, so was Henriette Voigt, so was Mendelssohn from the first moment Schumann met him; so was everybody who desired progress and truth in art, and the best ideals for all things.

The Davidsbund, or the bond of David, was large if vague. Some of the Davidsbündler probably did not know that they *were* Davidsbündler! But most of them understood and enjoyed Schumann's quaint fancy.

The Davidsbündler had a paper, or rather Schumann had a paper, called the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" ("The New Musical Newspaper") This was edited by four bright and shining lights of the Davidsbündler, — Schumann, Wieck, Ludwig Schunke the musician, and Julius Knorr the writer.

The motto of the paper was a quotation from Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.":—

> "Only they
> Who come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
> A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
> In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
> Will be deceived."

Thus did the Davidsbündler wage war against the Philistines!

In this paper, devoted to the highest kind of criticism, Schumann did excellent literary work. His imagination, and power of expressing his thoughts in clear if fantastic forms, made his criticisms as interesting as little plays; particularly, as he not only introduced the various members of the Davidsbündler, under fictitious names, but invented several imaginary characters through whom to express his own views. These characters were merely the many sides of Schumann's nature. "Eusebius" was the philosophical, dream-loving, critical and somewhat tragic Schumann; "Florestan" (the name of the hero in Beethoven's "Fidelio") represented the Schumann who loved the brilliant, glowing romantic side of life, who was passionate, joy-loving, and so impetuous that he had to be withheld by that temperate guardian "Master Raro," still another Schumann! He called his friend Wieck "Raro" also, as he sometimes took the part of reproving, restraining, and moderating the young musician's impulsiveness and extravagance. Schumann sometimes signed his purely critical articles, "Jeanquirot."

The Davidsbündler all had their fanciful Davidite names, as for instance: Ludwig Schunke, "Jonathan;" Carl Banck, "Serpentinus;" Anton von Zuccamaglio, "Gottschalk Wedel, the Village Sex-

ton;" Julius Knorr, "Julius;" Lyser, the painter, "Fritz Friedrich;" Mendelssohn, "Felix Meritis" (the name, by the bye, of a once important musical society, disbanded after the French Revolution); Henriette Voigt, "Leonora," and "Aspasia;" and Clara Wieck, "Chiara," and sometimes "Cecilia," or its abbreviation "Zilia."

There were other Davidsbündler, but these are the members whom we meet oftenest in Schumann's delightful articles. These articles, collected and translated under the name of "music and musicians," give us fascinating glimpses into the ways of the Davidsbündler, and into the character of Schumann.

In his "Davidsbündlertanze," and his "Carnaval," he has immortalized the "Society" in fantastic music. "The march of the Davidsbündler against the Philistines," in the latter, is particularly characteristic, and also the descriptive music called "Eusebius."

Schumann discovered before very long that he loved "Chiara." She and her influences were inextricably woven into the life of the "Davidsbündler." In "Music and Musicians" is a letter — "From Eusebius to Chiara," treating of Mendelssohn's concert, heard the night before, and beginning:

"Amid all our musical feasts of soul, one angel-head peeps through everywhere, and it strongly resembles a cer-

tain Clara, even to that roguish trait of the chin. Why art thou not with us, and what didst thou think of us Firlenzers last night. . . . ?"

Firlenz was the name by which Leipzig was known among the Davidsbündler. Eusebius speaks of Mendelssohn's music, and then continues:

". . . And I thought of thee too, Chiara, dear one, pure one! How thou didst look down from the box, with the lorgnette so charmingly becoming!"

There is among the criticisms one graceful story of an evening with the Davidsbündler, during which "Zilia" played the waltzes of Schubert. "Zilia," reaching toward the bass notes, touched a branch of roses left by Florestan on the piano:

". . . She touched the branch suddenly, and then drew hastily back, as her finger bled. Florestan asked what it was. 'Nothing,' said Zilia. 'No great pain, at least, — like these Waltzes, — only drops of blood drawn forth by roses.' May she who said this never know greater griefs!"

These imaginary beings could be humorous too. We hear that when an ignorant concert-goer who had been bothering Eusebius finally asked him if Beethoven never wrote a "Battle Symphony," Eusebius, in exasperation replied, "Yes! — the 'Pastoral Symphony'!" — which, as every one

knows, is the exact opposite of anything like a battle!

One finds oneself becoming deeply interested in these merry, yet earnest Davidsbündler. Eusebius, of whom we find this account: "You know his long pale face, and the ironical smile with which he awakens expectation." And Florestan, who, we see, — throws "a brave mantle over avarice and low motives," — we look upon them as real beings. And as for Zilia, or Chiara, with "a wounded rose in her hair," or that "lorgnette so charmingly becoming," she is always so fascinating that we thoroughly understand the rhapsodies of her musical lover.

She was famous by this time, playing so wonderfully as to win the applause of the whole musical world. Emil Naumann said of her ". . . She ignores her personal identity while performing, and therefore renders equally well the works of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Chopin."

This devotion to her art, together with her natural sweetness and grace of spirit, and her personal loveliness, filled the heart of young Schumann with the determination to win her for his wife. But when at the age of twenty-six, he asked her hand from Wieck, her father, "Master Raro" in spite of his affection for Schumann, refused his consent.

The young people were poor, — they might be

gifted, but their future was necessarily very uncertain; — they were neither of them practical, nor appreciative of the value and use of money; — they were altogether too young and too unfitted for struggles to get married! Moreover, Wieck probably believed that his daughter could climb to greater heights in her profession if she were unmarried.

But, after four years of rather trying suspense, Eusebius and Florestan in one, married the lovely Chiara in the church at Schönefeld, not far from Leipzig. And one can almost say that like the Prince and Princess in the fairy tales, they lived happily for ever after!

In the first year of his marriage, Schumann composed one hundred and thirty-eight songs, — most of them dedicated to his wife. Among others was the song-cycle called "Liebesfrühling." These last songs of "Love's Spring" were composed with Clara Schumann, who wrote three of them herself.

In the following year he composed the Symphony in B ♭. He wrote this with a pen which he had found near the graves of Beethoven and Schubert, and which he had kept from a superstitious hope that it might inspire him. Mendelssohn conducted his friend's Symphony, with much appreciation. The two composers were singularly sympathetic, and had a deep admiration for each other's works.

Mendelssohn died some years before Schumann, and it was a great grief to the latter as well as to his wife, Clara, who had been Felix' friend as well as Robert's.

There were also many points in common between Robert Schumann and Hector Berlioz, who came to Leipzig and met the German master. Each of these men did much to help the comprehension of the other's music.

When he was thirty-three, Schumann wrote "Paradise and the Peri." The music of "Faust" and his opera, "Genoveva," followed. During this time he was far from well, and sometimes had recurrences of that emotional nervousness which had been so marked when he was a boy. But he adored his wife and children, and he was deeply interested in his work, and as yet the shadow was very faint.

He was thirty-nine when he poured his passionate love of the mystical and mysterious and the turbulence of his soul into the music to which he set Byron's "Manfred." Of this the critic Louis Ehlert said: "Through its fiery leaves passes the road that leads to a correct understanding of Schumann's mind."

As time passed, he became more and more silent and preoccupied, seeming to live in a world of dreams. Yet with his family and very close friends

he had occasional flashes of the old-time brightness and humour.

In speaking of a singing-class to which he belonged for a time, he wrote to the composer Hiller: "I felt myself out of my element, they were all such nice people!"

But for the most part he was gloomy, and sought solitude. The deep and vital interest which he had always felt toward the progressive and important matters of the times, his "wonder-loving and wonder-seeking" traits, the fantastic inventiveness employed in the founding of the Davidsbündler, — all seemed merged in the vague thoughts and emotions which had filled his dreams with tears when a child.

Sometimes he had strange visions and delusions. He fancied that he heard spirit-voices whispering around him. Harmonies such as the angels sing in heaven seemed to ring in his ears, and tantalize his earthly powers. Sometimes one note would sound in his brain with maddening monotony. In short, all the fine mechanism of his intellect was quivering on the verge of final insanity.

One night his dreams were troubled by the yearnings of his childhood, — the same sense of unrest and sorrow came over his soul like a flood. And then, dimly as though seen through clouds of vapour, — opalescent, changing, indistinct, — he

saw the faces of Mendelssohn and of Schubert, both of whom were dead.

They seemed to stand beside him with sad and gentle gaze, and to speak to him.

They told him that they had come to bring him a melody from the other world, — a melody which he must elaborate and immortalize. And he dreamed these two masters of simplest and sweetest melody gave him an exquisite theme. Did they sing it to him? Or was it transmitted to his brain by influence? He did not know. But the notes of the melody burned in his brain and seemed to expand until all the air sang it over and over. And as the music surged out and died, coming in intermittent waves as though from a great ocean, the faces of the two masters faded farther and farther away, and Schumann awoke.

Springing up, he wrote down the theme on a piece of paper. And his elaboration of it was the last work that he ever did. It was never published, but Brahms afterwards used the theme in one of his compositions.

It was not long afterward, that, fancying himself called by innumerable clear and imperative voices, that sounded mysteriously through the night, he hastened out through the darkness of a chilly February evening to the Rhine.

Perhaps the old legends and tales that had flowed

with the flowing river for so many years, floated up to meet him from the dark water. Perhaps the water-spirits which had lived so long under its slow roll stole upward to beckon him to enchanted lands. Perhaps it was only the old river itself, so old and so wise, with the age and the wisdom of centuries, that seemed to call him.

He sprang into the cool dark water which seemed to rise to meet him, and so the River Rhine enfolded him. But the wise old River would not let him sink, but bore him safely under the night wind until some passing boatmen carried him back to the shore.

After that he seemed only half of this earth. When he had faced the Unknown, on the shore of the Rhine, he had gone beyond the complex life of mortals, and had seen something which separated him from other men.

So the master lived on, in a world of visions and shadows, — visions sometimes strange and beautiful, sometimes only fantastic, sometimes overwhelmingly sorrowful.

And the comfort and support of his dim mind was the companionship of his wife, that sweet Chiara who, in his guises of joyous Florestan or sad Eusebius, loved and consoled him to the end.

She was always with him, — always near him, until, one warm and dreamy midsummer day, he went forth to seek new wonders in a new world.

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF SCHUMANN.

Symphonies: Of the Symphonies of Schumann, that in B ♭ is considered the finest. "My Symphony was born in an hour of ecstasy," said he of this work. Ehlert declares that "it is imbued with the fragrant breath of a young pine grove." Schumann originally intended to call it the "*Spring Symphony.*" The Symphony in E ♭ is known as the "*Rhine,*" or "*Rhenish Symphony.*" The *Symphony in D Minor* is comparatively popular.

Overtures: These are overtures to Schiller's "*Braut von Messina,*" to Goethe's "*Hermann und Dorothea,*" and Shakespeare's "*Julius Cæsar,*" as well as the "*Festival Overture.*"

Musico-Dramatic Works: *Genoveva* is his only opera, though his Music to "*Manfred*" and "*Scenes from Goethe's Faust,*" are both dramatic in character. The "*Ballade von Haideknabe,*" "*Schön Hedwig,*" and "*Die Flüchtlinge,*" he calls melodramas.

Songs, and Part-songs, 3 Quartets, Instrumental Concertos.

Pianoforte Works: About forty of Schumann's opus numbers are for piano solos, and these comprise *Impromptus, Novelettes, Studies, Sonatas, Intermezzi, Fantasiestücke, Nachtstücke, Albumblätter, Fugues, Marches, Waldscenen, Romances,* and many other music-forms, as well as the delicious "*Carnaval,*" and "*Davidsbündlertanze,*" the "*Arabeske,*" and the "*Humoreske,*" — one of the richest piano harvests ever given by one composer.

Franz Liszt

Born Oct. 22nd, 1811. Died (aged 75) July 31st, 1886

AMONG the brown-skinned, homeless wanderers, — the strange people with the light hearts, — the free, unfettered, joyous beings who love the woods and the green-edged highways better than the less picturesque city streets, — among the gipsies, in short, Franz Liszt spent his early childhood. How deeply he loved them, this boy, who at heart was so thoroughly at one with them! How closely he clung, in after years, to every memory of the gipsies! For Franz Liszt, the "Hungarian Wonder-Child," was born with the Magyar love of freedom in his heart, and the Magyar sense of boding sorrow. When we hear his music I think we must always feel as though we watched the flight of a free, strong, beautiful bird, — a great, lonely bird, with a long, sad, yet thrilling note that echoes over the valleys.

Franz Liszt was born in Raiding, near Oedenburg, Hungary, 1811, in what was known in his birthplace as the Comet Year. At the month of his birth the Comet was particularly brilliant, and his father and mother thought that its appearance was

a good omen for the happy future of their child. And if fame and success and the ripeness of genius could constitute a "happy future," then indeed the coming years held every joyous fulfilment of the comet's prophecy.

The Liszts were an old Hungarian family of noble birth, but, like many of the nobles of Hungary, they were very poor. Franz's father, Adam Liszt, was an accountant in the service of Prince Esterhazy the patron of Papa Haydn. Poor Adam Liszt! He should have been a great musician, for he played many instruments well, and loved music with his whole heart. But it was not to be, and instead, all the ambition which he had long ago relinquished for himself he now cherished for his son.

"Thou wilt realize that art-ideal which fascinated my youth in vain," he would say to little Franz. For at an early age the child showed signs of an unusual temperament, and his father was certain that music would be his natural form of expression. The father taught the son musical theory, and allowed him to study the piano also. But, be it whispered, — the music which thrilled Franz most was not the classical compositions which he was expected to practise every day, — but the wild, sweet, pathetic songs sung by the wandering gipsies! Their dances, — the melodies they played on their

stringed instruments, — the tragic chants that floated from their passing bands,— these things filled the heart of little Franz with quivering sympathy. Later we shall see that this sympathy was permanent, — a tangible bond between himself and the wanderers which drew him out from the paths of men to dwell for a time with these strange people of the woods.

Franz was always delicate, but he had the energy of a giant. Nothing could discourage him. After a long and lingering fever he was asked to play at a concert in Oedenburg. He was much excited, and insisted upon accepting the invitation. Though he still felt very ill, he went to the concert hall on the appointed evening. Just before he began to play the fever returned. He could hardly seat himself at the piano, but the indomitable will which later in the man Liszt was so well known came to the child's rescue that night. He bravely began to play, and, his father declared, "he was strengthened by the playing. He . . . exhibited much ease and courage." The concert, we may say in passing, was a great success.

Sometimes when he played it would seem as though the piano must break in pieces under the storm aroused by his small hands. Yet when his mood changed he could play, we are told, "tenderly and with gentle melancholy."

His hands were very small, and sometimes when the passages that he wished to play covered too great intervals, he would bend down and supply deficiencies by adding notes with his nose!

His ideal was Beethoven, a picture of whom hung in his home. When his father asked him what sort of a man he would like to be, he pointed to the portrait, and said, softly, — "One such as he!"

Franz was slight and delicate, with very large clear eyes, an aquiline nose, a broad brow, and masses of hair which fell back from his face in a wave. He was strong-willed, dreamy, fiery, and at times extremely religious.

Such was Franz Liszt, the Wonder-Child of Hungary.

His talent was so marvellous that his father and mother were very anxious to take him to Vienna to be educated. But alas! they had not enough money. At last, however, six Hungarian noblemen made the child the unexpected present of a fixed allowance for six years!

So Adam Liszt gave up his position under Prince Esterhazy, sold his household furniture, and took his wife and child to Vienna.

A short time before they left home Franz's father and mother were talking together about the future. Frau Liszt was intensely anxious about little Franz. She could not bear to think of the

hard work and artistic excitement which awaited her sensitive and delicate child in Vienna. And, besides, they were so poor!

Full of troubled doubts she asked her husband what they should do if at the end of six years Franz had not become famous, and they were stranded in Vienna.

"What God wills!" said a little voice behind them, and both father and mother, much touched by the child's faith, said no more.

So they left Oedenburg, and all the old women in the village prophesied that Franz would "come back in a glass carriage," — in other words, come back rich and prosperous.

They arrived in Vienna, and Franz at once began to study music under Czerny, the great teacher. He was very happy in his work, and his years of study were full of delightful experiences.

When Franz was eleven he heard Bihary, the great gipsy violinist, play. He seemed to come like a messenger from Franz's own people, — this passionate dark-skinned son of the race the child loved. He adored him and he adored his strange fascinating music. The memory never faded from his mind, and the thought of Bihary was always full of joy to him.

At last a memorable evening came to our little musician.

When he was twelve, he played in a concert given in Vienna, before the great master, the ideal of his childhood, — Beethoven himself.

Franz was inspired as he had never been before. The grave, noble face of that man who was a king in the musical world was as a spur to his genius. He played on and on, with growing passion, until his boyish face was transfigured, and his eyes shone as though they reflected an unearthly light.

The concert came to a close. The great audience shook the house with applause and admiration of the wonderful boy who stood there almost exhausted, yet glowing with marvellous joy. But what was this? Who was it who now came toward him? It was the old master, the great Beethoven! Franz felt himself quivering with excitement and awe; indeed every one was amazed. Beethoven walked to his side and looked down on his eager face, while no one spoke.

Then the great master bent and kissed the Wonder-Child, and so welcomed him to the world of music.

Franz was soon taken to Paris, which his father considered a good field for his powers.

At first there were difficulties to surmount, but at last all Paris was at the feet of this wonderful twelve-year-old boy who at that time was without a rival in playing the piano!

He was adored by the impulsive French people. They worshipped his genius, and when he played in public he was greeted by an enthusiasm which was almost madness.

Talma, the great actor, was so carried away by one of Franz's performances that he rushed to him after the concert, caught him in his arms, and refused to release him for a long time in spite of his struggles!

When he was fourteen he composed an operetta, "Don Sancho," which was performed in Paris. It was much admired, in spite of its very silly libretto, and it is sad that it was destroyed in a fire later.

It is strange that he was not utterly spoiled by all this adulation. But though his was a nature which responded to outside influences, he lived chiefly in an inner world of his own.

Besides this, the responsibilities of life had begun to weigh upon him. His first great grief came when he was sixteen. His father died, and Franz was left with the care of his mother. Thereafter he supported her entirely, and was in all ways devoted to her.

Poor Frau Liszt! her trials were many, undoubtedly, — for Franz, in spite of his warm heart and nobility of character, possessed all the eccentricities and vagaries of genius.

For a time he wished to become a monk, and his

mother's heart was full of anxiety. She realized that the desire was merely the expression of a temporary attitude of mind, and succeeded in persuading him to give up this plan.

Next, when Franz was nineteen, came the Revolution of 1830, and Paris was in turmoil. Of course Franz was passionately excited over this, and his mother was again torn with apprehension and fear, — this time a very real and actual fear, for Franz wished to go out and fight with the rest. Again Frau Liszt restrained him, and he contented himself by writing a "Revolutionary Symphony," into which he poured his superabundance of warlike zeal.

When this excitement subsided, he flung himself heart and soul into the Arts. Painting and sculpture held his eager interest, — poetry, — philosophy, — all the various expressions of man's appreciation of harmony in the universe. He also studied politics, and religous theories of all kinds.

At about this period he heard Paganini, the world-famous violinist who came to Paris to play. The freedom and wild fascination of Paganini's playing inspired him to renewed musical effort. Thereafter his own playing was finer, richer in colouring and expression, and more finished than before.

As he grew older his sure touch and clear tone

grew more remarkable. When he chose, he played with such force that the audience could hear every note above the thunder of the full orchestra!

So he grew famous, and the world honoured him, and he became a man.

Ever and anon was the old Magyar throb in his blood, — the old woodland yearning in his heart! And one summer, when he was twenty-seven, the longing grew too strong to resist; — and he fled from his art and his concerts and the adoration of the world, and went, for a time, to join the gipsies and be free.

He marched with them through the wild woodland places of Hungary. He talked with them, sang with them, lived with them, as one of their own people; and so they considered him. They usually treated strangers with suspicion but "Liszt Ferencz" (Franz Liszt) was different. At heart he was like them, a wanderer, a lover of the woods; and he had a true Magyar heart! So, no doubt, they reasoned, and at all events they made him welcome in the tribe.

They played for him their wild, pathetic melodies on stringed instuments. And how thoroughly those primitive orchestras of theirs seemed to harmonize with the wildness of their stopping-places! Music was born in the souls of these roaming people, and they gave it — the music of the tribe — to the young musician who lay on a heap of lambskins listening.

They sang for him,— swinging, throbbing passionate songs. They danced for him, —the magical dances which only those free wild people know how to dance, — full of grace and rhythm and fire. The venerable old men of the band told him strange tales, and talked to him in their wise and simple way.

And Liszt drank deep draughts of freedom, and went back to the world refreshed.

Not very long afterward he visited Oedenburg, his birthplace and old home. The village where his future prosperity had been prophesied by the old women rose up and welcomed him. He went to mass in the little old church which he had attended regularly as a child, and all the good people regarded him with excited wonder. Seldom did such a marvellous thing happen in Oedenburg!

Musing, he came out of the old church, his mind full of pleasant simple memories of his childish days. Suddenly he was startled and overjoyed, by the sight of a band of people in gay, though ragged garments, with laughing brown faces, who trooped towards him with gesticulations and cries of delight. They were his friends, the gypsies! They led him away to a wood near by, where they gave a festival in his honour! The best of all the gipsy orchestras played the Magyar melodies he loved. As darkness fell they lighted torches and continued the merrymaking far into the night.

Afterward he described it as follows:

"To our half-closed dreamy eyes the torches appeared like columns supporting the dark canopy of the heavens. The smoke wavered in the air, now concealing and anon revealing the golden stars."

And the next day he left the gipsies, — this time not to return. All that we have remaining of those wonderful days and nights among them are his book: "The Gipsies and their Music," and those great "Hungarian Rhapsodies," in which the master has enshrined so many of the gipsy folk-songs, immortalizing for ever the bold, sad, whimsical unfettered Magyar spirit.

The years passed and Liszt's life was a long series of artistic triumphs.

One day, when the Master was about thirty-nine, he was entertaining some distinguished friends in Paris. Suddenly the door opened and Count Sandor Teleky, — one of Liszt's friends, — came in. With him was a boy who seemed about twelve years old, whose brown face was full of varying expressions, and whose sturdy frame was enveloped in shabby but most picturesque garments. He carried in his hand an odd, ill-made gipsy violin.

The Count led him forward.

"See," said he to Liszt, — "I bring you a present!"

The child was a gipsy, named Josy. The Count

had heard that he possessed great musical talent, and had bought him from his tribe for his friend Liszt.

The master accepted the boy, cared for him, and grew quite fond of him. But Josy was intensely vain and inordinately selfish, and, in addition, he spent Liszt's money with the greatest extravagance. However, his patron hoped for great things from him, and blinded himself to the boy's marked and unpleasant faults.

The master was obliged to go to Spain on a concert tour, and while he was away, he left Josy to study the violin at the Paris Conservatory. The boy wrote him a great many almost illegible letters, and the gentle and warm-hearted master looked forward with pleasure to being with his half-savage little charge once more.

On his return from his travels he arrived at Strasbourg, where he had told his friends to meet him. He looked about him for a moment, very glad to have his hard journey behind him. Suddenly a gaily-dressed youth fell into his arms in great excitement. At first Liszt scarcely recognized him, then with delight saw that it was the boy whom he had adopted.

"Why, Josy!" cried the master, — "you look quite like a young gentleman!"

"Yes, — because I am one," returned Josy, calmly.

After a while Liszt thought that the boy would

progress more satisfactorily with his musical studies if he had fewer distractions. He also felt that a simpler life would be better for the excitable and impressionable little gipsy. So he sent him away to study with a famous musician who lived in the Black Forest.

Soon afterward he went to a gipsy concert given in Vienna. Suddenly a young gipsy in the band sprang up, rushed forward and fell at the master's feet with a cry of: "Elyen Liszt!" ("Hurrah for Liszt!")

This young man, Liszt discovered, was the older brother of Josy. He had heard of all the master's kindness to the young violinist, and wished to thank him in the name of the tribe. He was also very anxious to have Josy return with him to their people.

Liszt, rather sad, but convinced that it was the natural result of a foolish undertaking, sent to the Black Forest for his troublesome young violinist.

Josy arrived, and, when he saw his own people, became almost frantic with longing to join them. So his adopted father gave his consent, and friends who had long laughed over Josy's vagaries presented him with a sum of money. This money Josy promptly spent in giving a large and sumptuous feast to celebrate his departure.

Our good Liszt! He doubtless felt a pang as he gave up that wayward little burden, — that link be-

tween himself and the roving people he loved. But he continued his noble, artistic, magnificent career; and the boy Josy went back to his own people.

Years later, Liszt heard from him. He had married a maiden of his tribe, and he had one son, named Franz.

"I am so bold," he wrote Liszt, "as to select your highness as godfather."

So perhaps he was in his heart more grateful to the kind master than he had seemed to be at the time.

There are many stories of the unselfishness and open-heartedness of Franz Liszt.

The master was passing along a city street one wet day and saw a poor fellow sweeping the muddy crossing. Liszt put his hand in his pocket, wishing to give him some money, but found only a gold piece. He could not afford to give the whole of this, so he told the ragged being before him to take it around the corner and have it changed. Then, when he brought it back, he would give him what he thought best. Meanwhile, Liszt assured him, he should lose nothing by so doing, for he himself would sweep the street until his return.

The master kept his part of the agreement with the greatest patience, but alas! after a long time, he sadly laid down his broom and went on his way. He was always grieved by ingratitude and dis-

honesty, and he was now much depressed. For that street sweeper did not come back!

Liszt's noble, sweet, impulsive nature was well known by all his friends, and it disarmed even his enemies.

"How could I have acted thus toward such a man?" exclaimed one who had once wronged Liszt deeply. "I feel that it was a crime against myself rather than against him."

Franz Liszt was the truest of all friends, and the kindest of all assistants to talent. The great master, Wagner, owed much to Liszt's friendship and help.

"Here is one who first gave me faith in my work, when no one knew anything of me!" declared Wagner, with the love of his whole heart in the words. "It is my dear friend, Franz Liszt."

Liszt was now a wanderer, — even as the gipsies. He sometimes compared himself to them, saying: — "I became a wanderer virtuoso, as they are in our fatherland. . . . Like them I was a stranger to every country."

He made many warm friends, but he had no time to rest, — no place where he could retire out of the reach of the clamouring world.

In 1865, when he was fifty-three, his famous oratorio of "St. Elizabeth," was composed and performed.

Liszt was at that time an impressive picture.

His face was thin and delicate, his eyes blazed; his silver hair was brushed back from his forehead, just as he wore it as a boy. He has been compared to a glorious eagle, to a mighty lion, — to every being kingly and imposing. He looked like a magician, — a sorcerer from a strange land. And he was a magician indeed when his long, slender hands touched the keys of the piano.

It was at this time that he took one of the greatest steps of his career.

Years before he had thought seriously of joining the Roman Catholic Church. Now in his brilliant, lonely life, the peace of the Church became a lovely thing to contemplate; so with a definite end in view, he went to Rome to see the Pope, Pius IX. He studied Church music with the deepest attention. Indeed, he had always been much interested in that branch of composition. His "St. Elizabeth" and his "Christus," both show the genius for religious music which was his.

The venerable Sovereign Pontiff saw in him a second Palestrina. He loved him as every one loved him, and called him "beloved son." And after a year had elapsed, the master, with great ceremony and pomp was made an Abbé of the Church of Rome. And therefore we often hear him called "Liszt the Abbé."

His music now became for the most part religi-

ous. He grew no less active, no less busy, no less kind, no less interested in all men, but he was no longer one of the gay and brilliant world. Life, as he grew older, grew more serious and less complicated to him. He held positions of great trust. He was made Royal Councillor by the Hungarian Government, Court Chamberlain by the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a Commander of the Legion of Honour by the Emperor Napoleon. In addition to these titles he was admitted into nearly all the orders of chivalry in Europe, was given the honorary title of Doctor by the University of Königsberg, and a sword of honour by the city of Pesth. From all parts of the world came men and women to be his pupils, and his fame was great as a teacher. Yet through all these honours he moved gravely, — this tall, mystic, marvellous Abbé in his sombre ecclesiastical dress. Accepting and fulfilling all obligations, he still lived apart from the hurrying multitudes. He once wrote to George Sand, the famous French novelist: —

"Sorrowful and great is the destiny of the artist."

When he was seventy-five, the Magician of Hungary, — the lover of the gipsies and their music, — the brilliant adored artist, — the gentle world-renowned master, — Liszt the Abbé, died.

I wonder if the gipsies heard of it in their wan-

derings through the black woods of Hungary. Did they break out into the ancient death-chants of the tribe, in honour of the Master who had so profoundly understood them and their music? Or, in memory of him, did they play once more those wailing melodies, on their rude instruments, — the melodies which had meant so much to him? Or did they perhaps go softly, for a time, on their marches through the forest-lined valleys and over the hills where the winds swept, — paying him silent tribute, as they wandered, in gipsy fashion, through the land that he loved?

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF LISZT

2 Symphonies: The first of these is on Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and is divided into three parts, — *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Magnificat* — but only two movements, for the *Magnificat* forms the ending to the *Purgatorio*. This tremendous work is dedicated to Richard Wagner, who admired it deeply. The second Symphony is the "*Faust Symphony*," — divided into three well-defined and expressive movements, called "character-pictures": "*Faust*," "*Gretchen*," and "*Mephistopheles*," the first being allegro, and passionate, the second andante and mournfully tender, and the last scherzo and mocking.

12 Symphonic Poems: This entirely original idea has given us twelve compositions which we should be sorry to miss: 1, "*Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne*;" 2, "*Tasso*;" 3, "*Les Préludes*;"

4, "*Orpheus;*" 5, "*Prometheus;*" 6, "*Mazeppe;*" 7, "*Festklänge;*" 8, "*Héroïde funèbre;*" 9, "*Hungaria;*" 10, "*Hamlet;*" 11, "*Hunnenschlacht;*" 12, "*Die Ideale.*"

Oratorios, and various forms of sacred composition; The "*Christus,*" and "*St. Elizabeth,*" are the best known of Liszt's church-works, but his Masses, Psalms, and Chorals are wonderfully beautiful and most religious in character.

Songs, Transcriptions, Études, and other piano compositions.

Hungarian Rhapsodies and Marches: In these we see the gipsy in Liszt. They are vivid and expressive, and full of strange fire. We find in his symphonic music the romantic Liszt, in his "*Christus,*" etc., Liszt the abbé, but in his Hungarian music, Liszt the wanderer.

Wilhelm Richard Wagner

Born May 22nd, 1813. Died (aged 69) Feb. 13th, 1882

BELIEVING that in his music-dramas better than through any sketch of his life we can appreciate the greatness of Wagner, I shall only ask you to follow with me the main events of his life. He was born in Leipzig, on the 22nd of May, 1813. His father was a superintendent of police, but, during the great battle of Leipzig, caught the fever which raged in the city, and died. Not long afterwards his widow, being left in desperate circumstances, and finding her government pension quite insufficient for the support of her seven children, married again. Her second husband was Ludwig Geyer, a celebrated actor, high in favour at Court. He was so faithful and affectionate a stepfather that the children looked upon him almost as their own father, and the household was a very happy one. Cäcilie Geyer, Richard's half-sister, was his inseparable playmate and confidante; and he loved her as much as his own bright sister, Rosalie, — who later became a clever actress. Richard, who was the most irrepressibly mischievous of boys, and Cäcilie, who was

the merriest of little girls, had delightful pranks together, and when they grew older Richard confided many of his plans to her in somewhat the same manner that Felix Mendelssohn confided in Fanny.

Geyer had great hopes of "making something," as he expressed it, of Richard. But whenever he tried to teach the child anything it either made no impression at all, or else aroused the ludicrous combination of ambition and disinclination to study the subject. Richard hated his piano-lessons, and would not play scales, insisting upon grand operatic music at once. Geyer was an artist of ability, and he tried to show Richard how to draw, but the small boy wanted to begin by painting life-size portraits like one of the King of Saxony which his stepfather had just executed. So, as he disliked the details, the drawing-lessons were given up.

The good Geyer became desparately ill after a time, and while he lay in his room, he often heard Richard playing bits from "Der Freischütz," then very popular. Something in the boy's touch struck him one day, and he turned to his wife, who sat beside him, with a question in his glance.

"Can it be," he exclaimed, in a low voice, "that he has talent for music?"

Soon afterward he died, to Richard's deep sorrow. His ambition was aroused by his mother's words to

WAGNER.

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him just after the actor's death : " Of you he wished to make something." But he was not a prodigy, and for a time his genius took no definite form.

He was, however, very brilliant in many ways, translating twelve books of the " Odyssey " when he was thirteen, entirely of his own accord, which especially amazed and delighted his teachers. Having become deeply interested in Shakespeare, he wrote a most remarkable drama, on the model, he firmly believed, of " Hamlet " and " King Lear." When some one asked him how it was progressing, he announced with pride, that he had " gotten them all dead but one ! " From this the tragic nature of the work will be seen ! Also from the fact that, as Wagner merrily declared in after years, " forty-two persons died in the course of the piece, and in developing the plot I was obliged to make most of them reappear as ghosts, because otherwise there would have been no personages left for the last acts ! "

Cäcilie was the sole auditor of the various scenes as they were written. She admired it all deeply, but sometimes even she fell short in the way of appreciation. Richard never forgot his disappointment at her failure to be appropriately thrilled at the line, delivered by a ghost when accosted by a human being : " Touch me not, for my nose will crumble to dust on contact ! "

Richard thought that he might improve the effect of his drama by composing music for it. He therefore borrowed a Harmony-book, and studied the rules casually, for *one week!* Says the Master: "This study did not bear fruit as fast as I had fancied!" However, the Harmony-book did arouse an interest in composition. Therefore we may be deeply indebted to that Shakespearean tragedy!

One characteristic trait of Wagner's childhood, and indeed of his whole life, was his love for animals. He always had a strange collection of pets, and was never long without at least *one* dog, — mongrel or highbred, it made no difference to him! Nothing made him so passionately angry as cruelty to dumb things. In this trait is rooted the tender human pity which coloured his whole life.

One indication of the line of his tastes was his worship of Carl Maria von Weber, then at the height of his success. As a little boy he would cry until he was allowed to go to "Der Freischütz," and he once pointed Weber out to Cäcilie as "the greatest man in the world."

When he was sixteen he wanted to take music-lessons. So his mother, somewhat weary of his many enthusiasms and whims, but always indulgent and kind, engaged a teacher. But he would not write his harmony exercises, and wanted to go on with advanced composition before he had mastered

the rudiments. He antagonized his teacher, and finally insisted, while knowing nothing about counterpoint or orchestration, upon writing an overture for full orchestra. This was performed as an "Intermezzo" at a Leipzig theatre, and was greeted with shouts of laughter by the audience and the musicians, and Richard later admitted it to be the "climax of his absurdities." Heinrich Dorn, however, who had been instrumental in getting it performed, was not at all ill-pleased with it, and thought it showed promise. And Dorn was an experienced musician. To the wise there are sometimes signs invisible to others of the swan in the Ugly Duckling.

But nearly every one laughed at Richard, — always excepting his mother, — that "*liebes Mütterchen*" (dear little mother") of whom he talked lovingly all his life. He adored her while she was living, and after she died he adored her memory. He immortalized his tenderness for her in the words and music of Siegfried's revery in the second act of "Siegfried." Whenever he saw a Christmas tree his eyes would fill with tears. The candles and the bright ornaments reminded him of the old home-Christmases, and of the many trees the little mother had dressed for the children's pleasure.

He went, as a matter of course, to the University of Leipzig, but he did not like student-life, and

soon began seriously to contemplate composition. He studied counterpoint with Theodor Weinlig, and progressed so well under that careful teacher, that it was not long before he began to compose again, — not the foolish attempts of ignorance now, but the carefully-thought-out results of increasing knowledge.

When he was nineteen, he wrote an opera-book, and began to set it to music, but he soon abandoned it as a bad subject. Next he wrote "Die Feen" ("The Fairies"), but it was not produced until five years after the composer's death. Now it is often performed in Munich, and that city is very proud of it. When Wagner was twenty-one, he became Music-Director of the opera at Magdeburg. And there under the influence of the light French and Italian music which he was obliged to conduct so constantly, he wrote, on Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," an opera called "Das Liebesverbot," or "The Novice of Palermo." It was so weak and trivial, however, that it soon disgusted even its composer, and he turned his attention to the story of "Rienzi," as told in Bulwer Lytton's novel, which he was soon to turn into an opera.

Then came his marriage with the pretty but stupid young actress, Minna Planer. "Hers was a sober, unimaginative soul," declares Friedrich

Pecht; and Henry T. Finck says, "she was a prosaic, domestic woman, who never understood her husband." But though, after many years of trouble, Wagner and his wife were separated, he disliked to hear anything even vaguely disagreeable said of her. William Tappert writes, "The Meister himself held the memory of his first wife in great honour: it annoyed him to read disparaging allusions to Minna." But indeed Wagner was the perfection of chivalry and courtesy and respect toward all women.

By the time the first part of "Rienzi" was complete, he was filled with hope and ambition, and was anxious to go to Paris. So, when he was twenty-five, to Paris he went. Strodtmann says that Heine folded his hands in devout amazement at the sanguine spirit of "Richard Wagner, who had carried out the wild plan of going, as an unknown musician, with a wife, an opera and a half, a small purse, and a terribly large and terribly voracious Newfoundland dog, from Riga to London in a sailing vessel, and from London to Paris, in the hope of winning there gold and fame!"

Thus did his real life-story begin.

To all who love the memory of Wagner, the story of his sorrows in Paris, — "splendidly squalid Paris," — must be a real grief. Those who had promised him help disappointed him, — there was no room for his operas, no occupation for himself

in all great Paris. He and Minna nearly starved. Meyerbeer, in particular, must be accused of culpable indifference to the plight of the young musician. He had repeatedly promised to assist him, but his aid was not of a very material nature.

Wagner continued to be brave and hopeful until their last possessions had been sold, and they had not enough to eat. It was then that he wrote to the editor of the "Europa," sending three songs, and saying what must have been bitterly galling to his pride to say:

"I take the liberty of sending you three songs for "Europa." You write that on demand you will pay from five to nine florins for a piece. As life in Paris is uncommonly expensive, I hope you will kindly consent to allow me the maximum. . . ."

The nine florins it must be added, amounted to not more than *four dollars!*

Ah, poor master! Matters were very bad indeed, when he could make so urgent an appeal to a stranger! He wrote in Paris two novelettes known as "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven," and "An End in Paris." In both of these he put many of his own beliefs and theories into the mouths of his heroes. In the last, particularly, the fictional young artist resembles Wagner, the only difference in their stories being that the artist finally dies of the starvation which came so near to killing the musician.

In Paris he wrote the "Faust Overture," his first really great work. The performance of this by a fine orchestra, and under an experienced conductor is a musical experience not to be forgotten. Then he became interested in the old legend of the Flying Dutchman, recently revived and elaborated by his friend Heine, — known in the Wagner correspondence as "Hi-ha-Heine" and "Heinemännel!" — and soon had written a magnificent libretto. This, by Meyerbeer's suggestion, was submitted to M. Pillet, the Director of the Opéra. M. Pillet thought it good, — so good that he told Wagner he would like to turn it over to another composer, a young friend of his! Wagner, of course, objected, but his objection was a mere circumstance. So, a M. Dietch received the poem, and having been translated by M. Paul Foucher, it was performed at the Opéra, under the title of "Le Vaisseau Fantôme!" Afterwards M. Pillet gave Wagner a trifling sum. Meanwhile the poet-composer was writing his own fine music to his own words.

Dresden had accepted "Rienzi" by this time; so, as there was no room for the young master in Paris, he returned to Germany. His route brought him close to the Rhine. ". . . For the first time," he says, "I saw the Rhine; with tears in my eyes, I, the poor artist, swore eternal allegiance to my German fatherland." I wonder if he dreamed then,

as he looked at the noble, wise old German river, that he should one day sing her secrets, and reveal her poetry as none had ever dared? Ah, mystical Gold of the Rhine, did you not glimmer, faintly and fitfully, under the slowly moving waters, as he gazed?

"Rienzi" was produced in Dresden with Tichatschek the tenor, and that famous dramatic soprano, Joan Schroeder-Devrient. It was a success. The opera was six hours long, but every one in the house remained till the last bar, and burst into loud and enthusiastic applause when it was over. Wagner, however, felt that it had been far too long, and next day he went to the theatre to superintend extensive cuts. But the copyist declared that he had been ordered not to make any cuts! Wagner was amazed, and wondered who could have objected. When he saw the tenor, he spoke to him on the subject.

"I would not allow it to be cut," said Tichatschek, tears filling his eyes at the remembrance of the performance. "It was too heavenly!" ("Es war zu himmlisch!").

Then came his beloved "Fliegende Holländer" (The Flying Dutchman"). Schroeder-Devrient impersonated Senta wonderfully, but the public did not like the opera so well as the Meyerbeerian "Rienzi."

On the death of Morlacchi, Wagner, then twenty-

eight, was given his vacant position, that of Hofcapellmeister at Dresden. The duties attendant upon this post were very arduous, and the renovations and improvements which Wagner tried to effect met with no enthusiasm.

In 1844 certain services in memory of Carl von Weber were held in Dresden. All the arrangements were made under Wagner's direction, and it was to him a profound happiness thus to honour the name of his great predecessor. Carl von Weber originated many ideas which were to be crowned with glory by the creator of the music-drama, and between the two there will always be points of resemblance in the minds of musicians.

It was Cornelius who said, "Weber was a genius who died of the longing to become Wagner." Perhaps there may have been the germs of the music-drama in Weber's musical creations, but he, like the other great dramatic composers, worked under a deep and hampering disadvantage. His opera texts were often inadequate, and certainly his music could not be expected, in the highest sense, to fit another man's words, while Wagner was as great a poet as a musician, and his musical and poetical and dramatic ideas came together, hand in hand, like the three Graces of Art.

The following year "Tannhäuser" was produced in Dresden, Schroeder-Devrient singing Venus;

Wagner's niece, Johanna Wagner, Elizabeth; and Tichatschek, Tannhäuser. Madame Schroeder-Devrient admired the young composer's music, but declared it "eccentric stuff," and well-nigh unsingable. Moritz Hauptmann found the wonderful and melodious overture "quite atrocious, incredibly awkward, long, and tedious." Thus was "Tannhäuser" condemned. Here and there a few wise men stopped to listen and wonder; and the word was passed on that here was something novel, but good. But the greater public was bored. It is a well-established fact that most people dislike to think while they are resting or being entertained, and, unfortunately for their indolence, Wagner's music did make them think. If the words of Pope, spoken in reference to Händel long ago, applied to that great German master, how much more aptly would they fit Wagner:

> "Soon, ah, soon rebellion will commence,
> If music meanly borrows aid from sense."

So when "Lohengrin" was written, there was no place for it on the stage in Dresden. It was many years, indeed, before the Master himself heard his beautiful work.

Meanwhile Wagner became involved in political disturbances, and associated himself with a revolutionary hero named Roeckel. The musician, accord-

ingly, became known by the authorities as a "politically dangerous individual," and was obliged to fly from Dresden to Weimar. There he renewed an old acquaintance with Franz Liszt, and it was at this time that their close and lifelong friendship began. While there, Wagner discovered that the police in Dresden had issued a warrant to the effect that a certain dangerous person called Wagner was "wanted" by the authorities, and describing him as ". . . thirty-seven to thirty-eight years of age, of medium stature, has brown hair, an open forehead, eyebrows brown, eyes grayish blue, nose and mouth proportioned, chin round and wears spectacles."

Henry T. Finck draws attention humorously to the statement that "his chin was round and wore spectacles," and says that it seems strange, under these circumstances, that so conspicuous an individual was not found! He adds that probably Wagner "discontinued to wear his spectacles upon his chin!"

The exiled genius now went to Zurich, Switzerland, where he wrote much, studied much, planned, dreamed, and hoped much, but composed comparatively little. This is usually called his "literary period." Liszt soon brought out "Lohengrin" in Weimar; but, alas! it did not succeed as the enthusiastic Hungarian had wished. "Lohengrin" was very dear to Wagner's heart, though it was still one of the efforts of his youth! His maturity was to

achieve greater creations. How real his characters were to him, is shown by two of his remarks: "I suffered actual deep grief. . . when I realized the inevitable tragic necessity of the separation, the destruction of the two lovers." And — "Ortrud is a woman who does not know love. . . Her sphere is politics. A political man is detestable, but a political woman is an atrocity; such an atrocity I had to portray."

It was during the "literary period" of his life that he wrote his "Oper und Drama," a book which if more widely read might enlighten many cheerfully blind persons who consider themselves "interested in music."

Then came the work on the "Nibelungen Ring," a masterpiece of heroic creation. It is an interesting fact that Wagner wrote the end of the "Ring" poem first. He began with the drama which he first called "Siegfried's Death," — then came "Young Siegfried," to make the climax more comprehensible. He still found that he had to explain too much, so he wrote "Die Walküre," — changed the names of the others to "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung," and finally wrote the prologue, "Das Rheingold."

Life was very hard for the master in those days. He was poor and sad at heart, ill and suffering, ambitious yet unsuccessful. He and Minna had

barely enough to live on, and in addition he supported her father and mother. Once he wrote to Liszt out of his intense weariness of spirit, — "Dear Franz! None of the past years has gone by without having at least once driven me to the very verge of suicide."

Wagner seemed more unfitted for the bitter struggles of his life than almost any other man whom Fate could have chosen. He was sensitive, gentle, unselfish, nervous; — he could not fight either brutality or slander, because they can only be fought with their own weapons and he was peculiarly destitute of these. This perhaps explains the mercilessness of his enemies, and the deep, devoted love of his friends.

"Your letters are sad," wrote the great and good Liszt, "and your life sadder still. You want to go out into the wide world, live, enjoy, revel! Ah! how cordially I wish you could! but your greatness constitutes also your misery — the two are inseparably united, and must ever annoy and torture you."

Wagner soon began the composition of the music for his Nibelungen poem. He realized himself that here was the "art work of the future," — the poetry, dramatic incident, and music being all welded together into a vastly effective whole. And for the first time he began to work out his idea of "Lead-

ing Motives." By attaching a melody to every person, to every event, to well-nigh every *thought* in the poem, he doubled the value of dramatic incident. And as for the melodies themselves,— they are like long, complete and beautiful airs concentrated into one, or two, bars!

Here is an excerpt from Henry T. Finck's "Life of Wagner" which I must be pardoned for quoting at length. After speaking of the opinion of some German critics that there was no melody in Wagner, Mr. Finck says:

"But Wagner is not the only composer in whom these funny 'experts' find no 'melody.' Louis Ehlert wrote . . . that melody is the 'soul' of music; that it is as rare as pearls; that 'Bach and Händel, in proportion to their other grandeur, had it in no great measure!' And the Austrian critic, Grillparzer, flatly denied that there was any real melody in Weber's 'Euryanthe!' So the 'soul' of music is not to be sought for in Bach or Händel or Weber or Wagner!"

And the writer adds that evidently these critics' musical taste was not unlike that of cowboys or whistling street urchins, in that they only liked "tunes that can be danced to!"

No one wishes to banish the graceful airs of Rossini and the other sunshine masters from the earth. They are sweet and happy, and not to be lost. Only, let us admit another form of melody,

— the form which is to be found in Wagner's Music Dramas.

The "Nibelungen Ring" was interrupted by "Tristan und Isolde," and finished at a later period. "Die Walküre," however, had already been completed, and sent to Liszt, who wrote: "Your Walküre has arrived, and gladly would I sing to you with a thousand voices your Lohengrin chorus. A wonder — a wonder! Dearest Richard, you are truly a divine man!"

The course of time soon found Wagner in Paris, his pet object of detestation, superintending the production of "Tannhäuser." The rehearsals, — one hundred and sixty-four in number, almost brought about an attack of brain fever, for he was very ill at the time. But anxiety and exhaustion were small matters in comparison with the horror of his opera's hideous failure. Of all the outrages in the history of modern music, the reception of "Tannhäuser" in Paris is one of the most disgraceful. A fixed conspiracy was the cause of this, and the members of the Paris Jockey Club actually went to the performance provided with penny-whistles, and so forth, with which to drown the music.

Soon after the disappointed master returned to Germany the increasing misunderstanding between Minna and himself ended in a separation.

And then came the first flash of light in the long

darkness of his artistic career. The young King, Ludwig II. of Bavaria, had just been crowned, and his first royal command was to find Richard Wagner, political exile from Saxony, and musical genius, and bring him to his court. In "this noble young man," as Wagner called him, the worn and weary master found a champion, a protector, and a disciple. He was young and wonderfully handsome, and he had all the finest and most lovable qualities of young manhood: enthusiasm, truthfulness, generosity, tenderness and — indispensable quality — cultivation of the best and most appreciative kind. The composer-poet and the youthful King loved each other with real friendship and sympathy. To King Ludwig is due the performance, — not to mention the creation, — of much of Wagner's best work. Thus at Munich, under the King's patronage, "Tristan," the truest and noblest of love-dramas, was performed. "Die Meistersinger" followed. For this Wagner always held a warm affection. Those who do not care for it, or do not understand it, should read a few of his own utterances regarding it, — for example, his directions to a tenor about to sing Beckmesser: "Be serious throughout. Great pettiness and much gall. Take as a model any captious critic."

In August, 1870, Minna, having died several years before, Wagner married Liszt's daughter

Cosima, the former wife of Hans von Bülow. This is one of the happiest marriages of men of genius. Of his marriage, Wagner wrote to his friends the Willes: "The axiom of many of my friends that I could not be helped was false! She knew that I could be helped, and has helped me."

How shall we tell the story of the next — and last — years, the master's consolation for his early suffering? In Bayreuth, the temple of the "new music," — which is only the music of the ages brought to higher perfection, — he and Frau Cosima and his children lived, and their house was and is called Wahnfried.

And in Bayreuth was built the actual temple itself, — the Wagner Theatre, wherein the "Nibelungen Ring" had its first complete performance, aided by King Ludwig, twenty-eight years after the master first conceived the great plan. And last of all came "Parsifal," the great rhapsody of religion, philosophy and mystical poetry. One can say little of this, as of Wagner's other works; they are too great. On account of the master's health, the whole family went to Venice one sad autumn. They lived in the Vendramin Palace, and there the great genius rested and was content. Just on the other side of the Vendramin garden was the old Marcello Palace, where the "Noble Dilettante" had lived and worked so many years before. He too

was a poet-composer, — one of the very few great geniuses to whom Apollo, to use Jean Paul Richter's figure, gave both the poetic and the musical gifts. And there in Venice — the city of secrets and vague histories, where hovered spirits of the past not to be counted, where the quiet, deep water slipped noiselessly by the palaces — Richard Wagner died, not quite seventy years old.

It is difficult to comment upon the life and work of this master, who combined great genius with kindly and tender humanity; unerring instinct against the false with reverence for the true.

He began his artistic life with the *credo:* "I believe in God, Mozart, and Beethoven." He was always the first to appreciate and further the interests of others, even though they did not care for him. Of Berlioz, who was merciless as well as misguided in his criticism of his works, Wagner always spoke kindly, declaring that Berlioz simply did not understand him, but that he understood Berlioz, and hoped for great things from his genius. "Believe me," he said, "I *love* Berlioz." He used his art always as a medium for good. He never once, from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal," lowered the standard which he had set for his work, — the standard of Truth, Purity, and Self-Sacrifice. The last he considered almost the highest moral law. He had the profound and beautiful Buddhist theory

of Pity, and he *lived* his theory, carrying on among other crusades one against cruelty to animals. Believing in the eternal law of Christianity, Buddhism, and every great religion in history, the law of Mercy and Love and Pity, he, for one thing, justly considered hunting the most barbarous remnant of savagery in modern civilization, and, when he had outgrown the foolish cruelty of extreme youth, looked back with remorse upon hunting expeditions of his boyhood. It was personal suffering to him to think of any pain, whether in man or animal.

He gave all that was best in himself to his work, to his friends he gave his sympathy always, and his worldly goods whenever he had any. "Wagner can never be perfectly happy," said one who knew him, "because he will always have some one about him whose sorrows he must share." And so no more of him, whom the many persons who feel that they have come into intimate contact with him through his creations, and who admire his life almost as much as his works, love to call "Der Meister."

We have gone together over the long musical road that leads from the ancient Rome of Palestrina to that eager, modern Germany which was the scene of Richard Wagner's efforts and achievements. We have met a few immortals by the way, and if, in some instances, we have learned to know them a little

better, then am I, as a very humble mediator, well content. They are so great, these masters, that they are well-nigh unapproachable. Perhaps no one has ever so well voiced the eternal soul of the musician, whether Palestrina or Bach, Gluck or Mozart, Beethoven or Wagner, as has Robert Browning, in his poem, "Abt Vogler":—

"The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

. . . . . .

"Sorrows are hard to bear, and doubts are slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 't is we musicians know.

. . . . . .

". . . . I stand on alien ground,
Surveying the heights I rolled from into the deep:
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found,
The C Major of this life; so now I will try to sleep."

LIST OF THE MOST FAMOUS COMPOSITIONS OF WAGNER.

Ein Faust Overture, expressing the Faust of the first part of Goethe's poem, "The Solitary Faust."

Kaiser Marsch, composed for a military band.

Operas: His "*Die Feen*" and "*Rienzi*" may certainly come under this head. Also, I think, "*Der Fliegende Holländer*," "*Tannhäuser*," and "*Lohengrin*," though these three are already indications of the music-drama.

Music-Dramas: Among these is "*Der Ring des Nibelungen*," comprising "*Das Rheingold*," "*Die Walküre*," "*Siegfried*," and "*Die Götterdämmerung*." This "Prologue and Tetralogy," as it is called, is based upon Teutonic myths and tales, notably the "Nibelungenlied," the "Volsunga Saga," and other mediæval poems. The other Music-Dramas are "*Tristan und Isolde*," originally a Celtic legend; "*Die Meistersinger*," the story of Hans Sachs and his fellow-masters of Nuremberg, and "*Parsifal*." "*Parsifal*" is supposed to have been founded upon the ancient Buddhism which evidently interested the master. But it expounds such eternal principles and theories that we may best consider it not of any one faith but rather of all faiths. It demonstrates the purest law, the highest standard, and the oldest, wisest philosophy that the ages, through Buddhism or Christianity, have been able to evolve, — Pity.